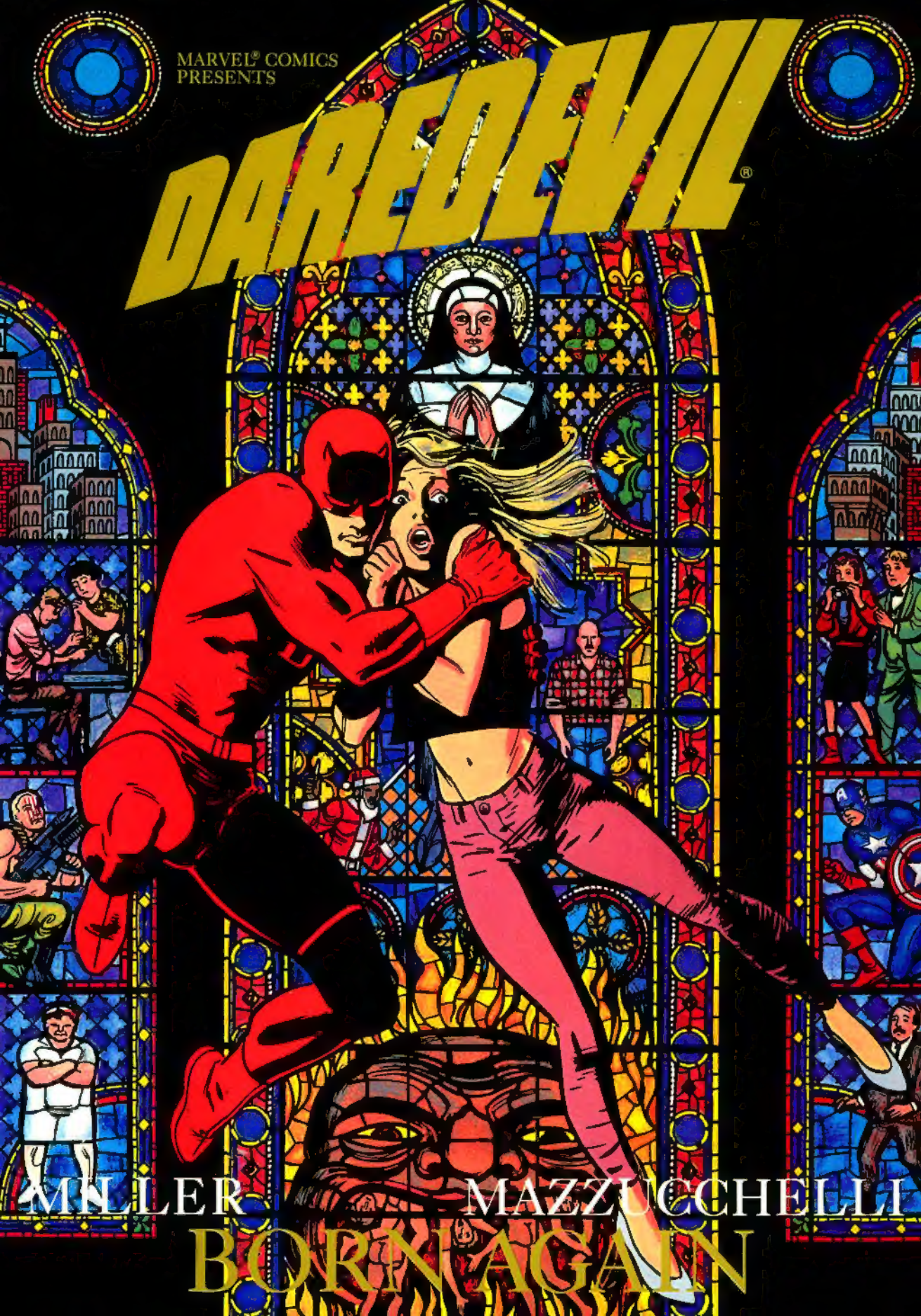


MARVEL® COMICS
PRESENTS

DAREDEVIL®



MILLER

MAZZUCHELLI

BORN AGAIN

DAREDEVIL

BORN AGAIN

FRANK MILLER DAVID MAZZUCHELLI
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associate editor

TOM DeFALCO
editor in chief

a Behrman Scan

MURDOCK AGONISTES

At the center of the dark web of deceit and corruption squats the spider — bloated on the blood of his victims. His movements may be slow and nearly hypnotic as he spins additional strands, or blindingly fast when a victim is entrapped. And this spider revels in the agony of its prey, in their frantic and futile attempts at escape as he ultimately descends on them to drain their life away.

I believe that arachnid analogy holds when I think about the Kingpin, the Villain of our piece. Consider his brooding, overwhelming presence as you read this powerful little collection. He has no costume, no super powers, yet a more chilling vision of the malign I can't imagine. Here is a creature of such unspeakable evil that his supreme pleasure is in the meticulous destruction of the one good man he has ever known — Matthew Murdock — the Hero of our piece.

I say Murdock is our hero — and not Daredevil, his alter-ego — because in this brilliantly told sequence of stories, the Kingpin strips away everything from this good and honorable man: his home; his job; his friends; his identity; his very sanity. But the core of him remains. The fighter. The man who will not surrender or die. The Man Without Fear!

In this larger-than-life theater, the forces of corruption and redemption have at one another with a Wagnerian intensity that rivals the very best this medium has ever produced. At stake — one man's immortal, indestructible soul.

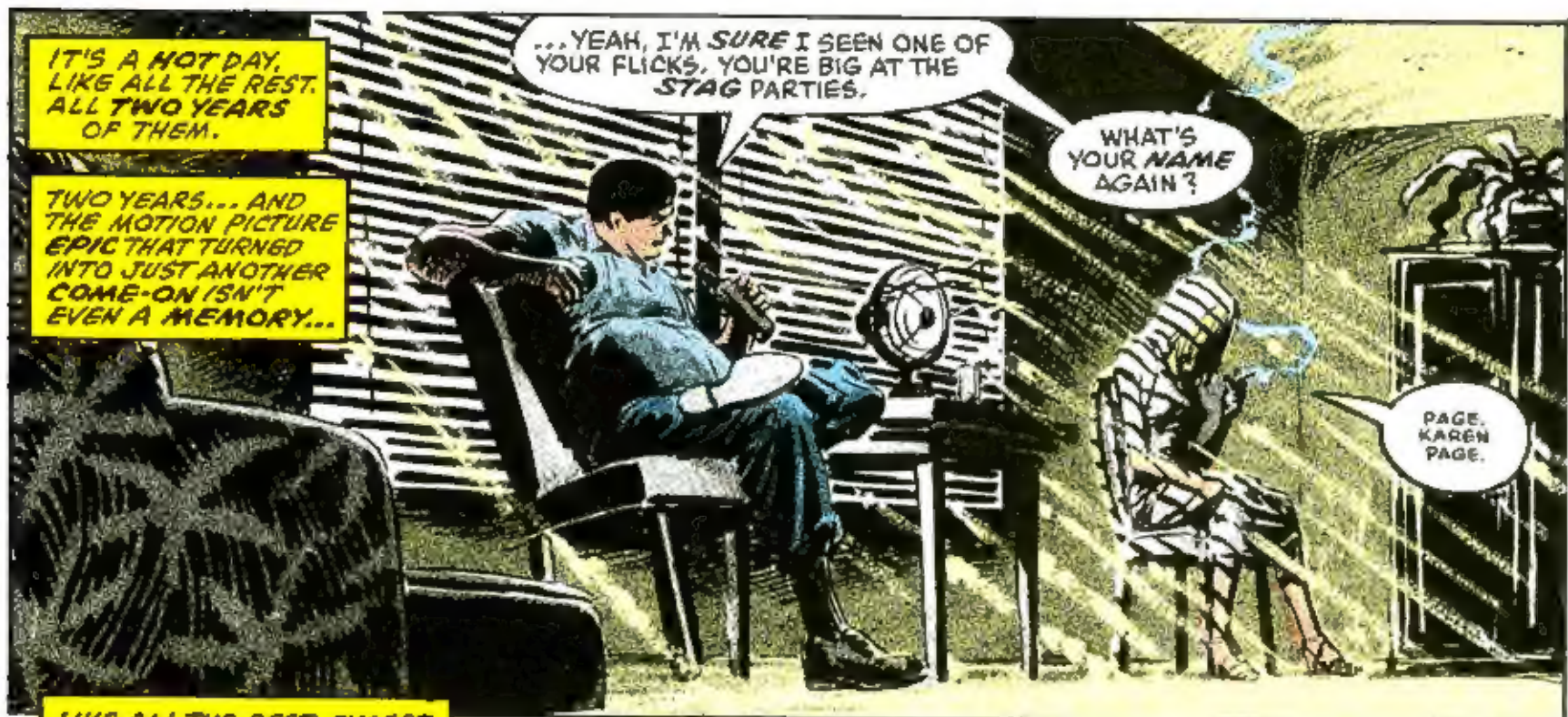
Presenting this mind-stunning excursion are messers *Frank Miller* and *David Mazzucchelli*. And if ever two people were born to collaborate, these gentleman are it. As editor of this series, I was privileged to watch the growth of artist Mazzucchelli as he gave visual birth to the innumerable ideas he and Frank had concocted. David's evocative, singular style perfectly complemented the tight, explosive scripting of his co-creator. Of course, it was a pleasure to watch Frank Miller return to the book he'd cut his artistic eyeteeth on several years ago, and surpass even that incredible, initial effort.

And so we're re-presenting this beautiful "Born Again" series between two covers. We're proud of it and the people who created it. Everyone — and I mean everyone — connected with these eight issues worked himself silly to provide you people with the best entertainment we could. And why not — you're family.

One final thing. Next time we run one of these trade paperbacks I'm in charge of, remind me to tell you about the time I playfully grabbed Frank Miller's portfolio from him in the middle of Park Avenue and ran off down the block just for laughs. Clipped me with that billy club before I got ten steps.

Enjoy,
Ralph Macchio
July, 1987





IT'S A HOT DAY,
LIKE ALL THE REST.
ALL TWO YEARS
OF THEM.

TWO YEARS... AND
THE MOTION PICTURE
EPIC THAT TURNED
INTO JUST ANOTHER
COME-ON ISN'T
EVEN A MEMORY...

...YEAH, I'M SURE I SEEN ONE OF
YOUR FLICKS. YOU'RE BIG AT THE
STAG PARTIES.

WHAT'S
YOUR NAME
AGAIN?

PAGE.
KAREN
PAGE.

LIKE ALL THE REST, EXCEPT
THIS ONE HAS A SPECIAL
GLOW TO IT. IT'S NOT
EVERY DAY YOU SELL YOUR
SOUL.

THAT'S NO WAY TO THINK.
GROW UP. IT'S THE EIGHTIES.
YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO.



AND YOU HAVE TO DO IT...



LOOK, THIS IS WORTH
SOMETHING.

TAKE IT TO THE
STATES AND YOU'LL
GET A MILLION
FOR IT.



GIRL WILL SAY LOTS WHEN SHE'S
HUNGRY. THINGS I HEAR...

WANT A SHOT? NO, DIDN'T
THINK SO -- NOT A SHOT OF
BOOZE, ANYWAY...



DAREDEVIL,
OKAY? I SAID IT.
I SAID THE
NAME.

AND HE'S GOT
ANOTHER NAME.
AND IT'S WRITTEN
DOWN RIGHT HERE.
YOU WANT IT OR
NOT?



SIX WEEKS LATER,
ALL JUST AS HOT...

EAST COAST CONNECTION'S DONE RIGHT
BY YOU, TONIO. JUST
LOOK AT ALL THIS.

NOT LIKE
THE OLD
DAYS.

OLD DAYS, WE
HAD TIME ON OUR
HANDS, RALDO. RIGHT
NOW, I GOT FIVE
MINUTES...



YOUR TIME'S WORTH PLENTY,
TONIO -- AND WHAT I GOT'S
WORTH PLENTY OF PLENTY.

DAREDEVIL'S
SECRET
IDENTITY...

THAT'S
WORTH YOUR
LIFE, RALDO.



OH, NO, THIS --
THIS IS GOOD,
MAN...



... AND VERY SOON, AT A MUCH
COOLER PLACE...

GOOD, GENTLEMEN, BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH.
WE MUST EXPAND MORE QUICKLY INTO LEGITI-
MATE ENTERPRISES. THEY ARE TO BECOME
THE BACKBONE OF OUR ORGANIZATION.

YOU ARE
DISMISSED.

UH...
EXCUSE
ME, SIR...



THERE ISN'T A MAN ON
DECK WHO DOESN'T
JUMP WHEN STILLSON
SPEAKS UP. WELL, THERE'S
ONE--

-- BUT
NOBODY'S
SURE IF
THE WORD
"MAN" QUITE
COVERS HIM...

SIR, IT'S FROM
MEXICO... MIGHT
NOT BE ANYTHING...



...CALLING HIM THE KINGPIN--THAT COVERS HIM, WELL AS ANY WORD CAN.

SAYING HE'S THE BOSS OF EVERYTHING BAD THAT MAKES MONEY IN WHAT MUST BE MOST OF THE FREE WORLD...



...MY COUSIN DOWN THERE...TONIO HE...I WOULDN'T BRING IT UP, BUT YOU SAID TO KEEP THE LINES OUT FOR THIS.

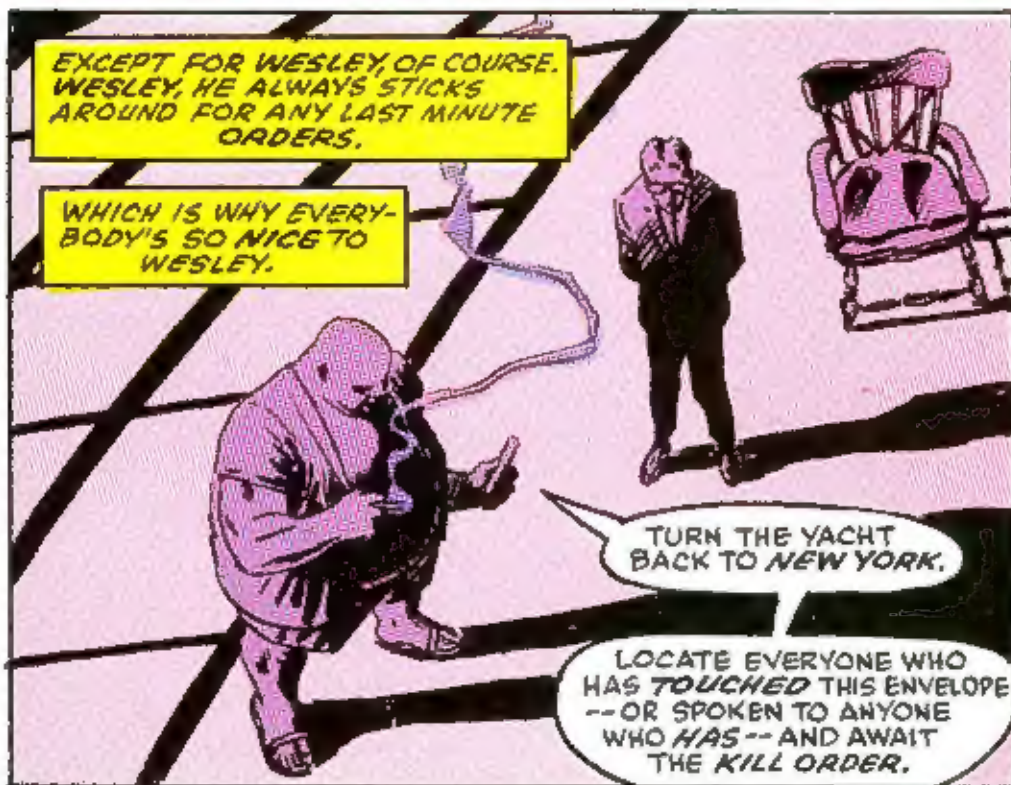
LOCAL PUSHER DOWN THERE SAYS HE MET DAREDEVIL'S OLD LADY, HIS OLD OLD LADY, I MEAN. SAYS FOR A ARMFUL SHE SOLD HIS NAME...



...HIS REAL NAME, I MEAN...

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. GIVE IT TO ME.

NOBODY NEEDS TO BE TOLD. THEY ALL LEAVE, FAST AS THEY CAN WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE WIMPS.



EXCEPT FOR WESLEY, OF COURSE. WESLEY, HE ALWAYS STICKS AROUND FOR ANY LAST MINUTE ORDERS.

WHICH IS WHY EVERYBODY'S SO NICE TO WESLEY.

TURN THE YACHT BACK TO NEW YORK.

LOCATE EVERYONE WHO HAS TOUCHED THIS ENVELOPE --OR SPOKEN TO ANYONE WHO HAS-- AND AWAIT THE KILL ORDER.



IN THE MEANTIME...

...I SHALL TEST THE INFORMATION.

SIX MONTHS PASS.

WINTER HITS MANHATTAN
LIKE AN UNWANTED RELA-
TIVE. DROPS IN WITH NO
WARNING AND SEEMS TO
STAY FOREVER.

IT SPREADS A THICK
WHITE BLANKET
THAT MAKES THE
CITY LOOK CLEAN
FOR A FEW HOURS--
UNTIL THE SNOW GETS
STEPPED ON AND
DRIVEN OVER AND
MADE GRITTY AND
DIRTY GREY.

MATT MURDOCK IS
BLIND-- SO HE MISSES
THE PRETTIEST MORNING
OF THE YEAR. ALL HE GETS
IS HISSING PIPES AND AN
EAST COAST CHILL THAT
GOES STRAIGHT FOR
THE BONES.

MATT MURDOCK IS
ALSO DAREDEVIL.

THAT'S WHY HIS LIFE
IS ABOUT TO FALL
APART.

Stan Lee
presents

APOCALYPSE

By FRANK MILLER AND DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

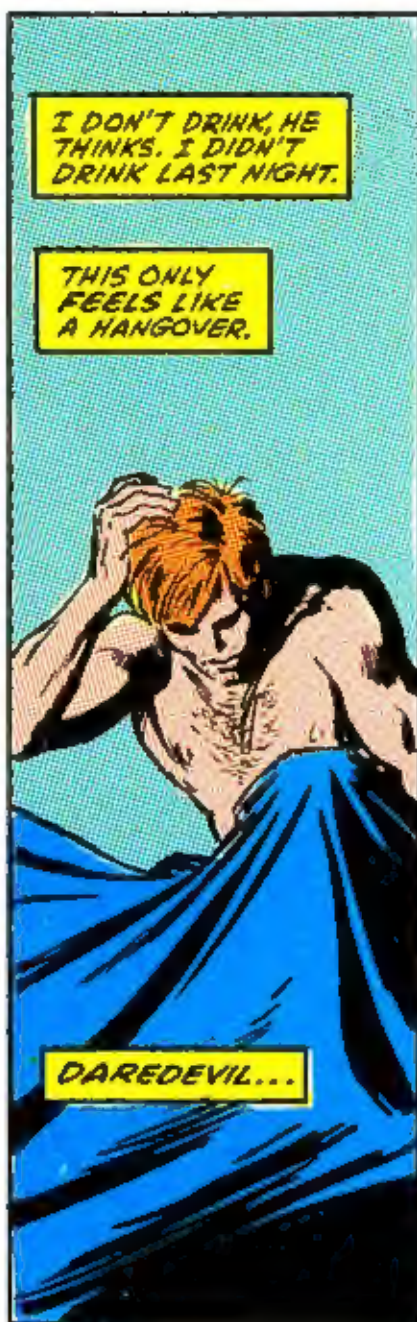
RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



DAREDEVIL... HE ROLLS THE NAME ACROSS THE BRIDGE THAT IS HIS MIND... COMFORTING, IT ISN'T. BUT AT LEAST IT'S REAL.

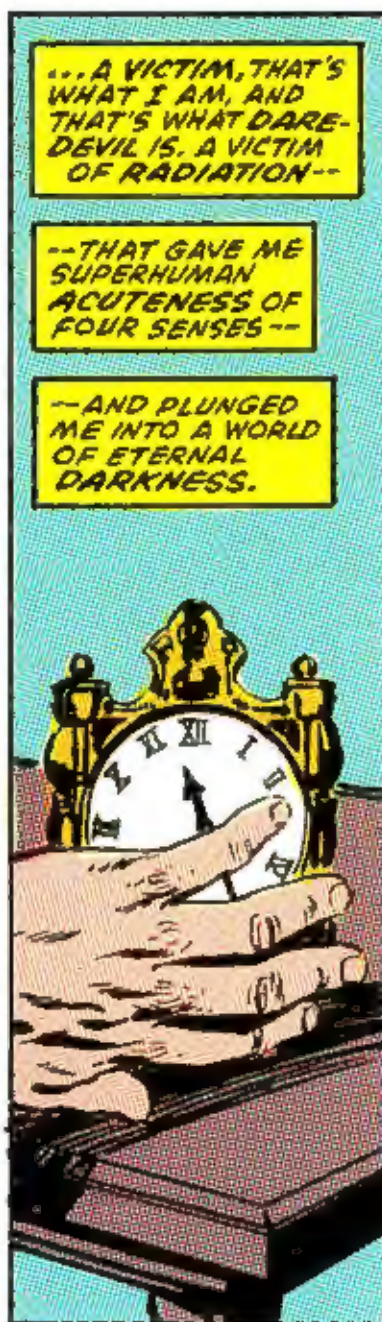
EVERY OTHER PART OF HIM IS SO FAR AWAY...



I DON'T DRINK, HE THINKS. I DIDN'T DRINK LAST NIGHT.

THIS ONLY FEELS LIKE A HANGOVER.

DAREDEVIL...



...A VICTIM, THAT'S WHAT I AM, AND THAT'S WHAT DAREDEVIL IS. A VICTIM OF RADIATION--

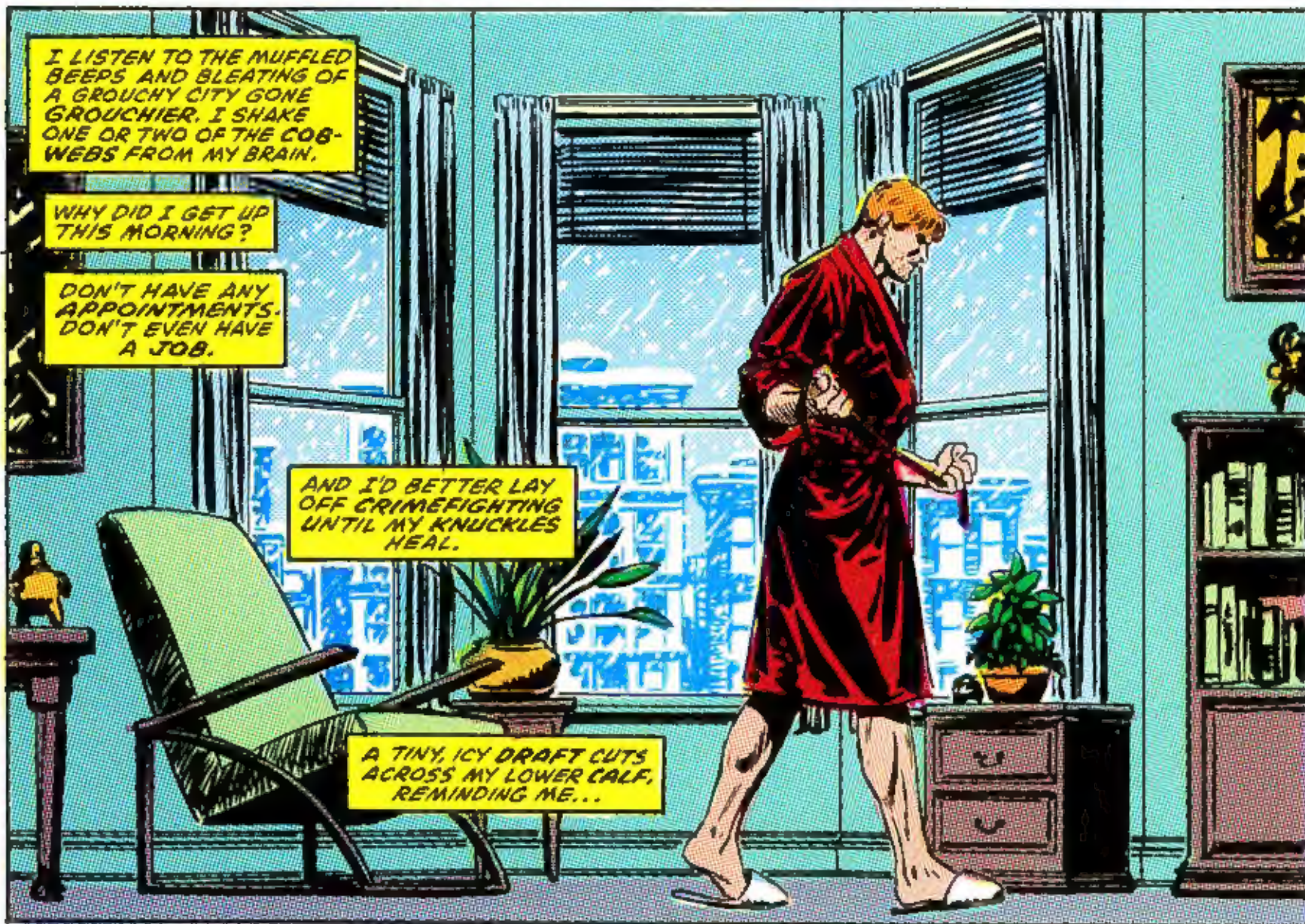
--THAT GAVE ME SUPERHUMAN ACUTENESS OF FOUR SENSES--

--AND PLUNGED ME INTO A WORLD OF ETERNAL DARKNESS.



I DIDN'T ASK FOR IT. BUT I BECAME DAREDEVIL. I FIGHT CRIME.

THAT MUCH I'VE DONE RIGHT WITH MY LIFE.



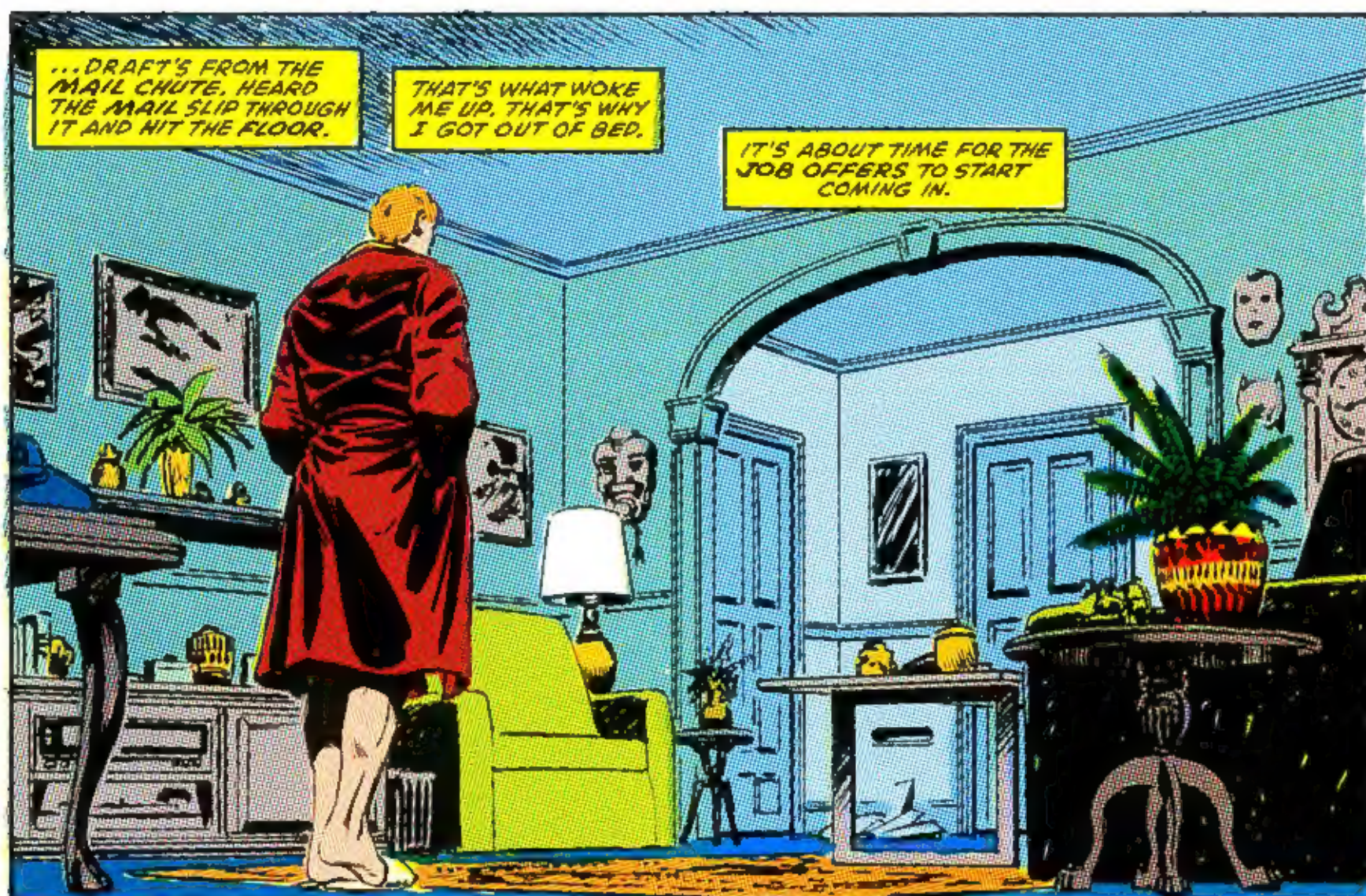
I LISTEN TO THE MUFFLED BEEPS AND BLEATING OF A GROUCHY CITY GONE GROUCHIER. I SHAKE ONE OR TWO OF THE COB-WEBS FROM MY BRAIN.

WHY DID I GET UP THIS MORNING?

DON'T HAVE ANY APPOINTMENTS. DON'T EVEN HAVE A JOB.

AND I'D BETTER LAY OFF CRIMEFIGHTING UNTIL MY KNUCKLES HEAL.

A TINY, ICY DRAFT CUTS ACROSS MY LOWER CALF, REMINDING ME...



...DRAFT'S FROM THE MAIL CHUTE, HEARD THE MAIL SLIP THROUGH IT AND HIT THE FLOOR.

THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP. THAT'S WHY I GOT OUT OF BED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE JOB OFFERS TO START COMING IN.



I READ THE ENVELOPES WITH MY FINGERS. THE EMBOSSED ONES ARE EASY. GOING BY THE SCANT IMPRESSION OF THE INK ON THE OTHERS IS A PAIN. THIS EARLY IN THE DAY.

NOTHING WITH THE MASTHEAD OF A LAW FIRM...



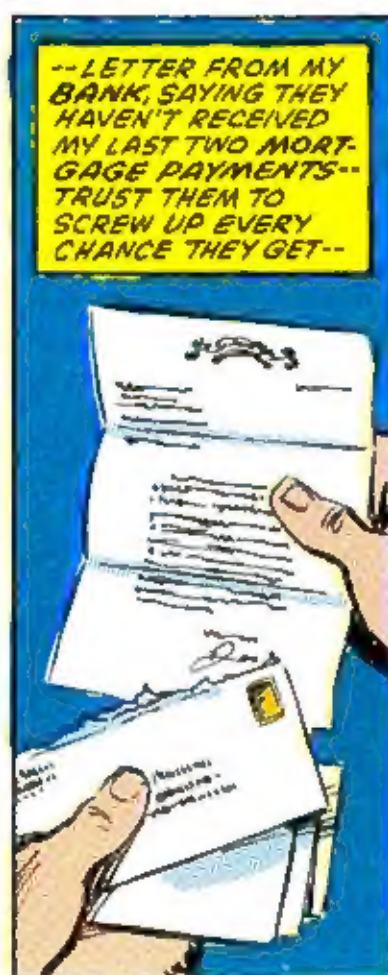
...WORD MUST NOT HAVE GOTTEN OUT YET THAT THE HOTTEST ATTORNEY SINCE F. LEE BAILEY IS UP FOR GRABS.

AMAZING HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR THE NEWS TO CIRCULATE WHEN YOU WANT IT TO.



NO, NO OFFERS. THREE BILLS, SOMETHING FROM THE MARCH OF DIMES--

--THE PLASTIC RECTANGLE OF A CASSETTE TAPE FROM MY GIRLFRIEND--CAN'T BE GOOD, SINCE SHE LIVES IN TOWN--

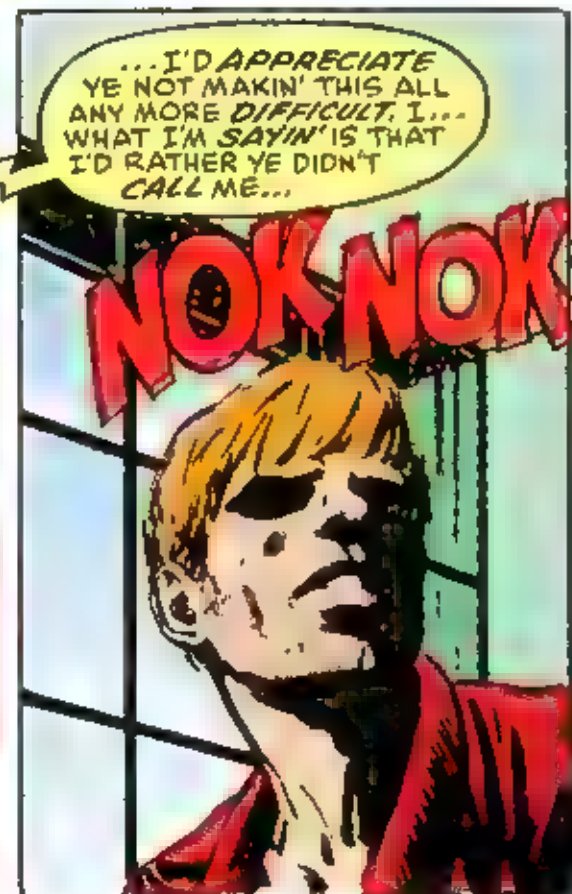
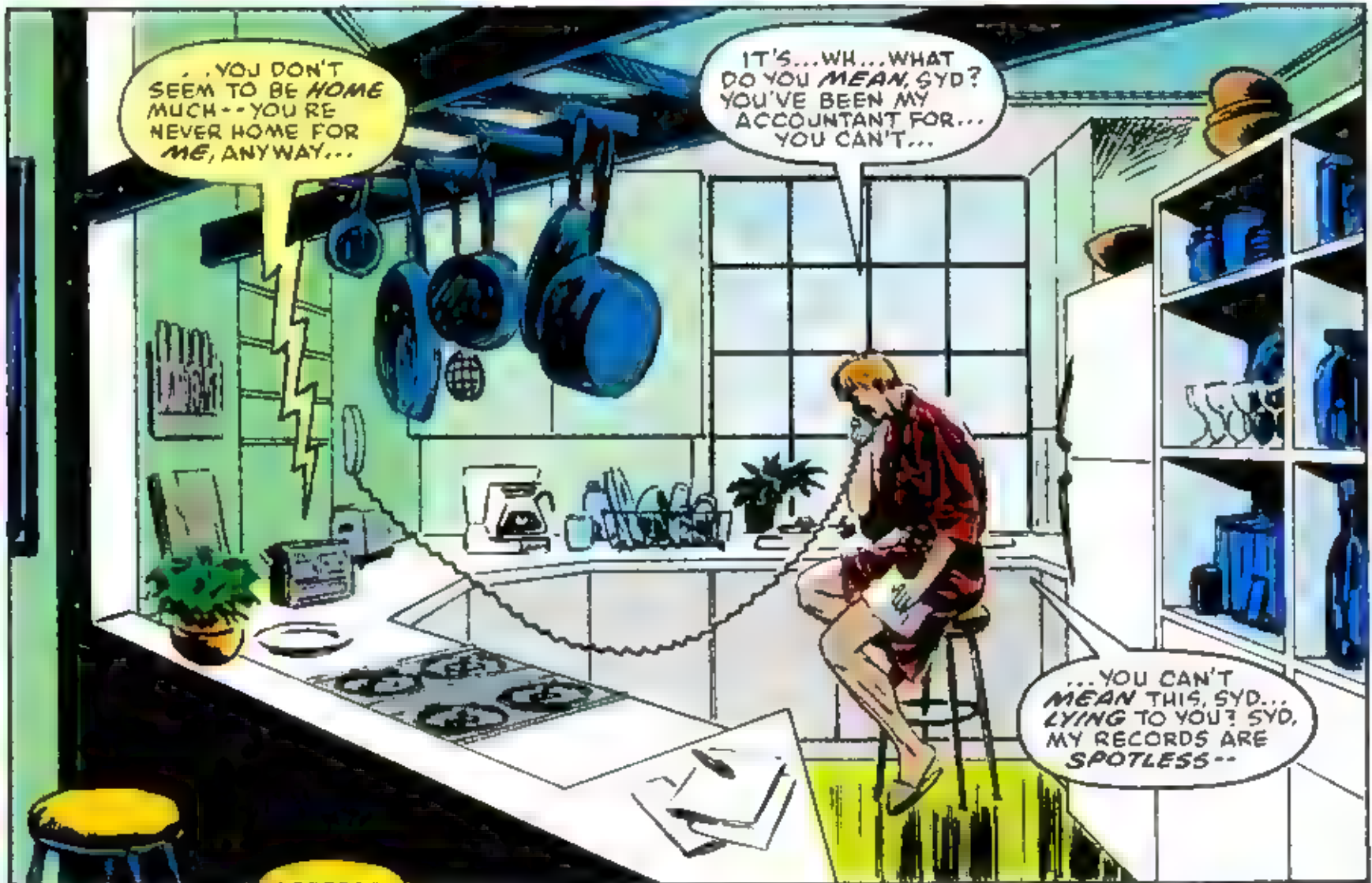
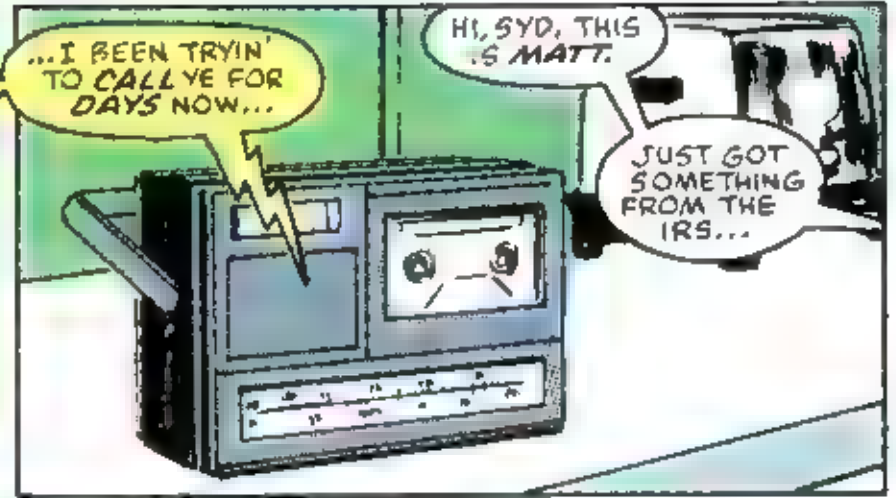


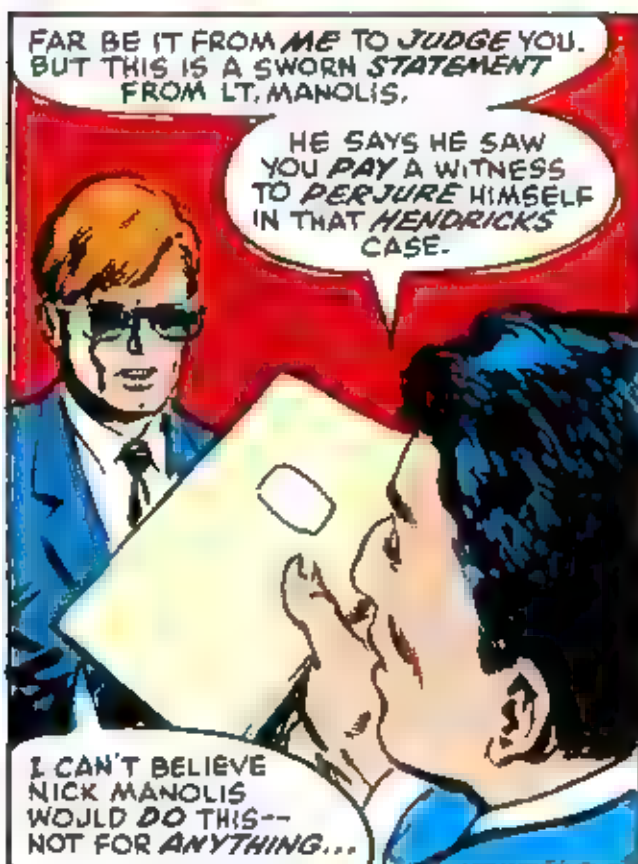
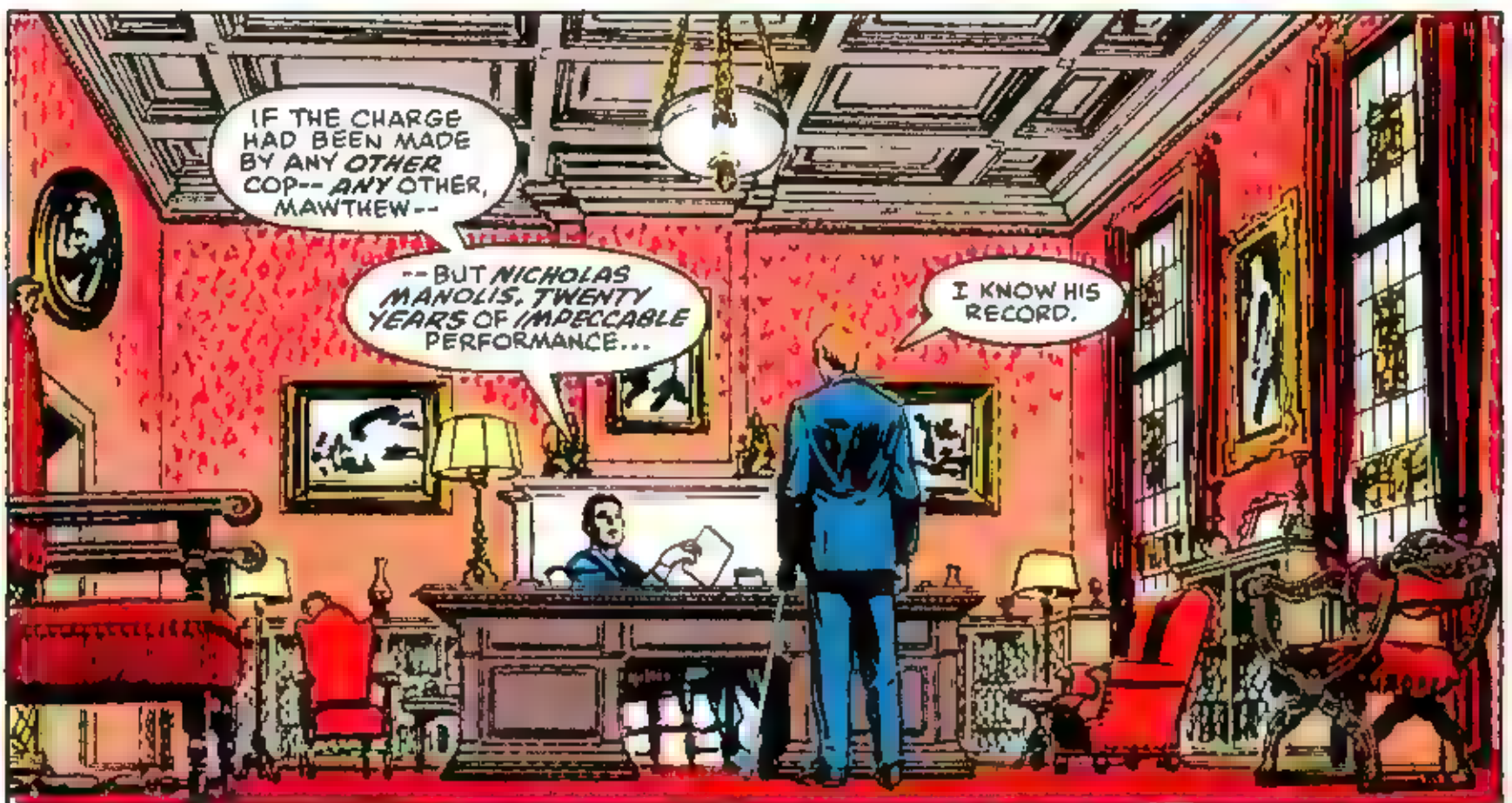
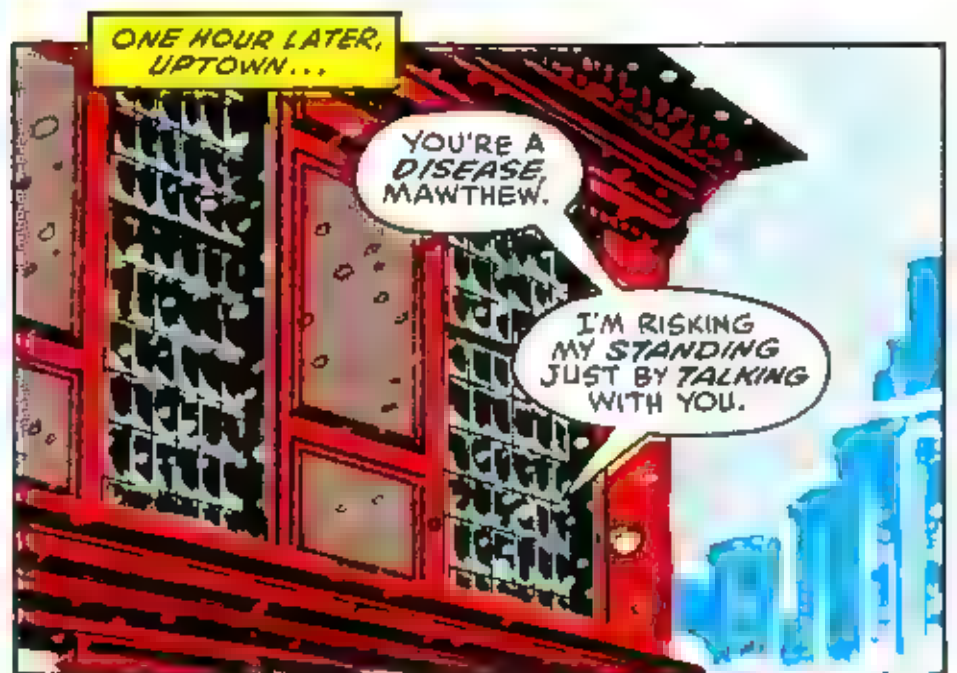
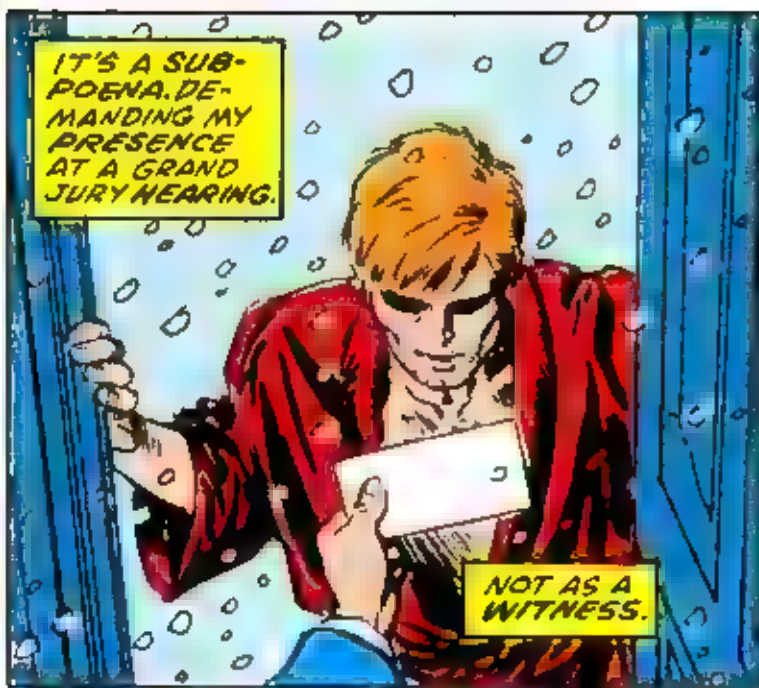
-- LETTER FROM MY BANK, SAYING THEY HAVEN'T RECEIVED MY LAST TWO MORTGAGE PAYMENTS-- TRUST THEM TO SCREW UP EVERY CHANCE THEY GET--

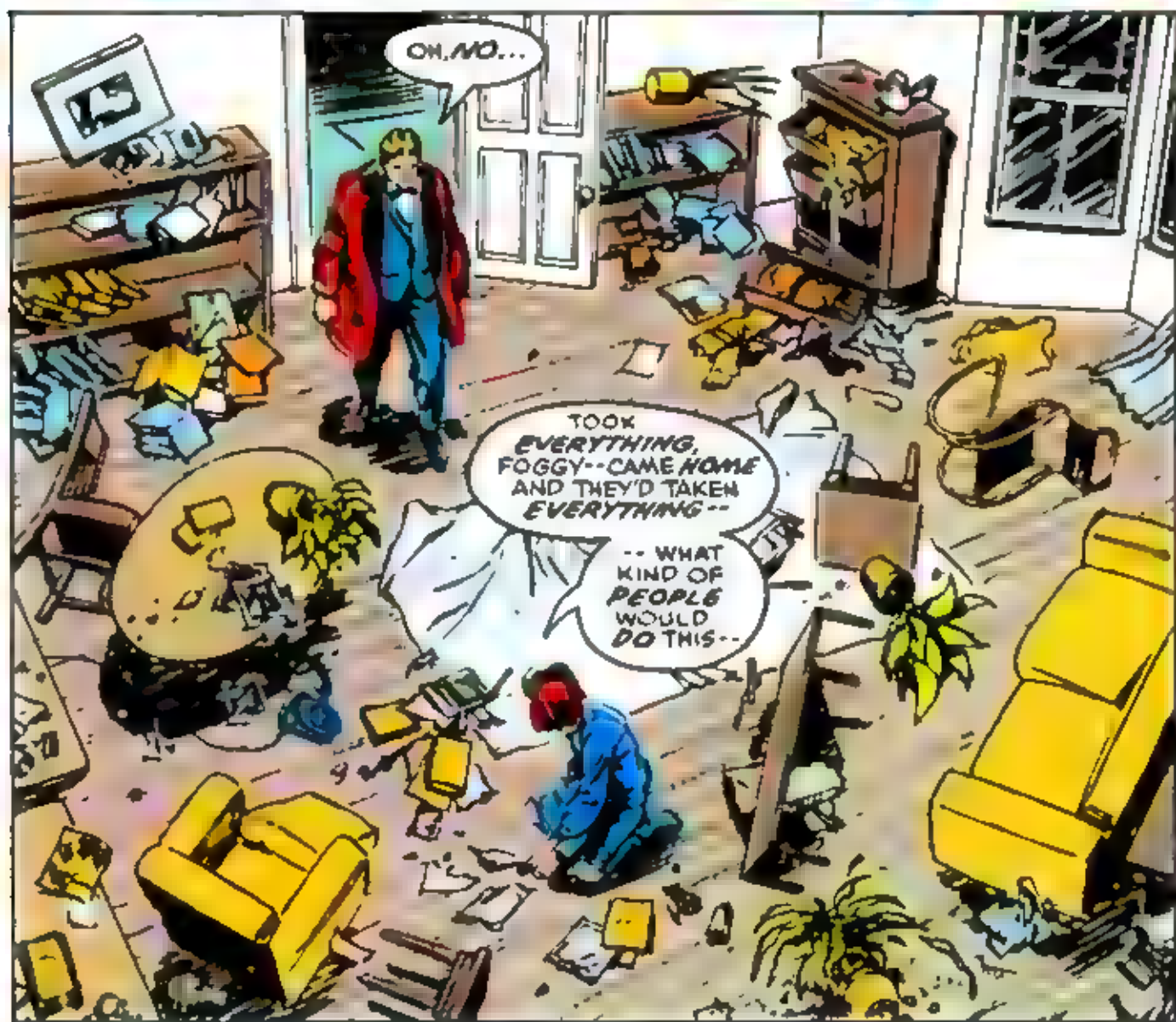
--AND A NOTICE FROM INTERNAL REVENUE THAT MY TAX FILES ARE BEING AUDITED AND THAT EVERY PENNY I HAVE IS FROZEN UNTIL THE AUDIT IS COMPLETE.



ALL THIS BEFORE COFFEE.









My name is BEN URICH. I'm a REPORTER.

I'm working the NIGHT SHIFT at a great metropolitan NEWSPAPER when a piece of DYNAMITE is dropped on my desk.

It's not the kind that HISSES. It just RUSTLES in Robertson's HAND...

CHECK THIS ONE OUT FOR ME, BEN.

SURE, I'VE GOT NOTHING BUT TIME.

It's disguised as an Associated Press WIRE--

--that says MATT MURDOCK faces a HOST of criminal charges, including BRIBERY, PERJURY, and MISCONDUCT.

MATT MURDOCK is the most HONEST man I know.

MATT-- BEN, I JUST HEARD--

"I have no statement for the press, a stranger tells me."

MATT-- IF IT'S OFF THE RECORD-- YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME...

A CHUCKLE, like DRY ICE cracking.

MATT-- I'M YOUR FRIEND, REMEMBER?

He LAUGHS. The line goes DEAD.

The LAUGH seems to ECHO through the office. I try to match it with the man who saved my LIFE.

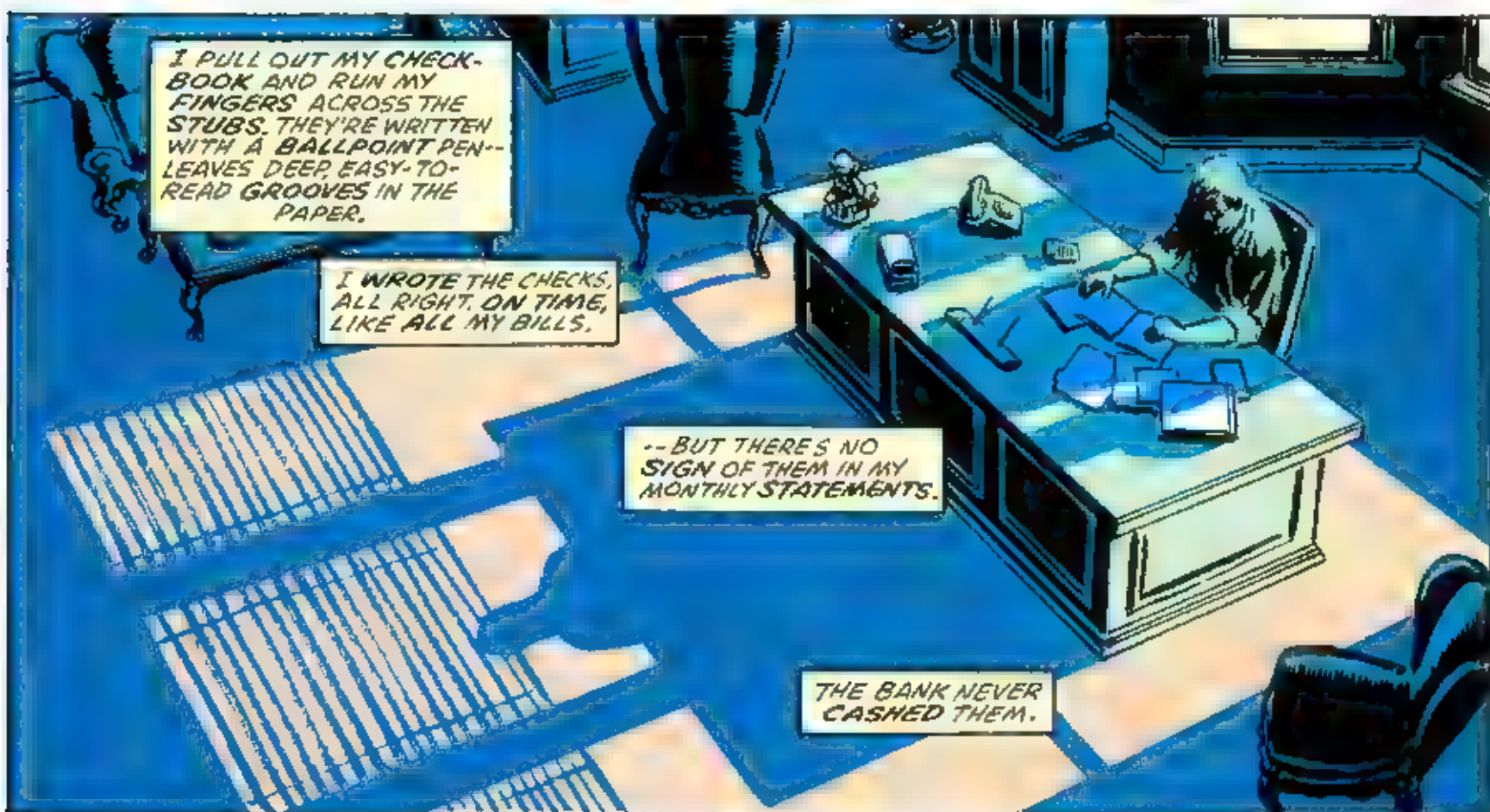
I WORRY - not about his HONESTY.



THE BANK INSISTS
I HAVEN'T PAID THEM

THEY THREATEN
TO FORECLOSE.

I LOSE MY
TEMPER AND
YELL AT THEM
AND THEY HANG
UP ON ME.



I PULL OUT MY CHECK-
BOOK AND RUN MY
FINGERS ACROSS THE
STUBS. THEY'RE WRITTEN
WITH A BALLPOINT PEN--
LEAVES DEEP EASY-TO-
READ GROOVES IN THE
PAPER.

I WROTE THE CHECKS,
ALL RIGHT, ON TIME,
LIKE ALL MY BILLS.

-- BUT THERE'S NO
SIGN OF THEM IN MY
MONTHLY STATEMENTS.

THE BANK NEVER
CASHED THEM.



MAYBE THEY WERE
LOST IN THE MAIL.

WITH MY MONEY
FROZEN BY THE
IRS, HOW CAN I...

... I HATE MONEY..



... OUTSIDE THE
SNOW HAS TURNED
TO SLEET, TRYING
TO CHIP AWAY THE
WALLS AROUND ME

SOMETHING LOOSE
AND WILD FLOWS
THROUGH THE CITY.
I FEEL MY PULSE
QUICKEN, LIKE A
JUNGLE DRUM.



IT'S THE NIGHT.
I'VE ALWAYS
LOVED IT.

I GRAB THE WEIGHT-
LESS BUNDLE OF
CLOTH--THE ONLY
PART OF MY LIFE
WORTH LIVING ANY
MORE...



...THE ONE RELIEF
I CAN GIVE MYSELF

...WHEN IT ALL
GETS TO BE
TOO MUCH.



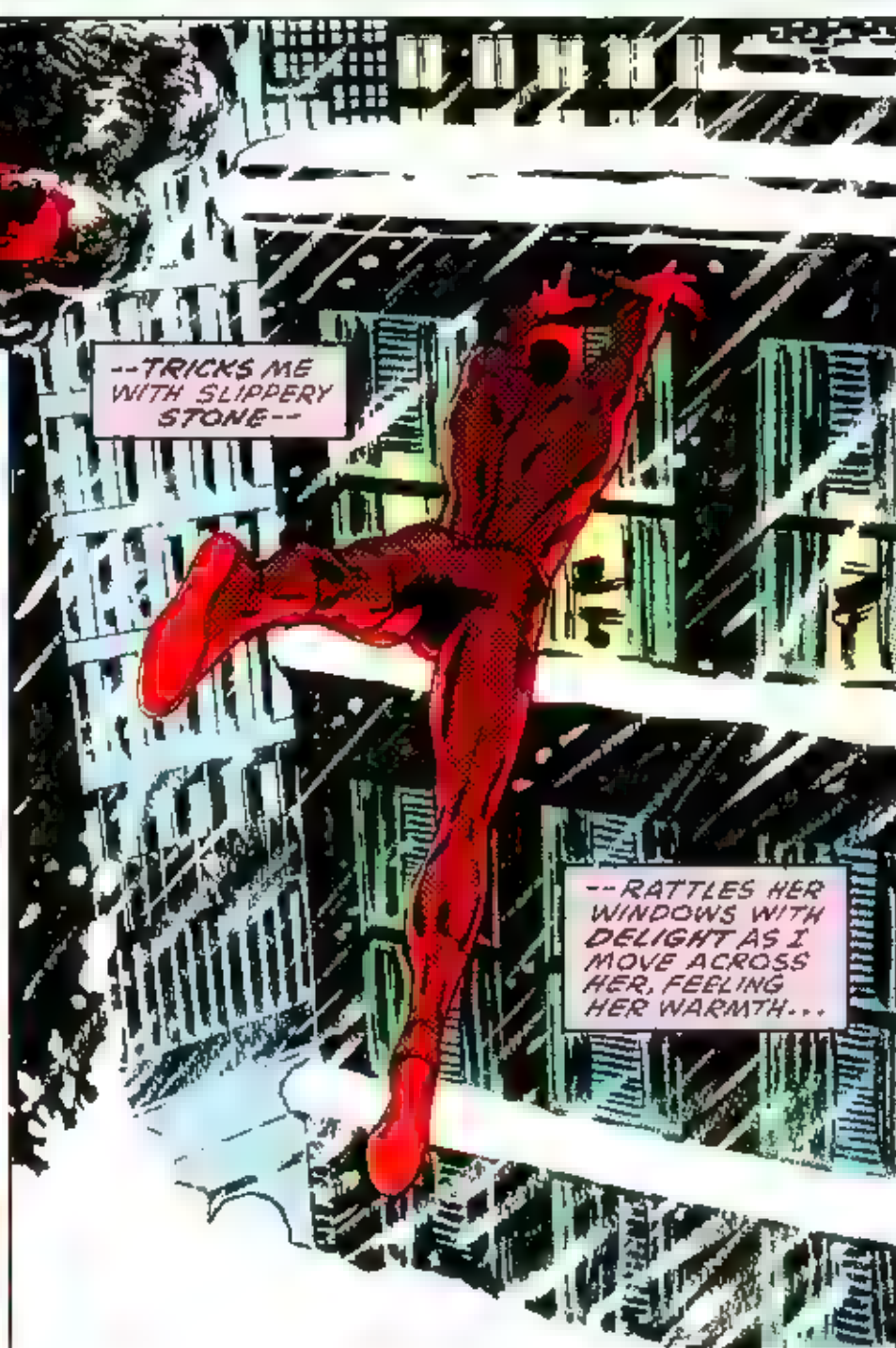
SHE GREETES ME WITH
A BLAST OF WIND
AND HER ENDLESS,
ANGRY ROAR.



SHE HUMS WITH POWER
AND TICKLES MY LEGS
WITH A THOUSAND FLIRTING
FINGERS--

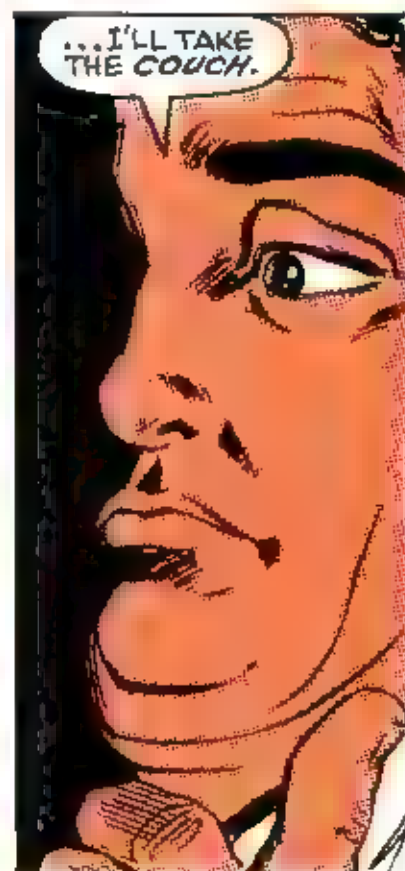
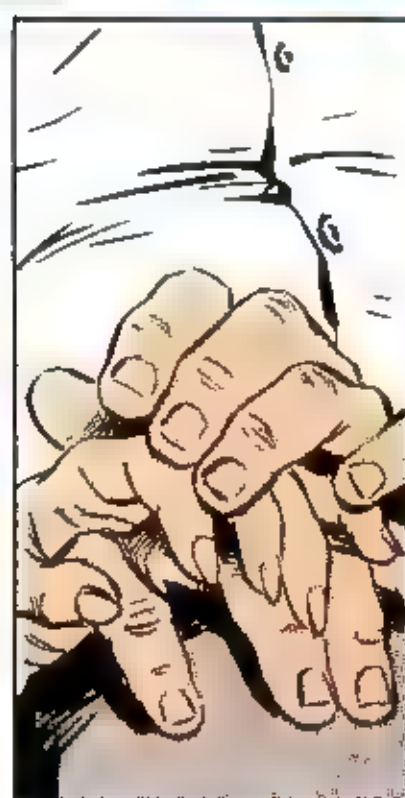
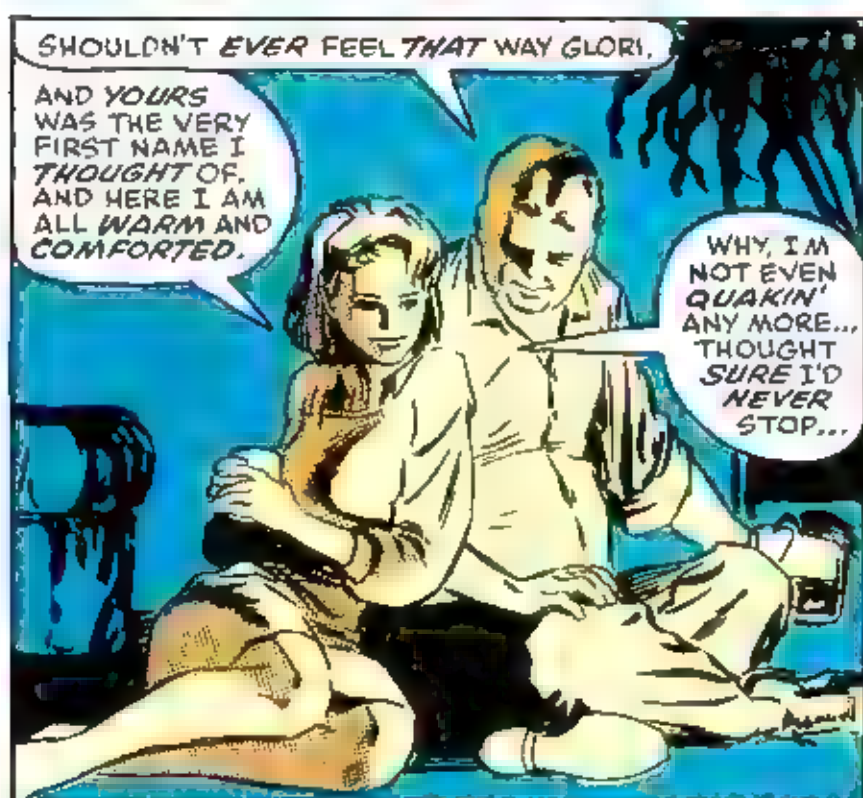


-- LAUGHS AT ME,
BLOWS A GUST OF
FILTHY SMOKE IN
MY FACE--



--TRICKS ME
WITH SLIPPERY
STONE--

--RATTLES HER
WINDOWS WITH
DELIGHT AS I
MOVE ACROSS
HER, FEELING
HER WARMTH...

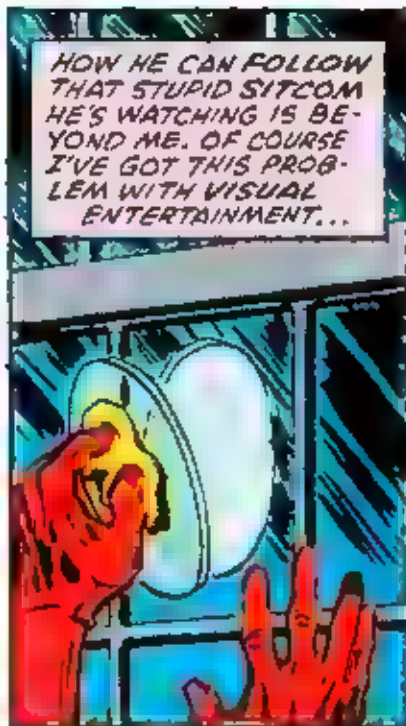




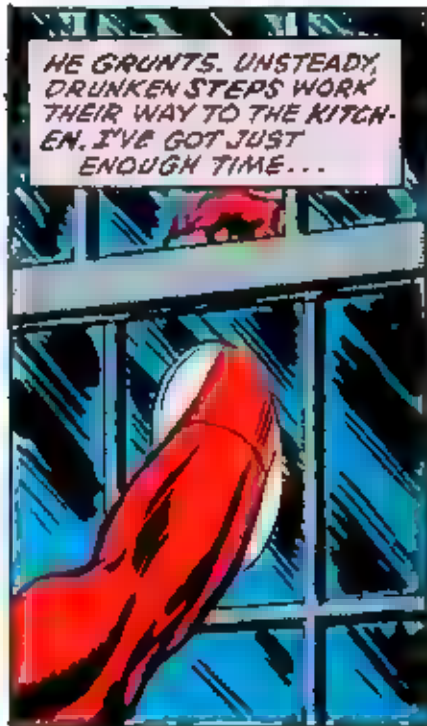
THE MUSIC IN THERE IS THE KIND YOU HEAR IN DEPARTMENT STORES. THERE'S SOMETHING OBSCENE ABOUT PLAYING IT LOUD.



AND LOUD IT IS. I'M SURPRISED THE BUILDING DOESN'T SHAKE.



HOW HE CAN FOLLOW THAT STUPID SITCOM HE'S WATCHING IS BEYOND ME. OF COURSE I'VE GOT THIS PROBLEM WITH VISUAL ENTERTAINMENT...



HE GRUNTS. UNSTEADY, DRUNKEN STEPS WORK THEIR WAY TO THE KITCHEN. I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME...



TWENTY YEARS, NICK...

...WHY START LYING NOW?



GET OUT OF MY HOME.



IT'S ALL WRONG, NICK. I KNOW YOU.

AND I HAVE TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN MATT MURDOCK.

HE FLINCHES, AT THE NAME, I SMELL HIS OILY, GUILTY SWEAT.



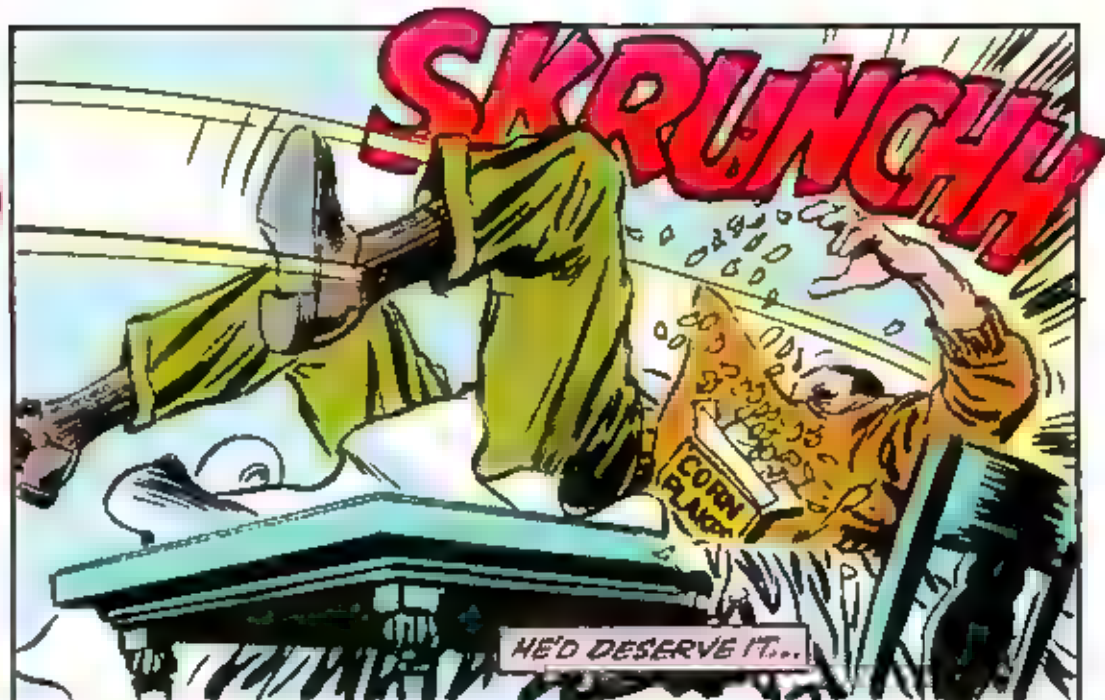
I FEEL THE HEAT ON HIS CHEEK-- A FLUSH OF DEFIANT RAGE.

THE SOUND BELONGS IN A SOUTH STREET BAR--

I COULD FORCE THE TRUTH
FROM HIM, TOUGH AS HE IS.

I'D HAVE TO USE
TORTURE...

FAPP

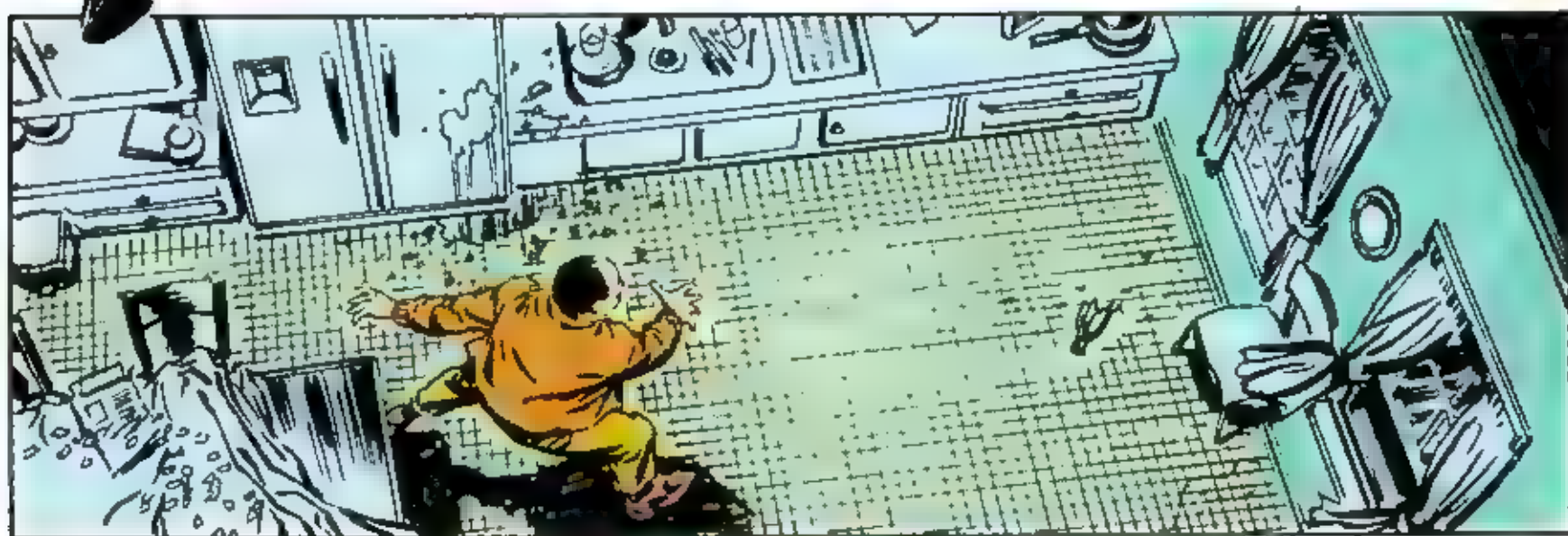


SKRUNCHH

HE'D DESERVE IT...



I SAID GET OUT OF MY
HOME...

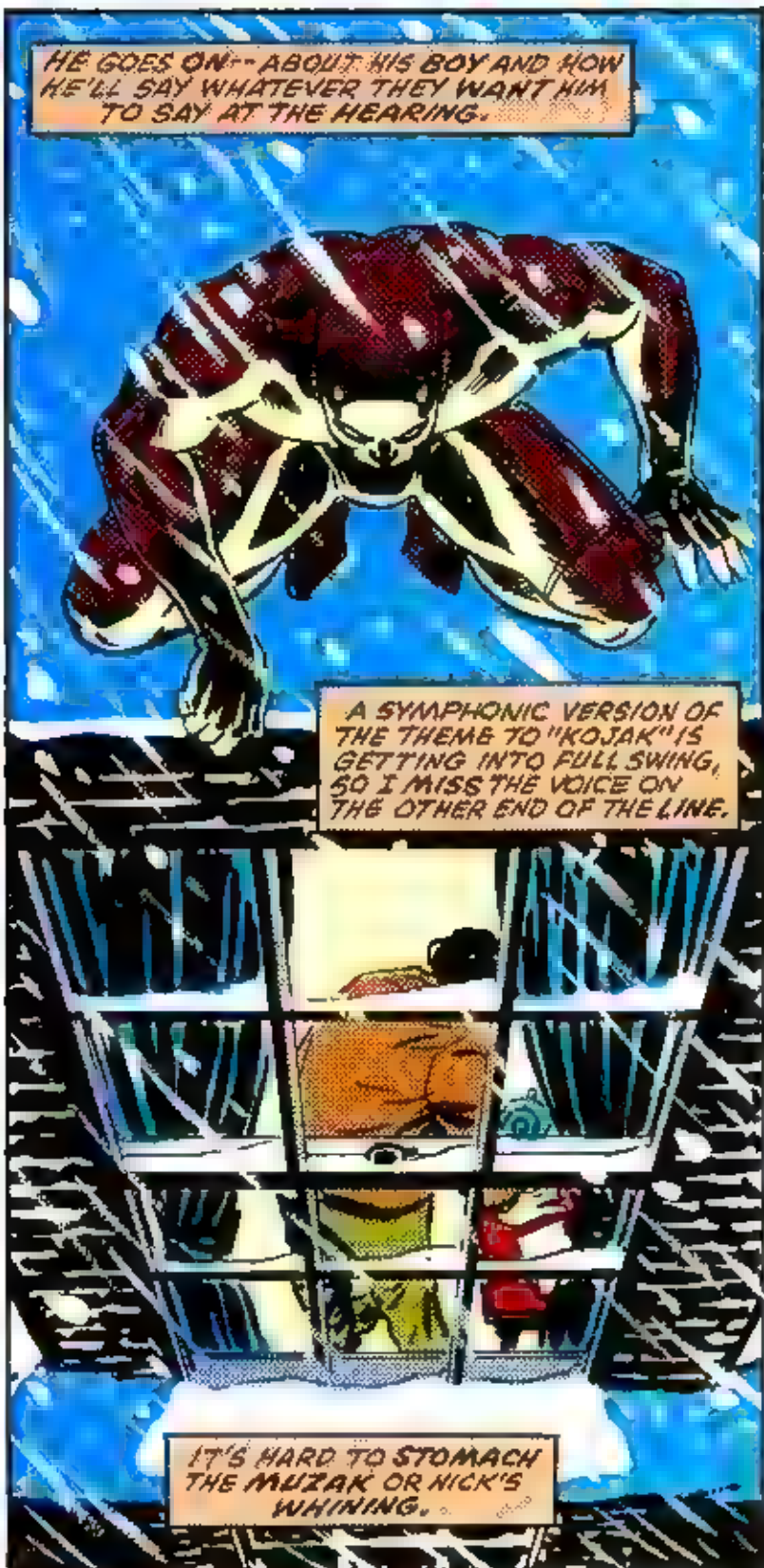


KLIK
WHRRR
KLIK
WHRRRR



HE SHOWED UP, YEAH, DAREDEVIL.
I DID WHAT YOU SAID TO

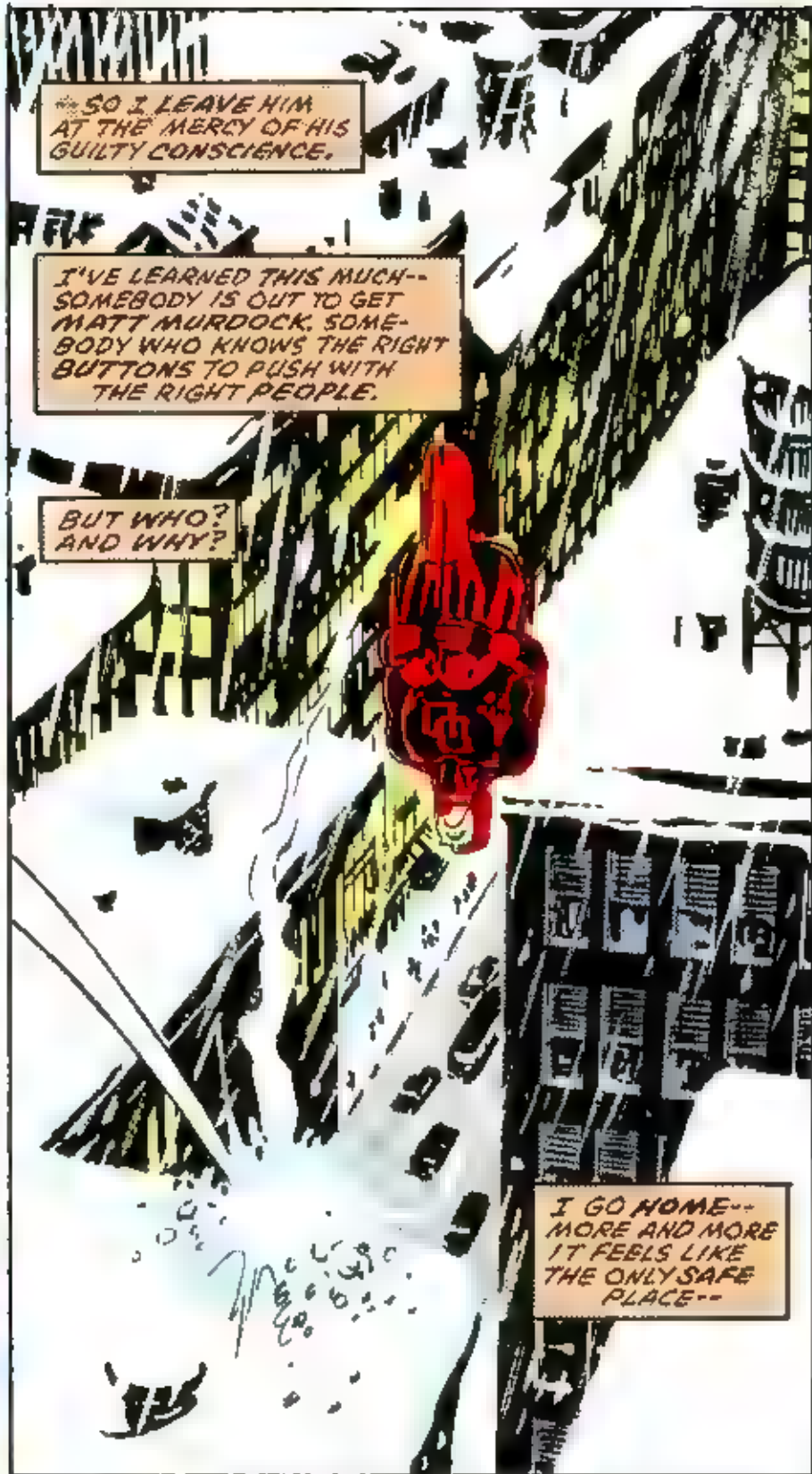
ABOUT MY BOY... DOCTORS SAID HE
NEEDS THAT TREATMENT SOON...



HE GOES ON-- ABOUT HIS BOY AND HOW HE'LL SAY WHATEVER THEY WANT HIM TO SAY AT THE HEARING.

A SYMPHONIC VERSION OF THE THEME TO "KOJAK" IS GETTING INTO FULL SWING, SO I MISS THE VOICE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

IT'S HARD TO STOMACH THE MUZAK OR NICK'S WHINING.

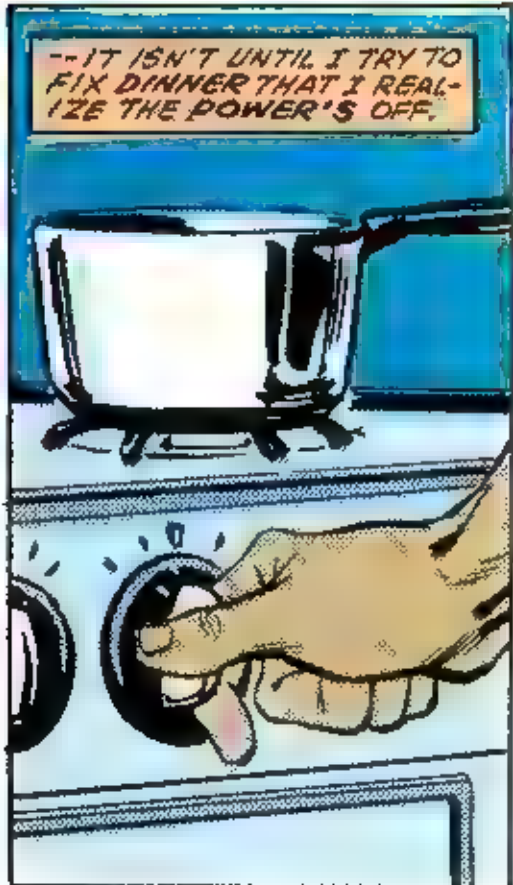


SO I LEAVE HIM AT THE MERCY OF HIS GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

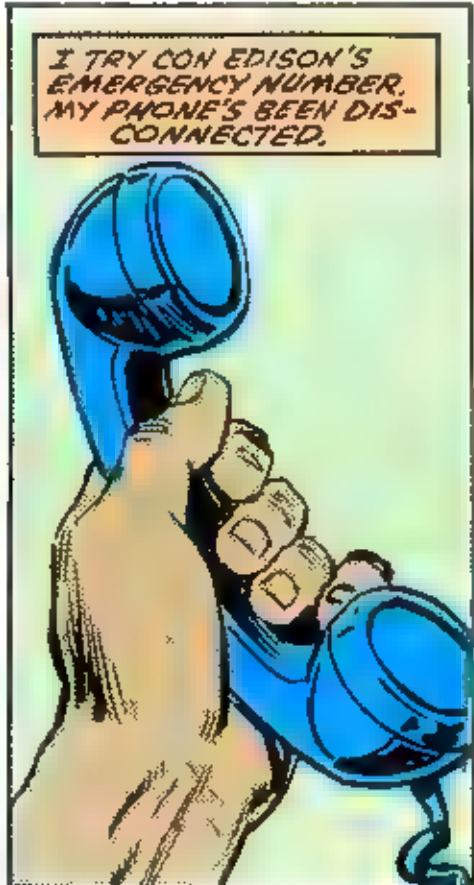
I'VE LEARNED THIS MUCH-- SOMEBODY IS OUT TO GET MATT MURDOCK. SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS THE RIGHT BUTTONS TO PUSH WITH THE RIGHT PEOPLE.

BUT WHO? AND WHY?

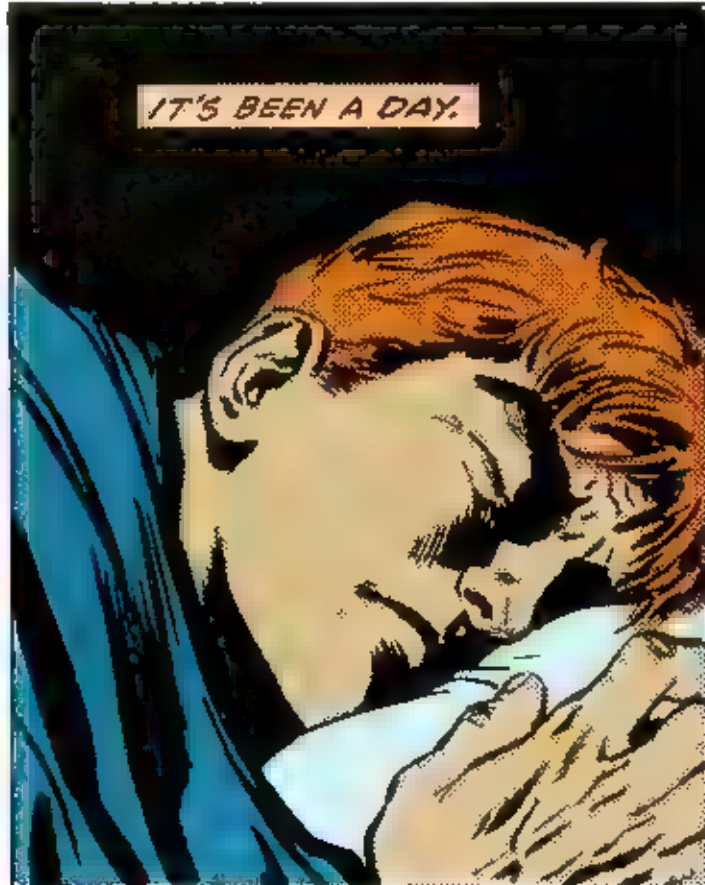
I GO HOME-- MORE AND MORE IT FEELS LIKE THE ONLY SAFE PLACE--



-- IT ISN'T UNTIL I TRY TO FIX DINNER THAT I REALIZE THE POWER'S OFF.



I TRY CON EDISON'S EMERGENCY NUMBER. MY PHONE'S BEEN DISCONNECTED.

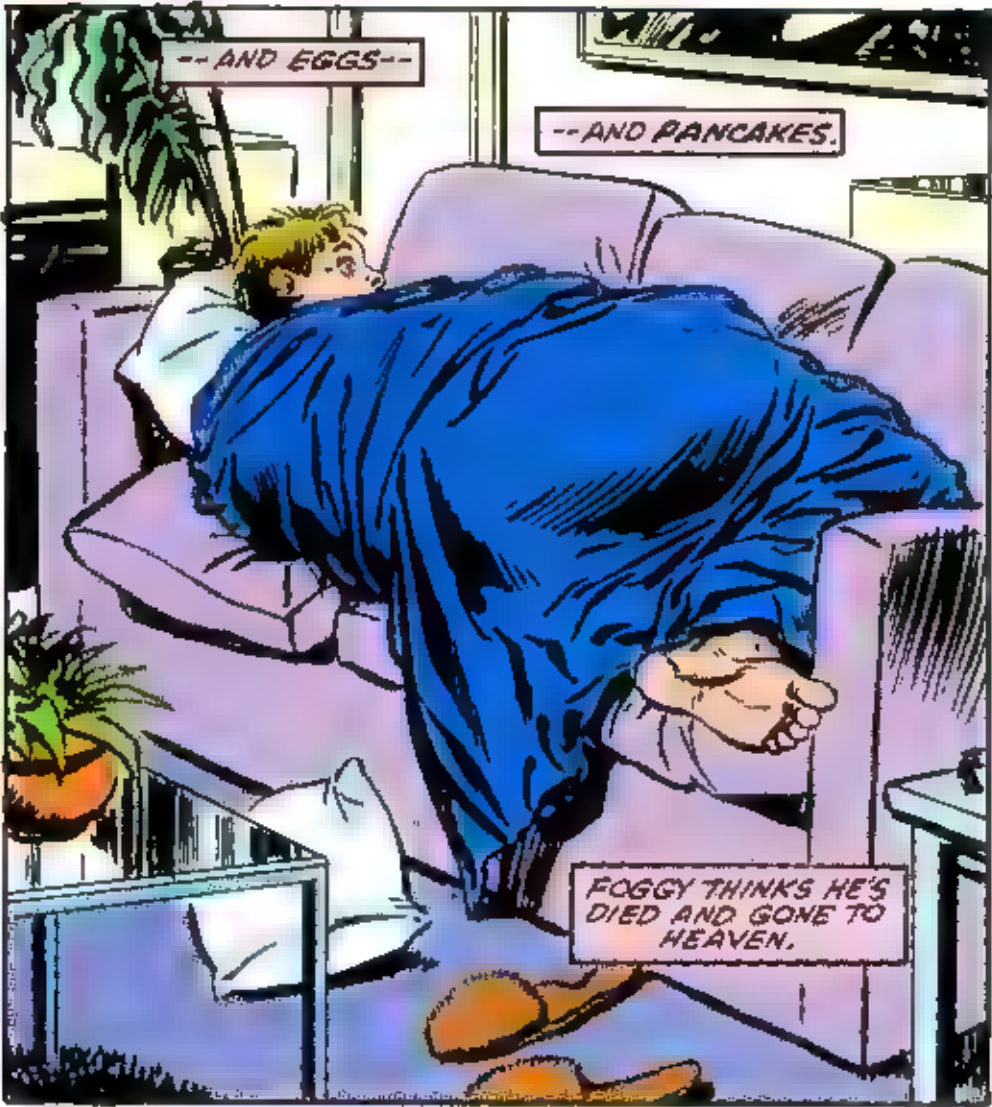


IT'S BEEN A DAY.



THE FIRST THING FOGGY NELSON FEELS THIS MORNING IS AN IRRITATING KNOT AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL.

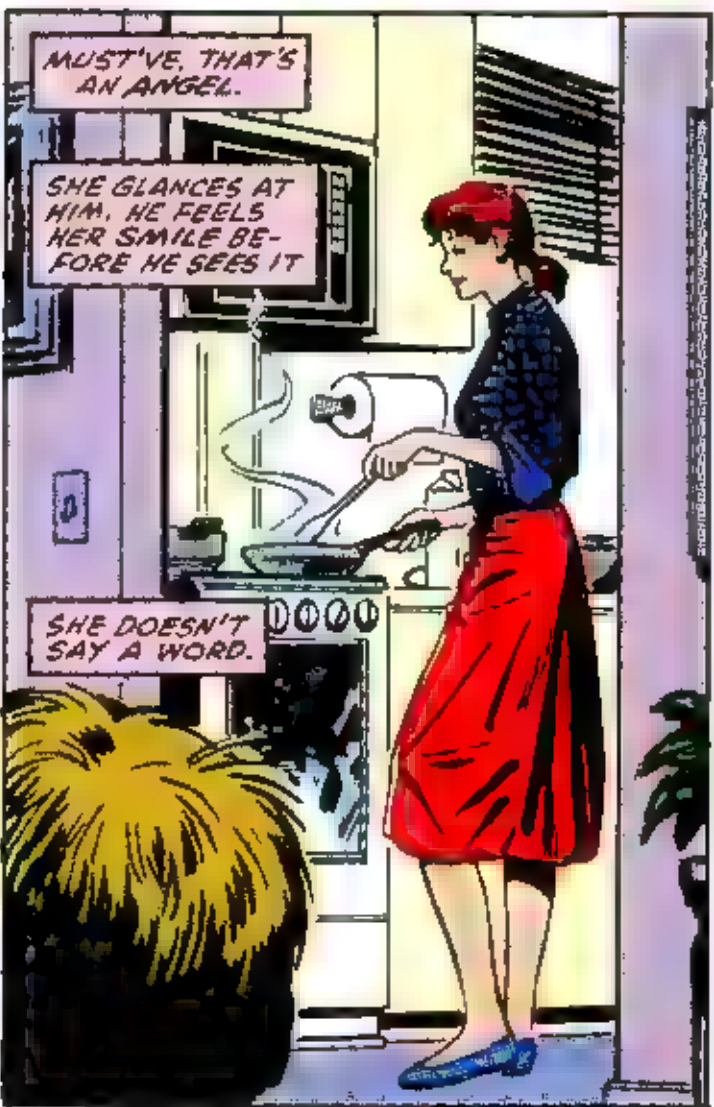
HE FORGETS IT AS SOON AS HE SMELLS THE FRYING BACON.



-- AND EGGS--

-- AND PANCAKES.

FOGGY THINKS HE'S DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN.



MUST'VE, THAT'S AN ANGEL.

SHE GLANCES AT HIM. HE FEELS HER SMILE BEFORE HE SEES IT

SHE DOESN'T SAY A WORD.



NELSON RESIDENCE.

...HELLO, MATT... NO, YE DIDN'T MISDIAL... I'LL PUT HIM ON...



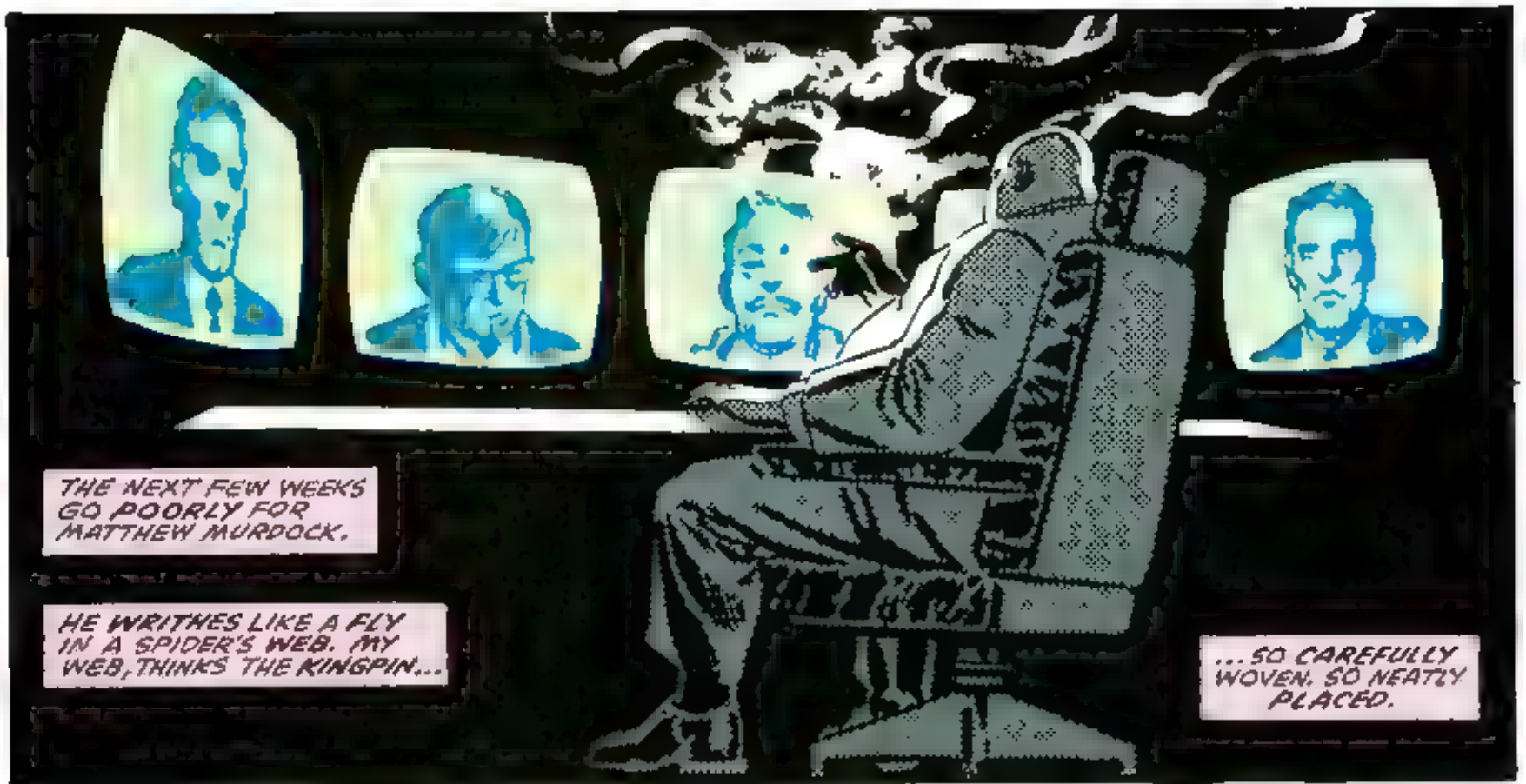
MATT! HI! LISTEN, THE CRAZIEST THING HAPPENED LAST NIGHT,--

--WHAT? HARD TO HEAR YOU, MATT. WHERE--A PHONE BOOTH? AT THIS HOUR?...



...WH...DID YOU SAY GRAND JURY? ...NO, I HADN'T HEARD.

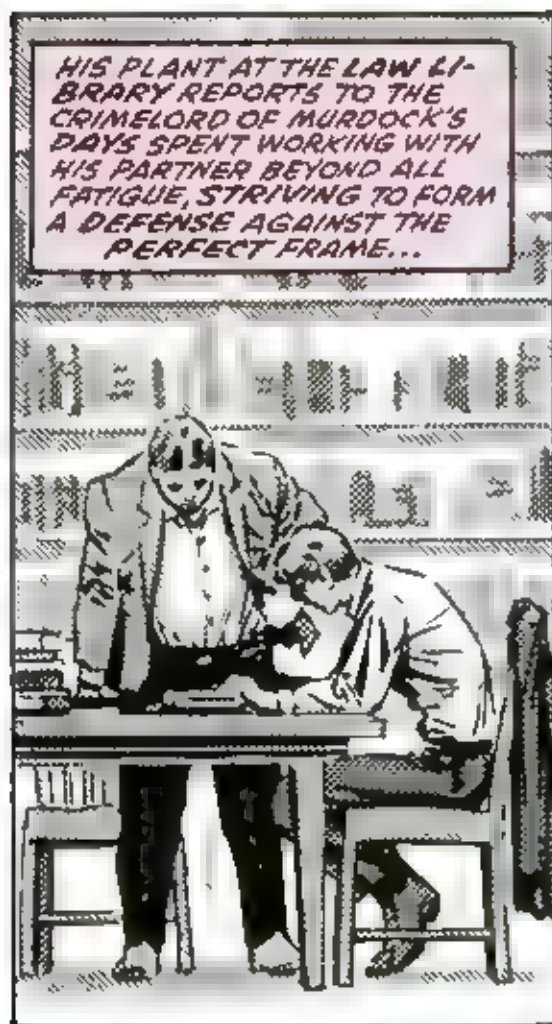
OK. GOLLY. OH GOLLY.



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS
GO POORLY FOR
MATTHEW MURDOCK.

HE WRITHES LIKE A FLY
IN A SPIDER'S WEB. MY
WEB, THINKS THE KINGPIN...

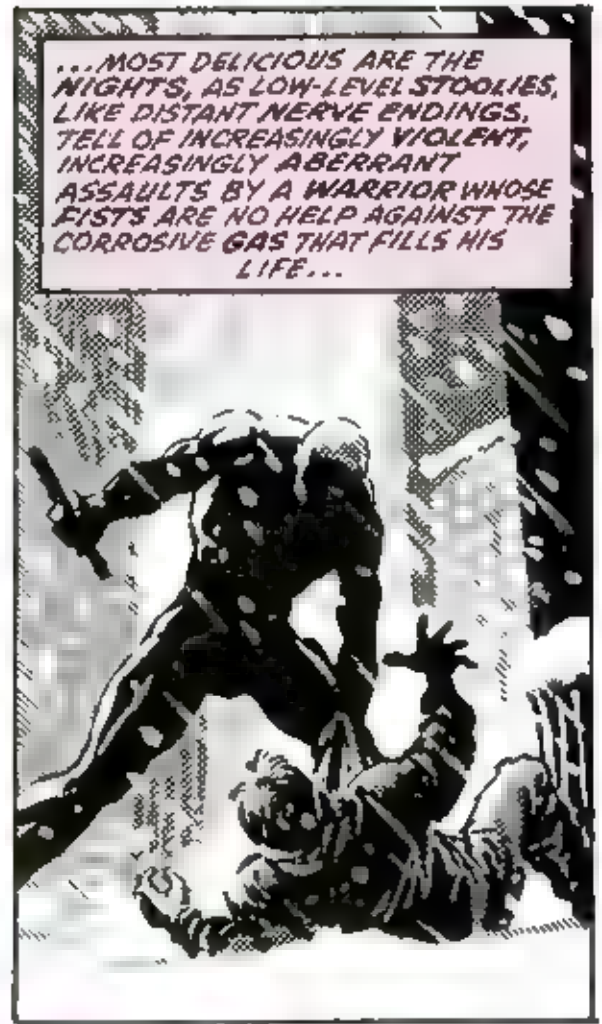
... SO CAREFULLY
WOVEN. SO NEATLY
PLACED.



HIS PLANT AT THE LAW LI-
BRARY REPORTS TO THE
CRIMELORD OF MURDOCK'S
DAYS SPENT WORKING WITH
HIS PARTNER BEYOND ALL
FATIGUE, STRIVING TO FORM
A DEFENSE AGAINST THE
PERFECT FRAME...



...PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN
BY TELESCOPE--FOR THE
MAN'S DEFENSES ARE YET
UNKNOWN--PROVIDE A STOP-
MOTION STUDY OF MURDOCK'S
DETERIORATION...



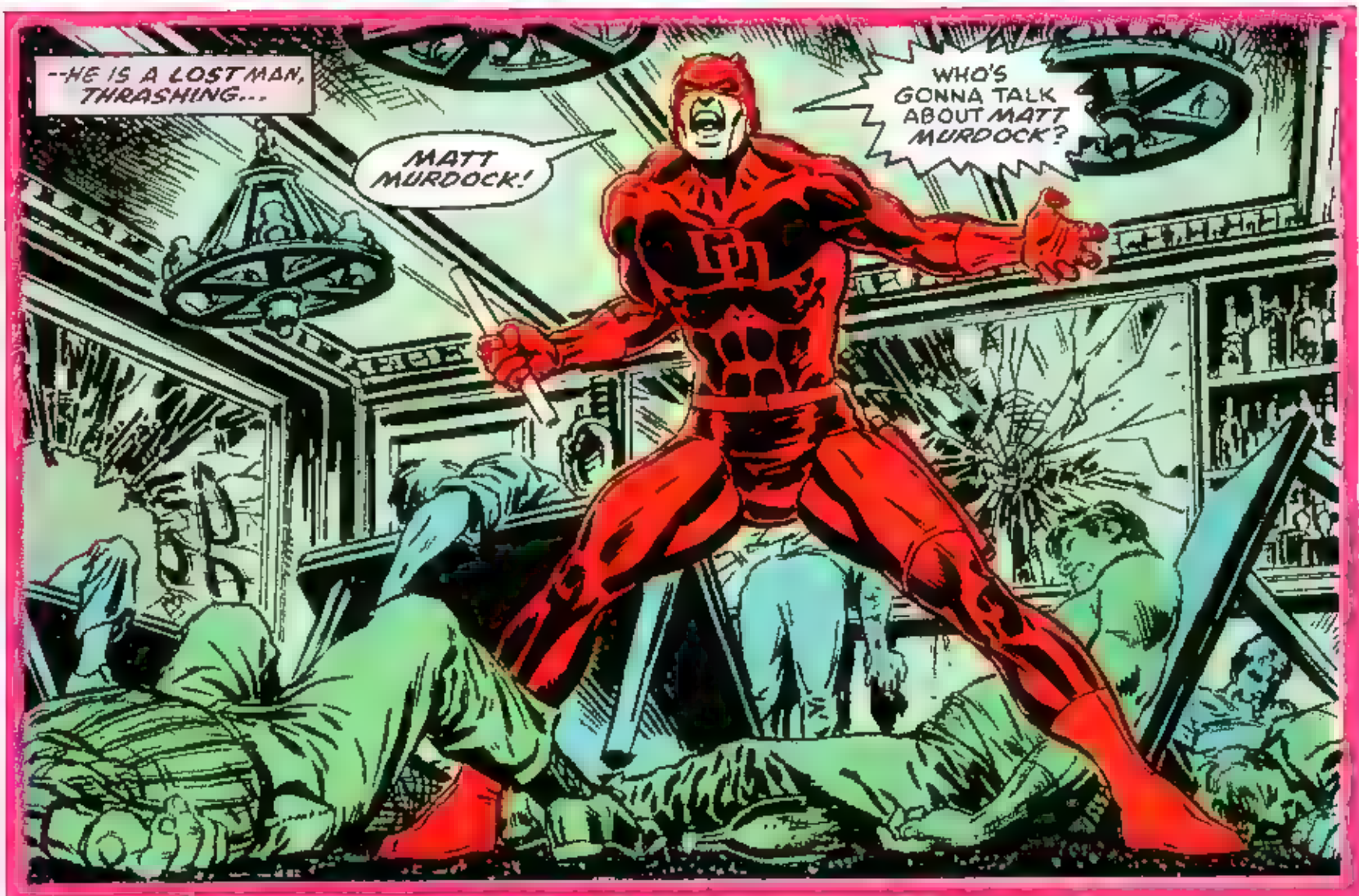
...MOST DELICIOUS ARE THE
NIGHTS, AS LOW-LEVEL STOOLIES,
LIKE DISTANT NERVE ENDINGS,
TELL OF INCREASINGLY VIOLENT,
INCREASINGLY ABERRANT
ASSAULTS BY A WARRIOR WHOSE
FISTS ARE NO HELP AGAINST THE
CORROSIVE GAS THAT FILLS HIS
LIFE...



...ASSAULTS WHICH CLIMAX IN
AN ENLIGHTENING EPISODE.

IT HAPPENS IN A WATERFRONT
SALOON--ONE HE FREQUENTS
TO PRY INFORMATION FROM
THE LOWEST ECHELON OF MY
ORGANIZATION.

ONE HE ENTERS NOW AS
AN ANGRY BEGGAR--
WITH NO SENSE OF
CAUTION OR STRATEGY--





...EVEN AS HE HEARS THE MUCH-TEMPERED VERDICT OF THE COURT THAT HE WILL NOT FACE A PRISON SENTENCE, AS I HAD PLANNED--

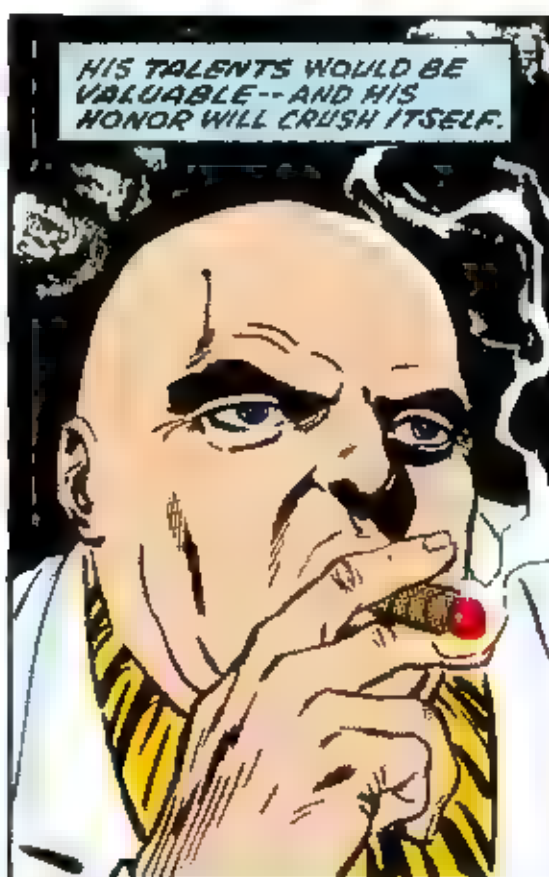
--THAT ALL HE WILL LOSE IS HIS LICENSE TO PRACTICE LAW...

...WHATEVER REACTIONS HE HAS ARE HIDDEN-- EVEN, I SUSPECT, FROM HIMSELF.



HE FACES POVERTY AND PUBLIC SHAME. HE WILL BE HOUNDED BY DOCTORED TAX FILES, DEPRIVED OF HIS VERY HOME. SURVIVAL WILL BECOME HIS ONLY CONCERN.

PERHAPS I WILL HIRE HIM -- WHAT IS LEFT OF HIM -- AFTER A TIME. AFTER HE HAS LEARNED HOW POWERLESS HE IS.



HIS TALENTS WOULD BE VALUABLE-- AND HIS HONOR WILL CRUSH ITSELF.

HIS TALENT, YES. ANY MAN SO DEDICATED AS TO PRETEND TO BLINDNESS IN DAILY LIFE HAS SURELY DEVELOPED A RANGE OF METHODS AND TECHNIQUES THAT WOULD BE AN ASSET TO MY ENTERPRISES.



AN EFFICACIOUS OPPONENT. STILL HE INTRIGUES ME. STILL I AM NOT SATISFIED.

I SHOULD NOT TAMPER WITH THIS. I AM WELL POSITIONED. I SHOULD LEAVE HIM TO THE MISERY THAT AWAITS HIM.

I MUST DENY MYSELF THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF A KILLING STROKE...

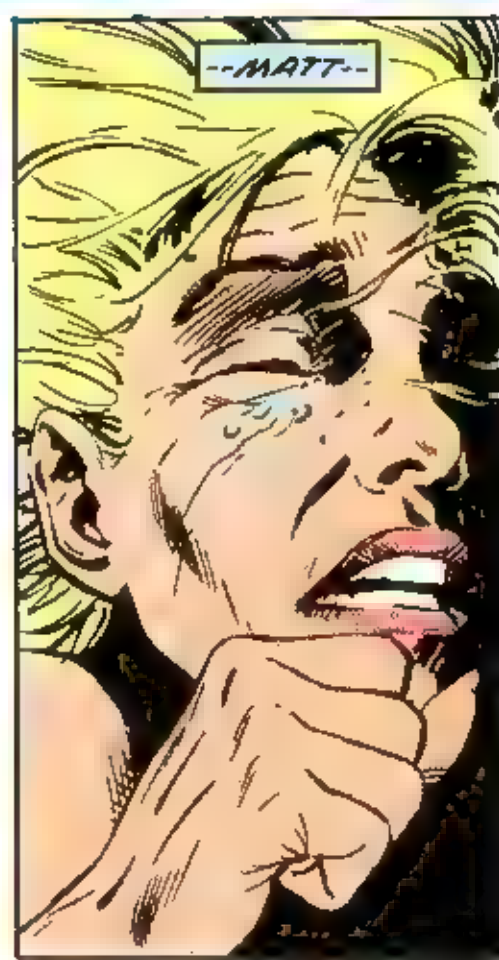
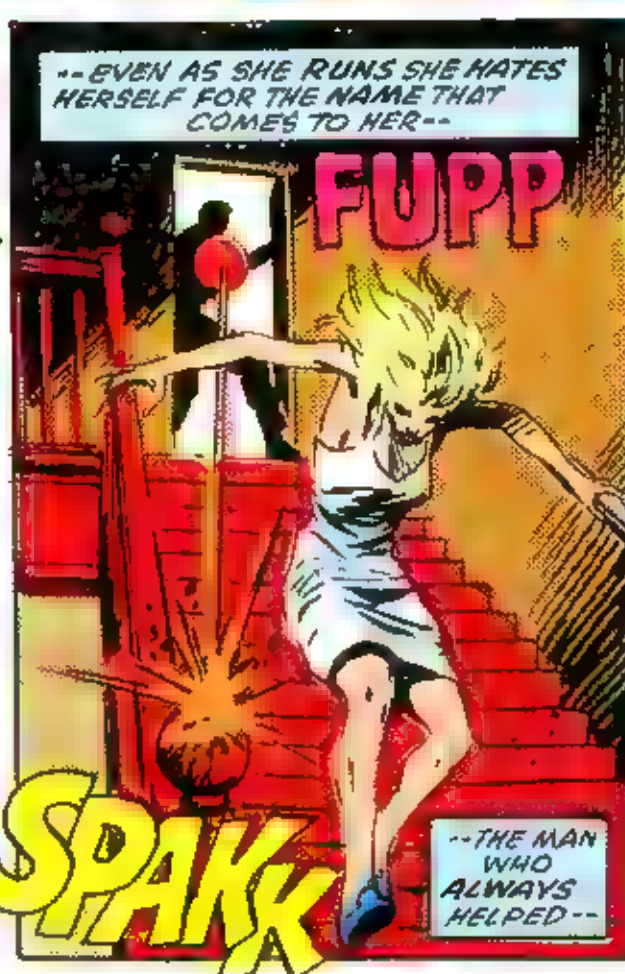
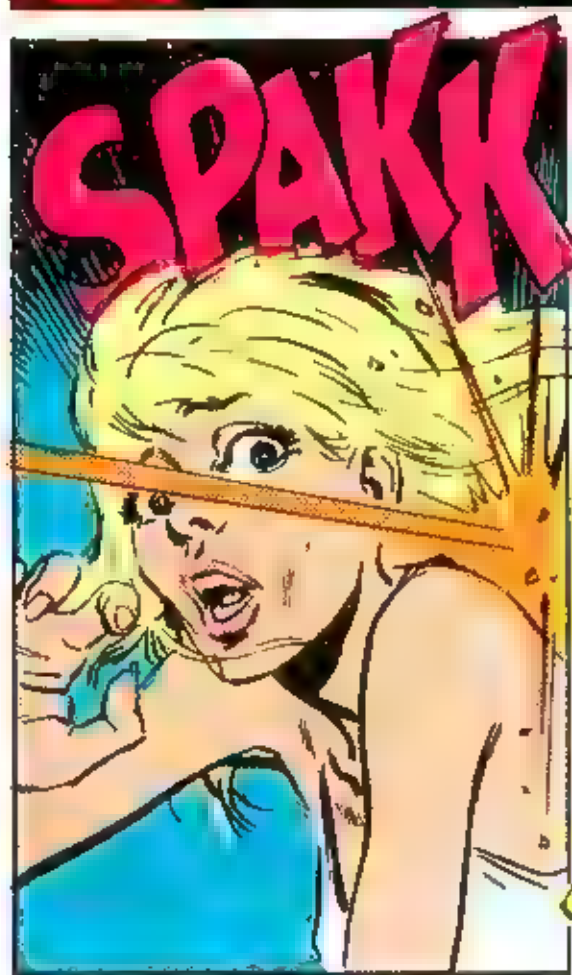
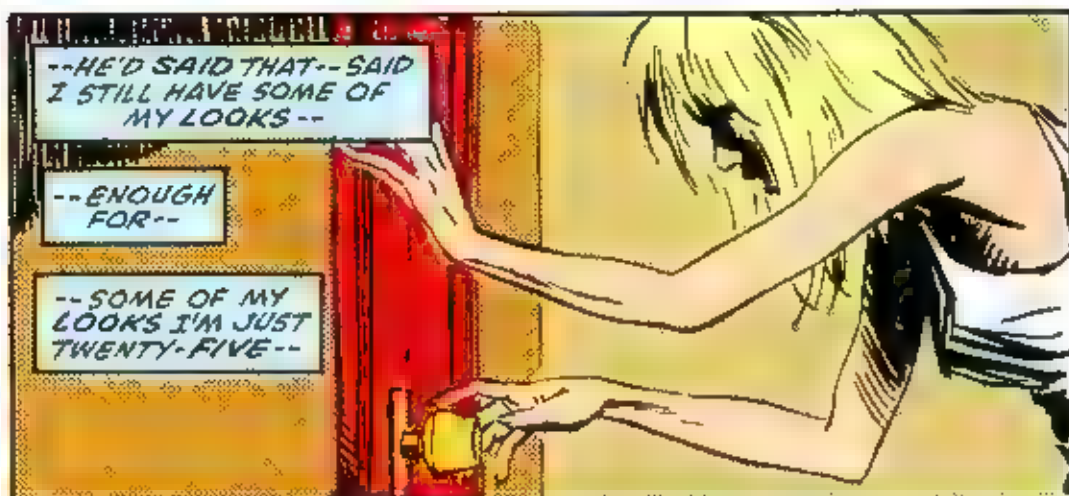


I FEEL AWFUL, MATT... JUST AWFUL...

YOU WERE BRILLIANT, FOGGY. YOU KEPT ME OUT OF PRISON.

I HAVEN'T DONE MUCH TO DESERVE THIS KIND OF FRIENDSHIP...

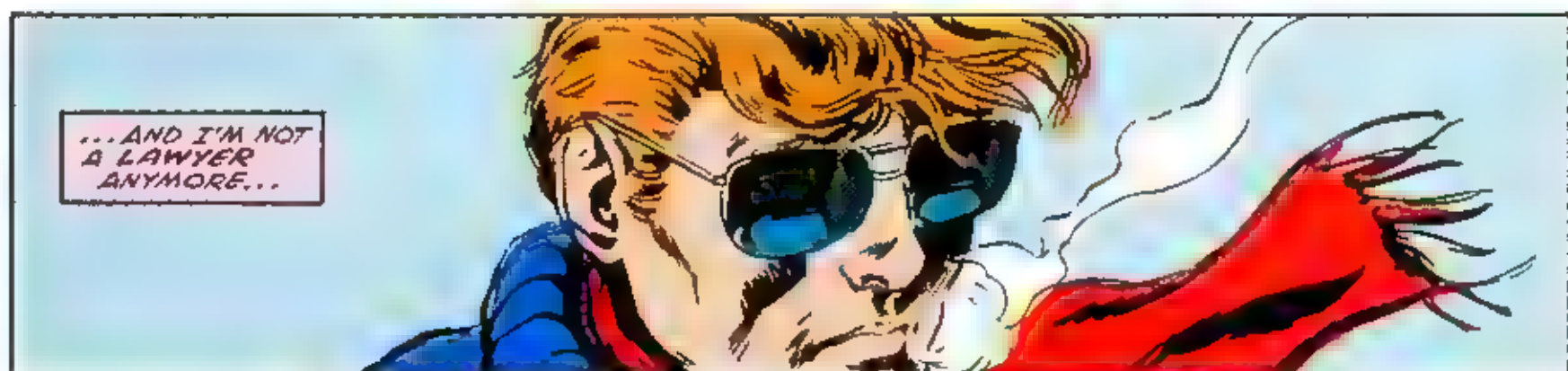




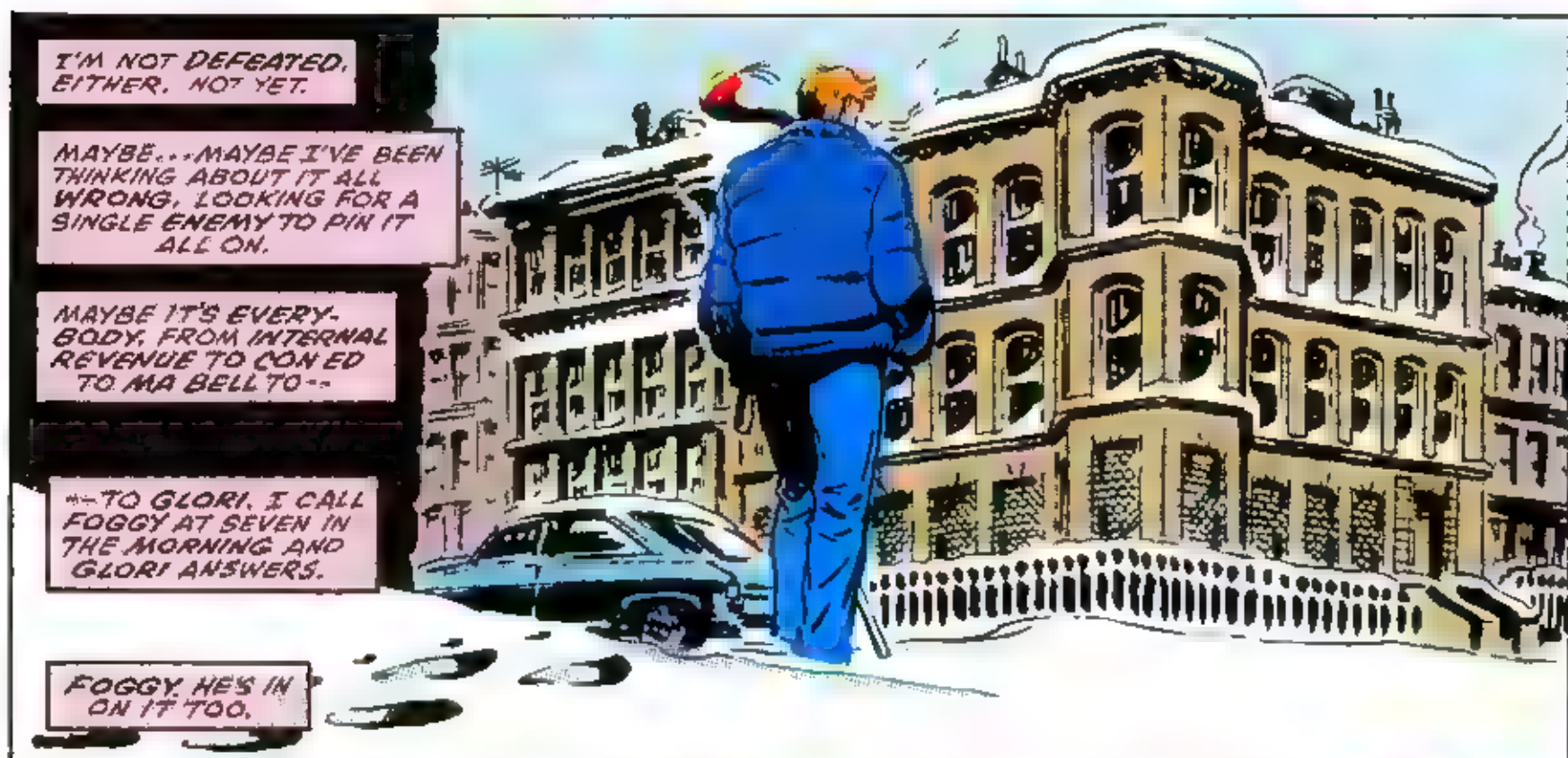


THE NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE
SITS TOO BIG IN MY JACKET
POCKET. I'VE GOT THIRTY
DAYS TO AVOID REPOSSESSION
--BY PAYING OUT MONEY THE
IRS WON'T LET ME NEAR.

THIRTY DAYS AND
TEN DOLLARS IN
MY WALLET AND...



...AND I'M NOT
A LAWYER
ANYMORE...



I'M NOT DEFEATED,
EITHER. NOT YET.

MAYBE...MAYBE I'VE BEEN
THINKING ABOUT IT ALL
WRONG, LOOKING FOR A
SINGLE ENEMY TO PIN IT
ALL ON.

MAYBE IT'S EVERY-
BODY, FROM INTERNAL
REVENUE TO CON ED
TO MA BELL TO--

--TO GLORI. I CALL
FOGGY AT SEVEN IN
THE MORNING AND
GLORI ANSWERS.

FOGGY. HE'S IN
ON IT TOO.

NO. FOGGY STOOD UP FOR ME,
FOUGHT FOR ME. HE...BUT THAT
COULD BE PART OF THE PLAN--

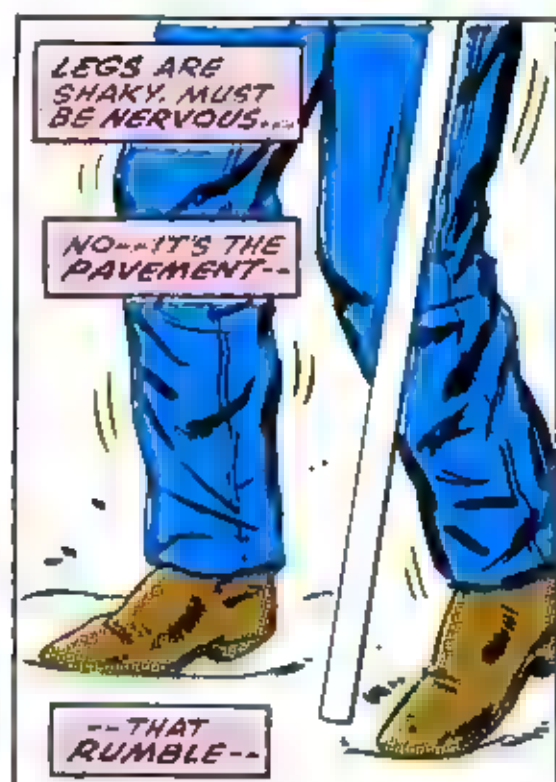


--WHAT AM
I THINKING?



JUST TIRED. NEED TO
SLEEP. IN MY OWN BED.
MY OWN BED.

TOMORROW...
TOMORROW I'LL
DO SOMETHING...

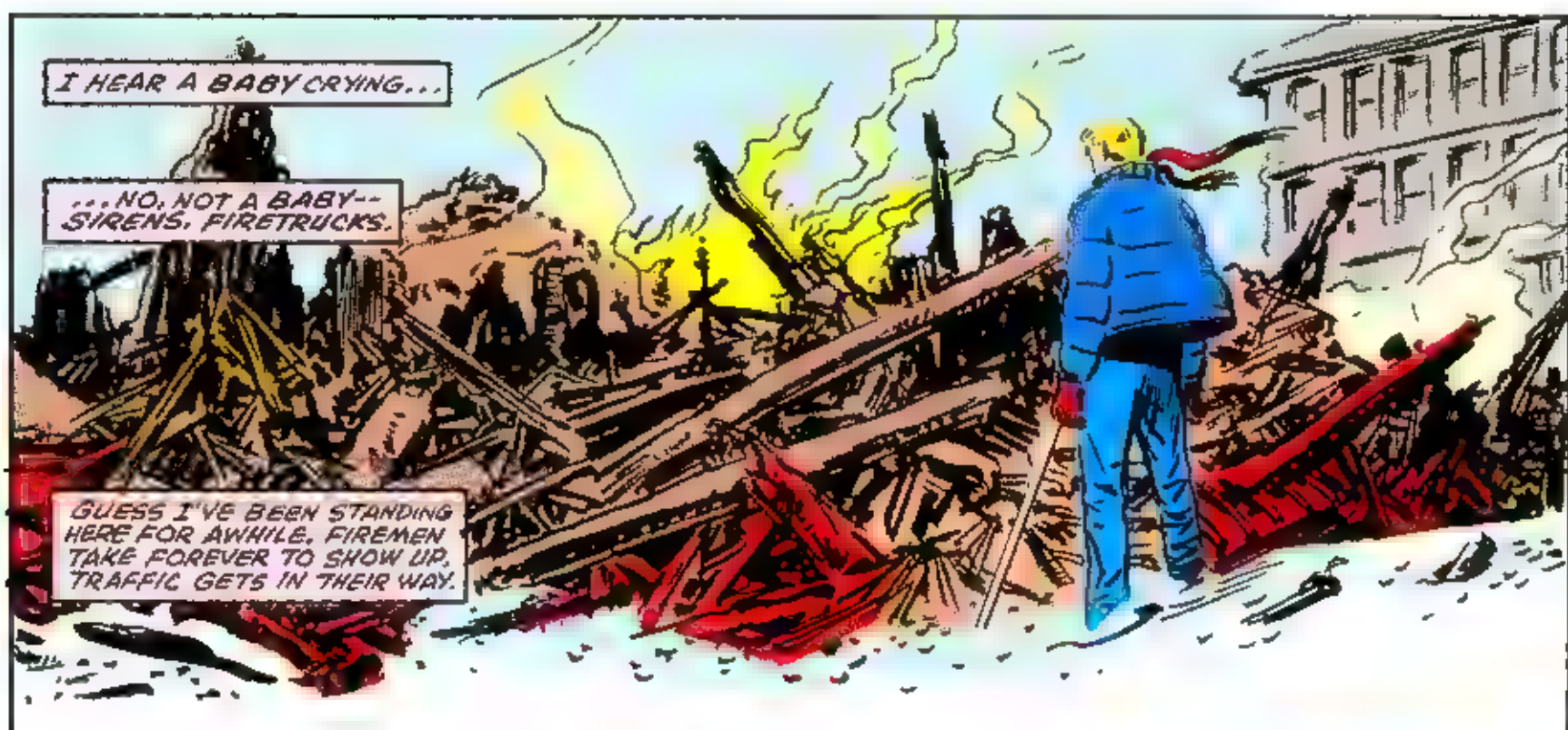


LEGS ARE
SHAKY. MUST
BE NERVOUS...

NO--IT'S THE
PAVEMENT--

--THAT
RUMBLE--





I HEAR A BABY CRYING...

...NO, NOT A BABY--
SIRENS, FIRETRUCKS.

GUESS I'VE BEEN STANDING
HERE FOR AWHILE. FIREMEN
TAKE FOREVER TO SHOW UP.
TRAFFIC GETS IN THEIR WAY.



DUST... THE DUST IS
THICK. COULD CHOKE
ON IT...

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT.



SO YOU KNOW.

SO THAT'S WHY.



I NEVER WOULD HAVE CON-
NECTED IT TO YOU. NOTHING
ABOUT IT SAID GANGSTER--
UNTIL THIS.

IT WAS A NICE
PIECE OF WORK,
KINGPIN.

YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE SIGNED IT.

Next: PURGATORY

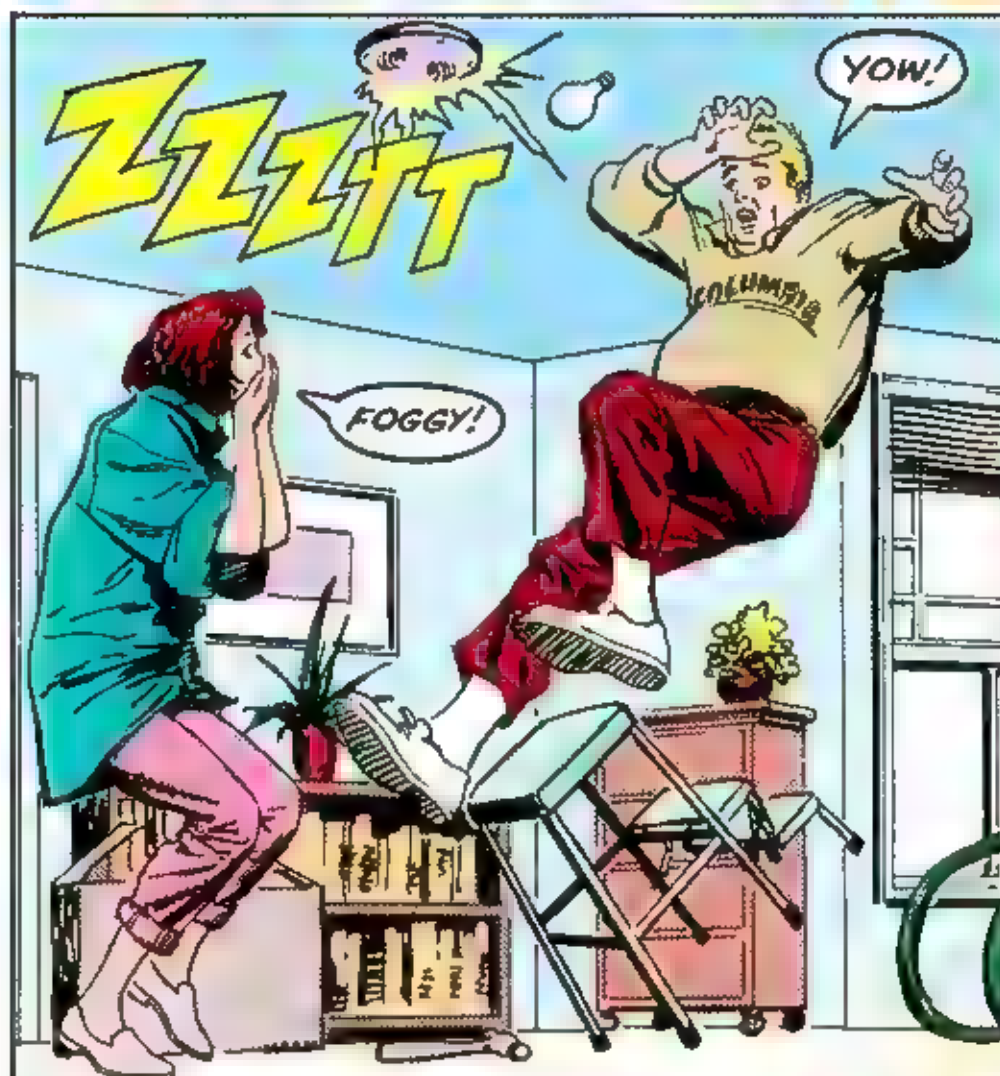


THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN. THEY DO THEIR BEST NOT TO THINK OF HIM-- AND WHAT HE USED TO BE.

TO FOGGY NELSON, HE WAS PARTNER AND BEST FRIEND. TO GLORIANNA O'BREEN, HE WAS THE MAN SHE LOVED.

THEY DO THEIR BEST...

YE BE CAREFUL NOW, FOGGY...



YOW!

FOGGY!



FOGGY--ARE YE ALL RIGHT?

NO PROBLEM, GLORI. LANDED ON SOME OF MY BEST PADDING.

RINGG

BETTER GET THE PHONE...



HELLO--



GLORI-- WHAT...



FOGGY--IT WAS MATT--

--AN HE DINNA MAKE ANY SENSE--

THE WINDOW'S CLOSED--
BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT
NOT WITH THE STIFF BREEZE
THAT'S BLOWING THROUGH IT,
GIVING ME A SWEETHEART
OF A CRAMP IN MY LOWER
BACK.

SIX INCHES OF SNOW
OUTSIDE AND STILL
NO HEAT IN THE ROOM...

AND HERE I'D PLANNED
ON STAYING AT THE PLAZA.
THAT WAS BEFORE I DIS-
COVERED THAT THE IRS
HAD MADE MY CREDIT
CARDS SO MUCH WORTH-
LESS PLASTIC.

LEFT ME WITH TEN
BUCKS TO MY NAME.

I FOUND A HOTEL
THAT MADE CHANGE.

Stan Lee
presents

PURGATORY

By FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAZZUCHELLI
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



PLACE SWEET LIKE
RAT HAIR. I'D MUCH
RATHER STAY WITH
A FRIEND.

SHOW ME ONE AND
I'LL STAY WITH HIM

SHOW ME ONE SINGLE
PERSON IN THE WORLD
WHO HASN'T BETRAYED
ME...

JUST A FEW DAYS AGO I
WAS A PILLAR OF MY
COMMUNITY...A RESPECTED
FIGURE IN MY PROFESSION.



NOT TO MENTION
MY SIDELINE
OF BEING A
SUPERHERO

NOW I'M JUST
A BLIND MAN



...A BLIND MAN WHO'S
LOST HIS JOB HIS
LIVELIHOOD HIS
HOME HIS GIRL...

...WHO FATE GAVE
THE ABILITY TO HEAR
AND SMELL AND
TOUCH BETTER THAN
ANYBODY IN THE
WORLD CAN...

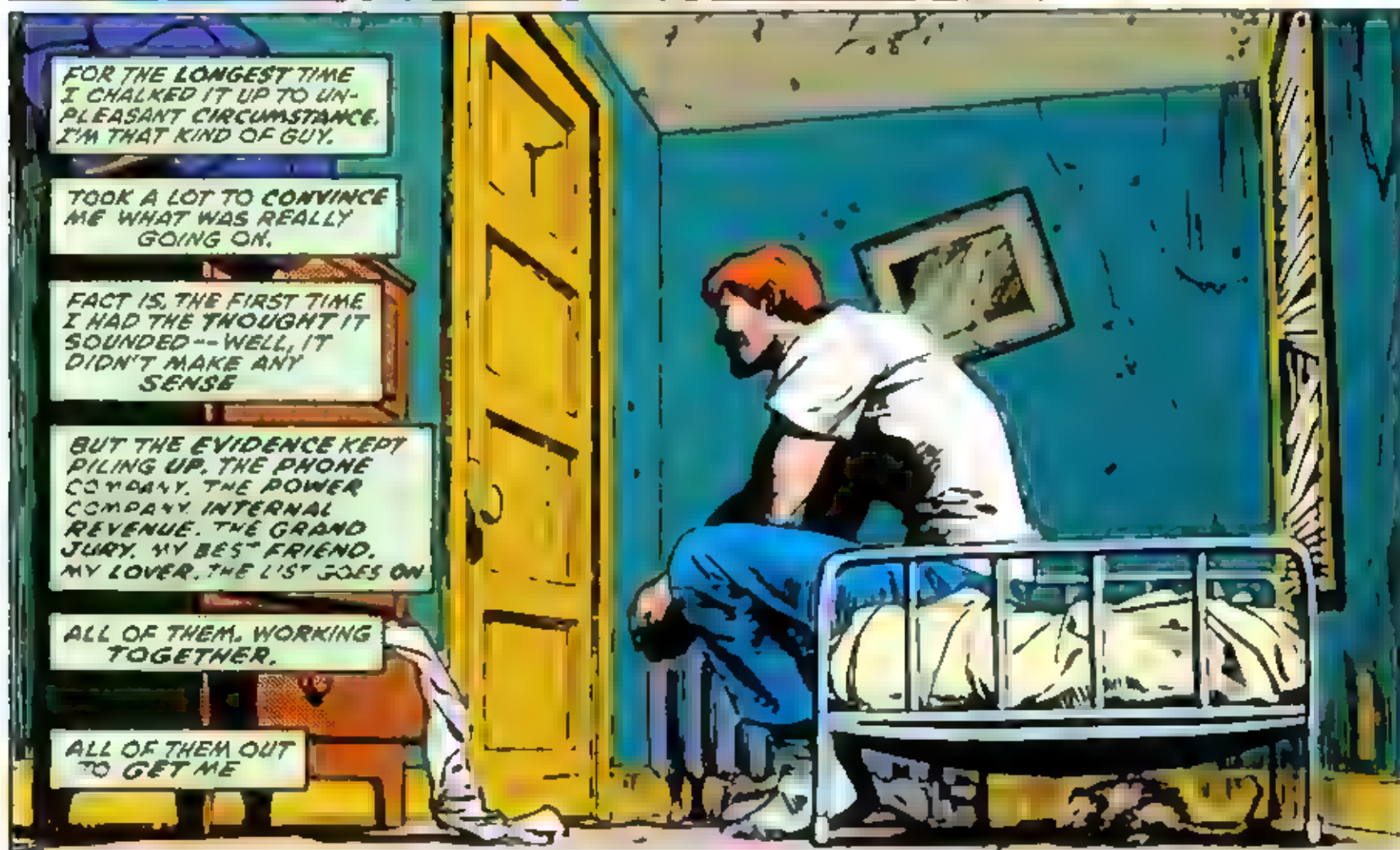
...WHICH IS A
GREAT WAY TO
CATCH ALL THE
MISERY OF
BEING ALIVE



JUST A FEW DAYS AGO

...NO, I SHOULD HAVE
SEEN ALL THIS COMING.
STARTED MONTHS
AGO, THINGS GOING
WRONG FOR ME.

JUST LITTLE THINGS AT
FIRST THE KIND YOU TRY
NOT TO NOTICE. THE KIND
THAT ADD UP UNTIL YOU
WANT TO...



FOR THE LONGEST TIME
I CHALKED IT UP TO UN-
PLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCE.
I'M THAT KIND OF GUY.

TOOK A LOT TO CONVINCE
ME WHAT WAS REALLY
GOING ON.

FACT IS, THE FIRST TIME
I HAD THE THOUGHT IT
SOUNDED--WELL, IT
DIDN'T MAKE ANY
SENSE

BUT THE EVIDENCE KEPT
PILING UP. THE PHONE
COMPANY. THE POWER
COMPANY. INTERNAL
REVENUE. THE GRAND
JURY. MY BEST FRIEND.
MY LOVER. THE LIST GOES ON

ALL OF THEM. WORKING
TOGETHER.

ALL OF THEM OUT
TO GET ME



NO, NO. THAT'S--
I'M GOING--

--IT'S THE KINGPIN

THE KINGPIN, YES.



HE'S THE ONLY REAL
ENEMY I HAVE. I'VE
CAUSED HIM A LOT OF
TROUBLE, FIGHTING
CRIME-- SINCE THAT'S
HIS BUSINESS, IT
FOLLOWS THAT I'D
CAUSE HIM TROUBLE.
IT MAKES SENSE
THAT I'D CAUSE HIM
TROUBLE. IT...



...IT'S THE KINGPIN.
SOMEHOW HE FOUND OUT
THAT I'M DAREDEVIL.

HE BRIBED AND
THREATENED EVERY-
BODY IT TOOK TO
DESTROY ME.

I'VE GIVEN THIS A
LOT OF THOUGHT.



THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T
LEFT THIS ROOM. TO
THINK AND PUT TO-
GETHER A PLAN AND
GET ENOUGH SLEEP
I SEEM TO NEED SO
MUCH SLEEP...

... BUT IT'S ALL
WORKED OUT NOW.
I'VE GOT MY STRATEGY.

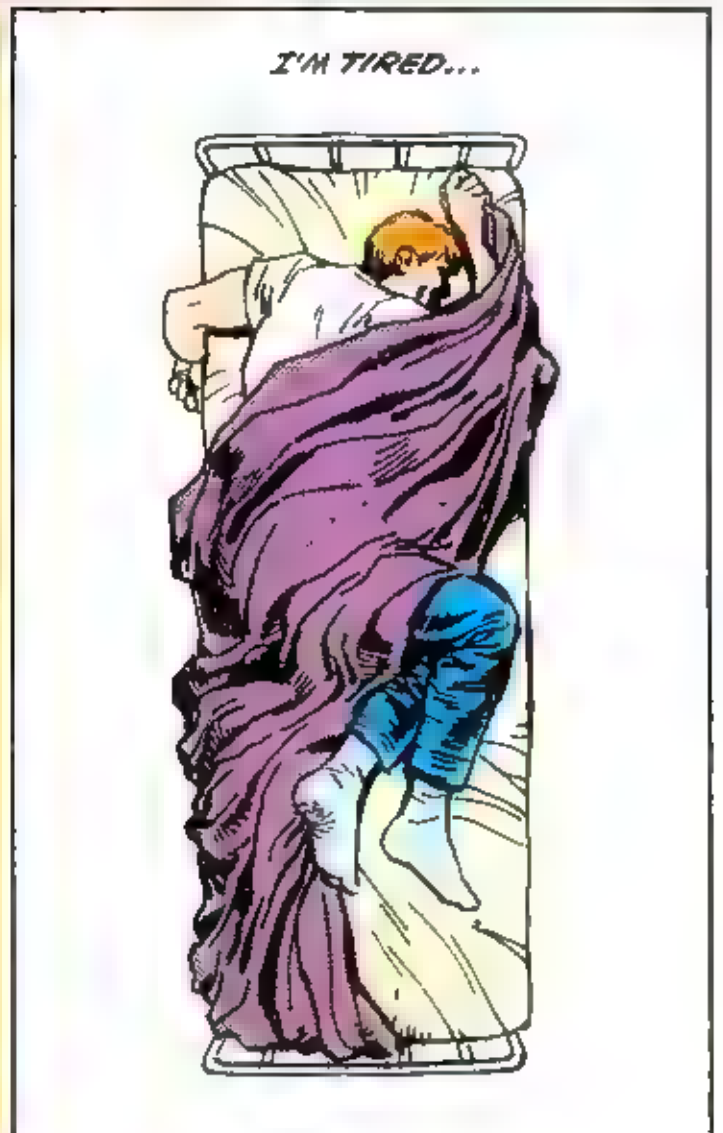
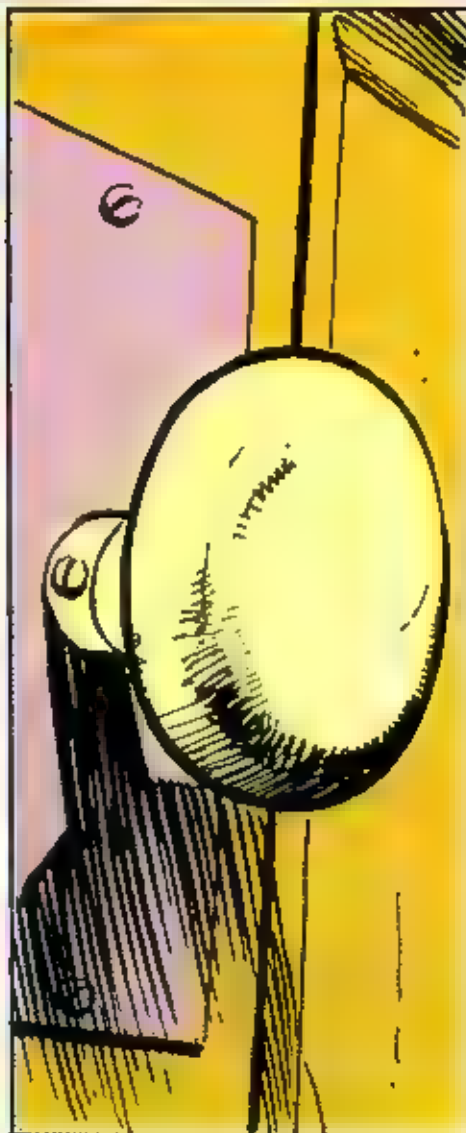
I'M GOING TO GO TO
THE KINGPIN AND I'M
GOING TO KILL HIM.



NO, I WON'T KILL HIM.
I DON'T DO THAT.

I'LL JUST BEAT HIM
UNTIL HE PROMISES
TO GIVE ME MY LIFE
BACK.

I'LL GET UP RIGHT THIS
MINUTE AND WALK TO
THE DOOR AND LEAVE
THE ROOM AND...



I'M TIRED...

HE IS THE LORD OF CRIME

HE HAS GATHERED THE WARRING GANGS OF THE CITY, ORGANIZED THEM INTO AN ARMY--NO, A BUSINESS, SO EFFICIENT AND SO PROFITABLE THAT THE CITY'S ECONOMY DEPENDS ON THE THIEVES, EXTORTIONISTS, AND MURDERERS AT HIS COMMAND.

HE'S THE KINGPIN--AND MATTHEW MURDOCK HAS BECOME THE LIGHT OF HIS DAYS

AS DAREDEVIL, MURDOCK HAD COST HIM LITTLE, BUT HOUNDED HIM, AS A FLY WOULD

NOW WITH ALL THE JOY OF A MALICIOUS CHILD, THE KINGPIN TORTURES THE FLY

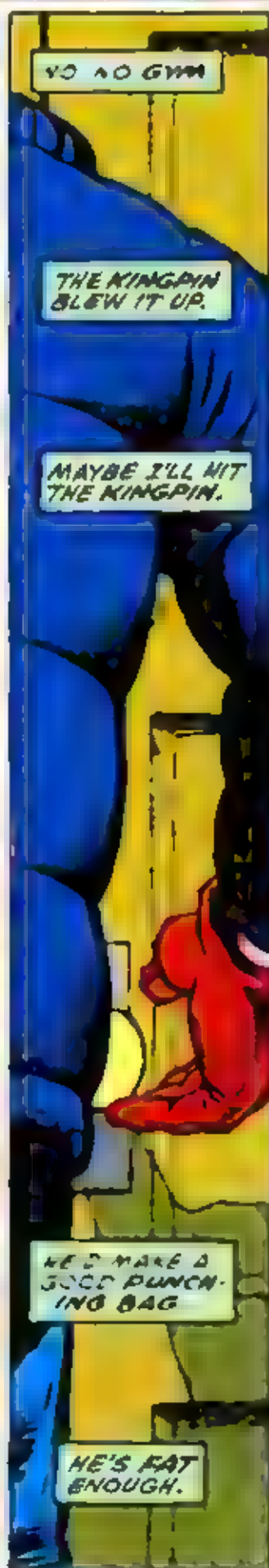
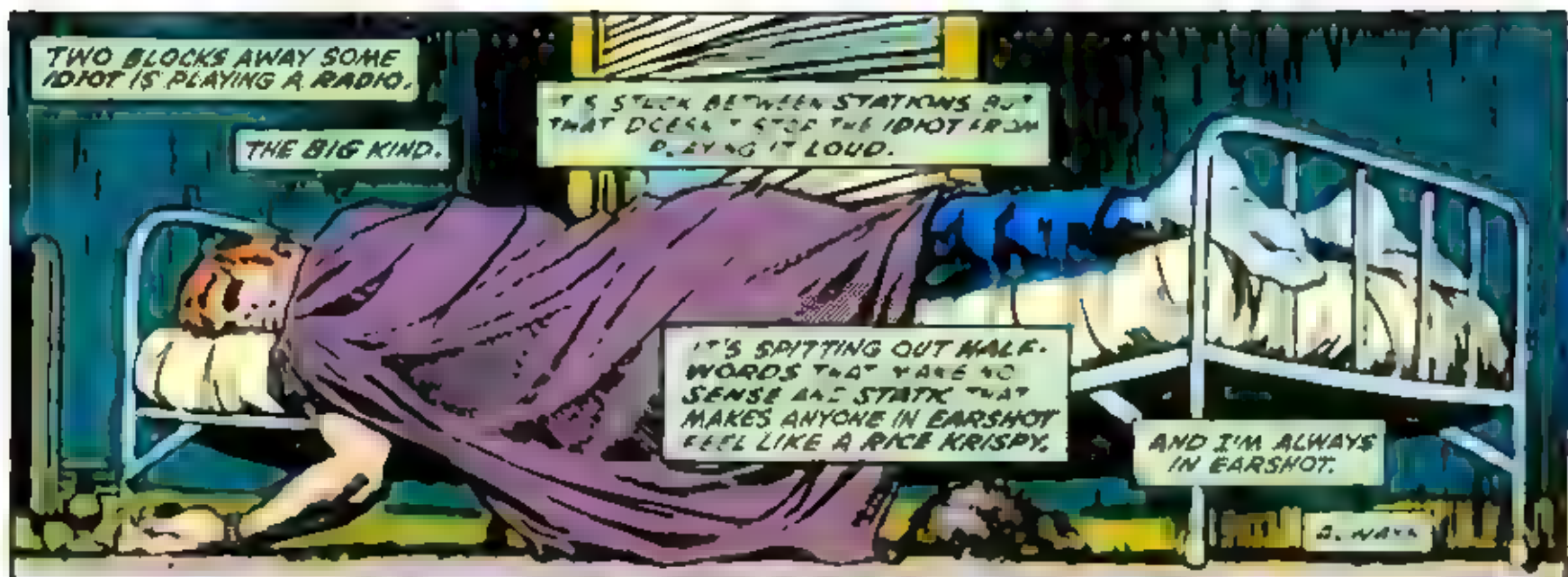
IT BEGAN WITH THE REVELATION OF DAREDEVIL'S WEAK SIDE--HIS SECRET IDENTITY. WITH A FEW BRIEF PHONE CALLS, THE KINGPIN SHATTERED MURDOCK'S LIFE, BEYOND ALL HOPE OF RECONSTRUCTION

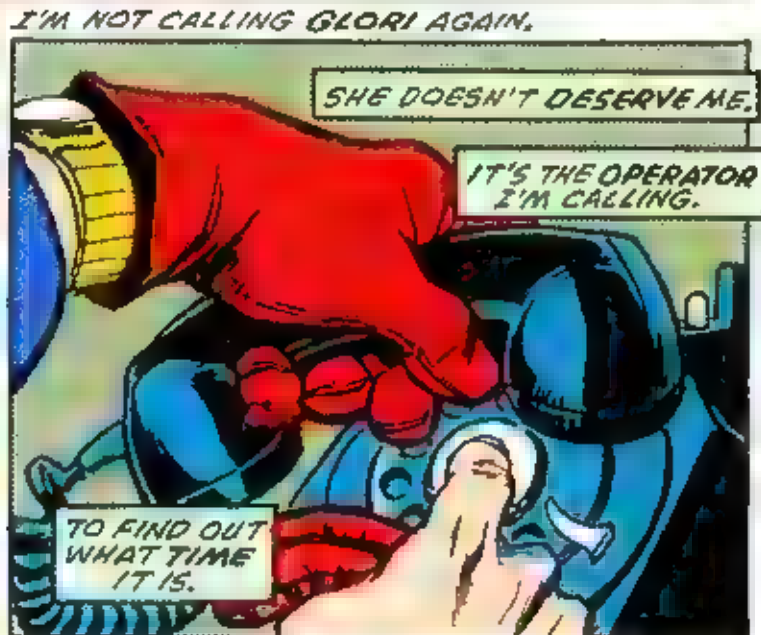
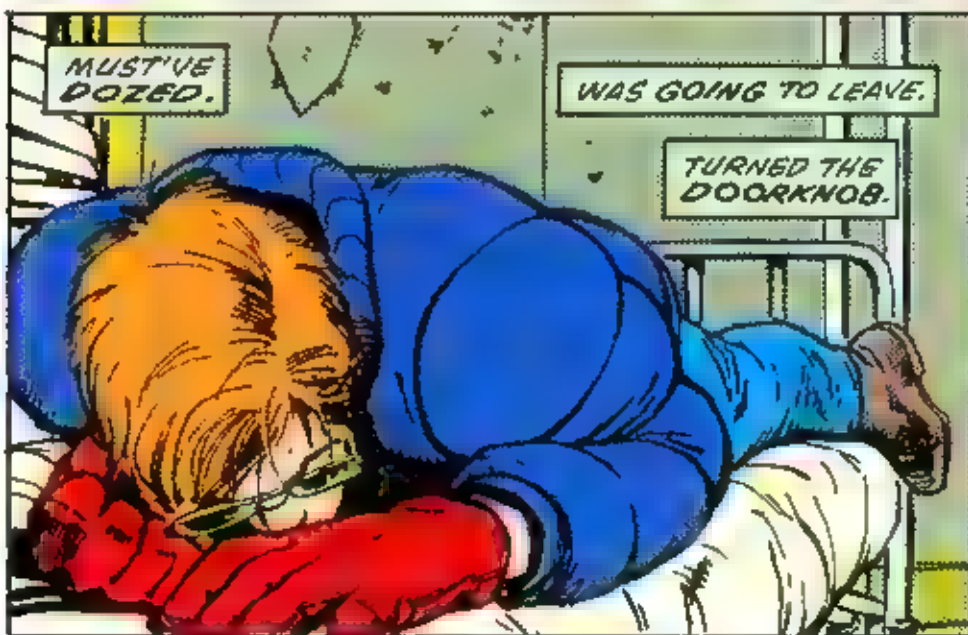
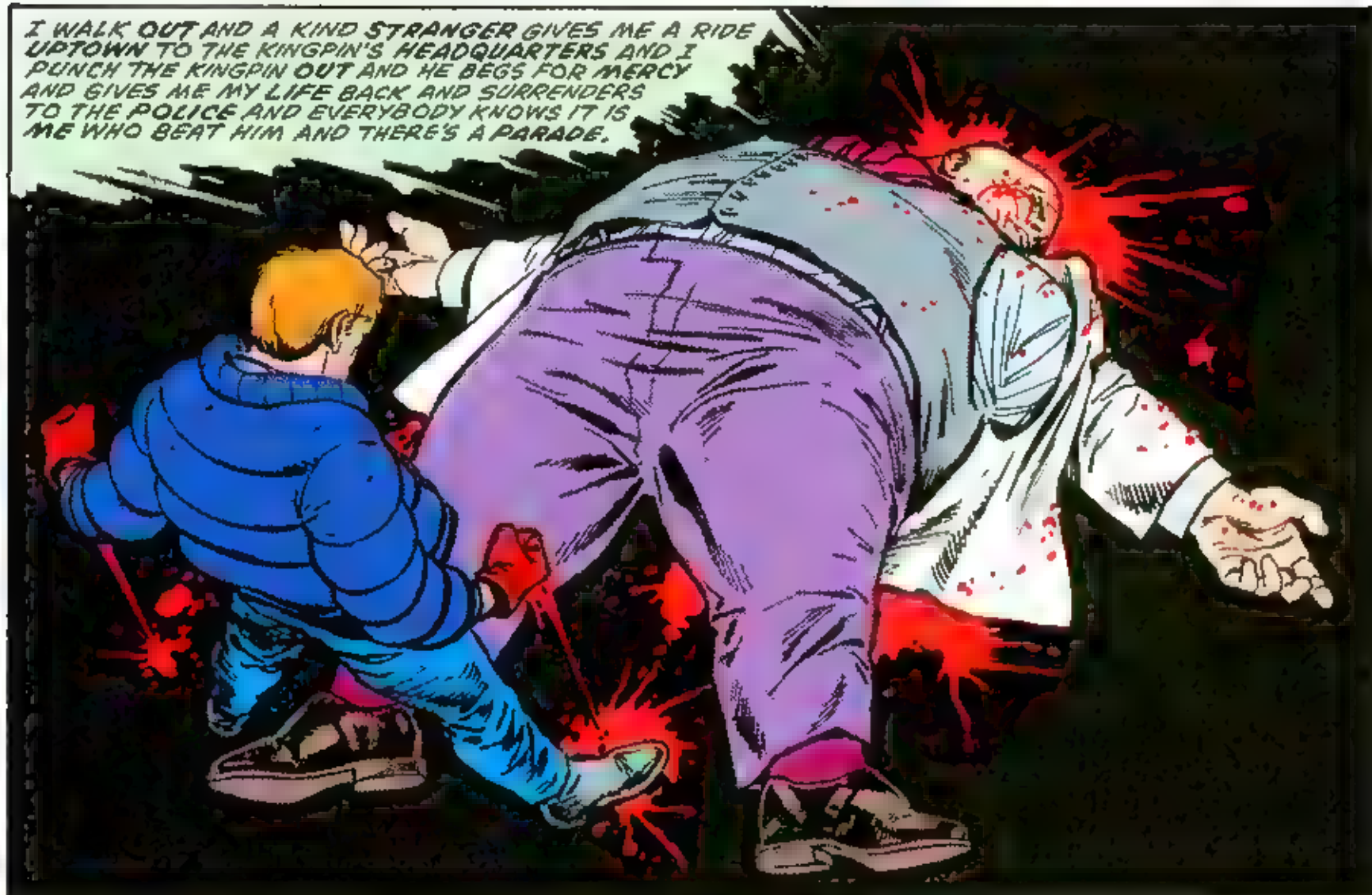
THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE END OF IT--WERE IT NOT FOR THE SWEET DISCOVERY...

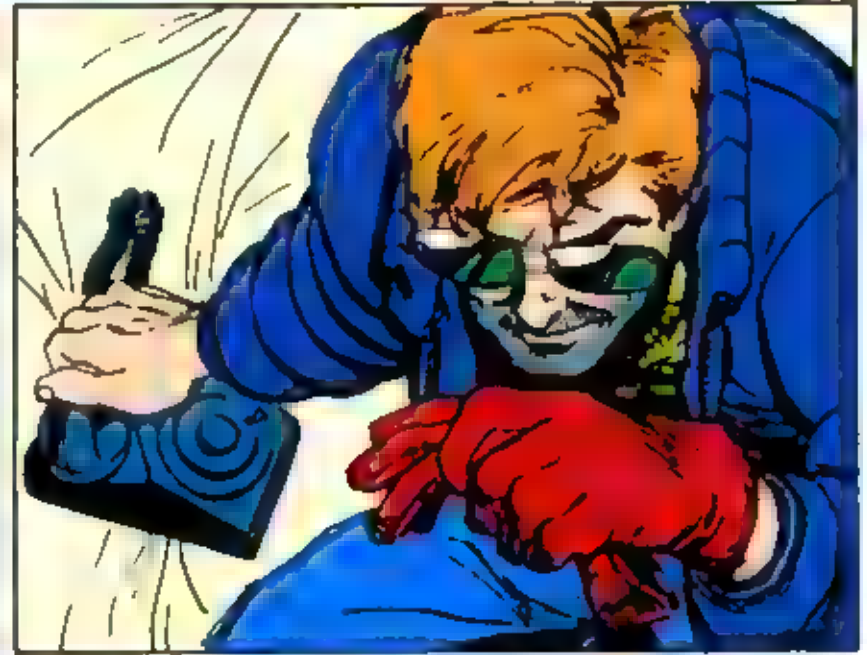
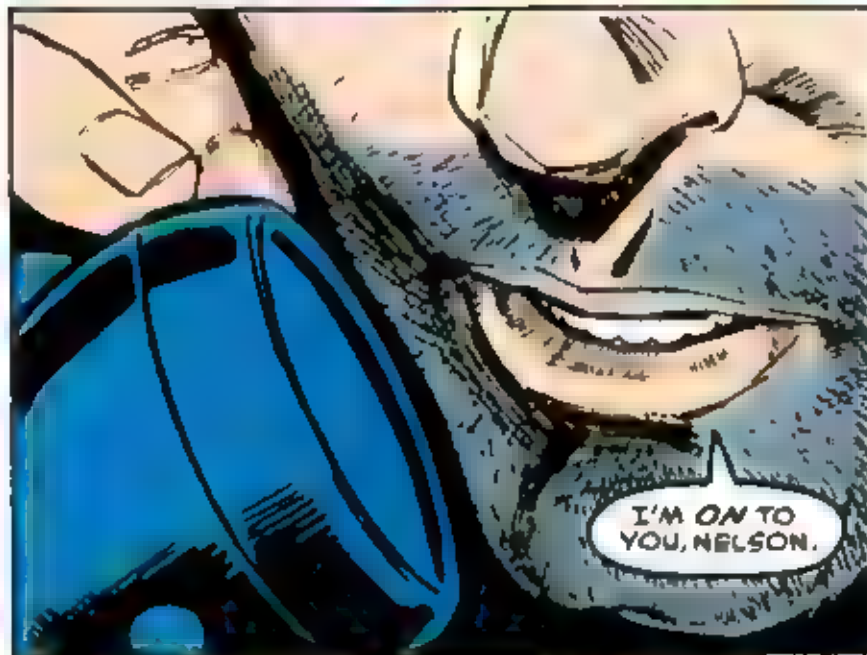
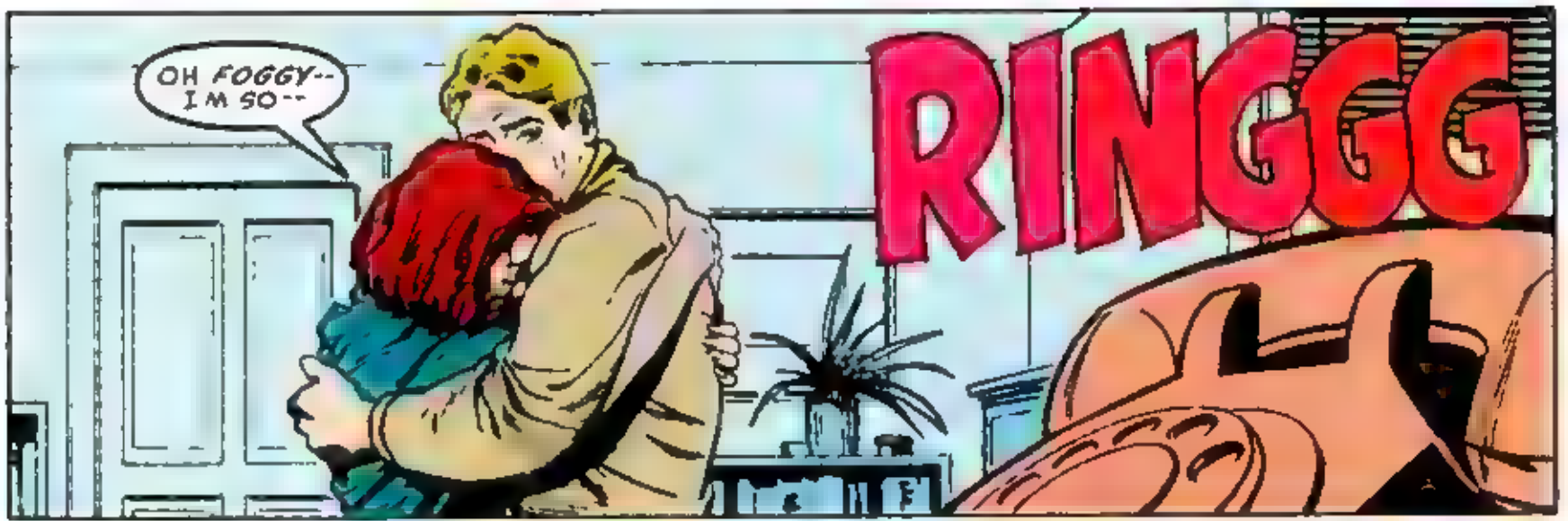
...THAT MATTHEW MURDOCK IS A MAN ON THE EDGE--THAT EVEN BEFORE HIS RUIN, HE WAS NEARLY MAD.

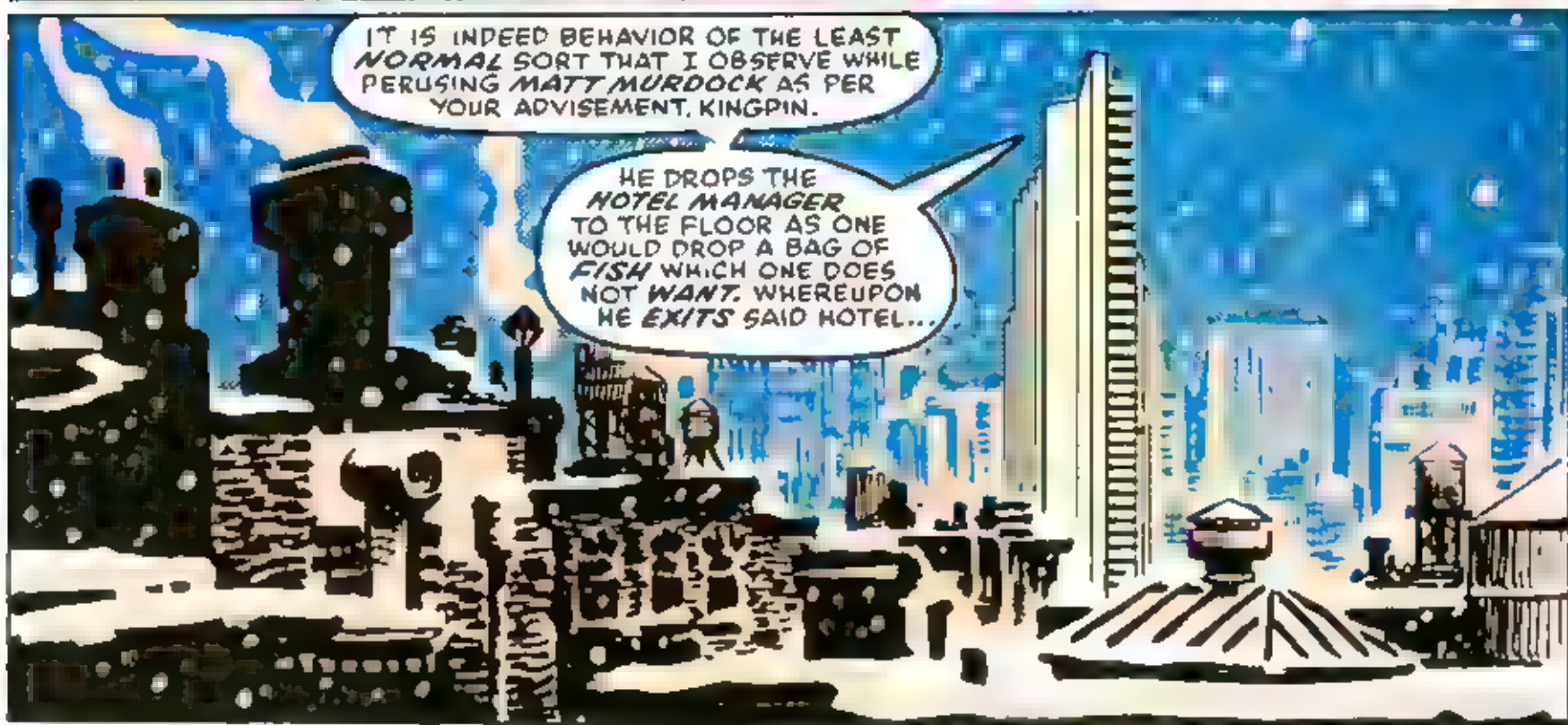
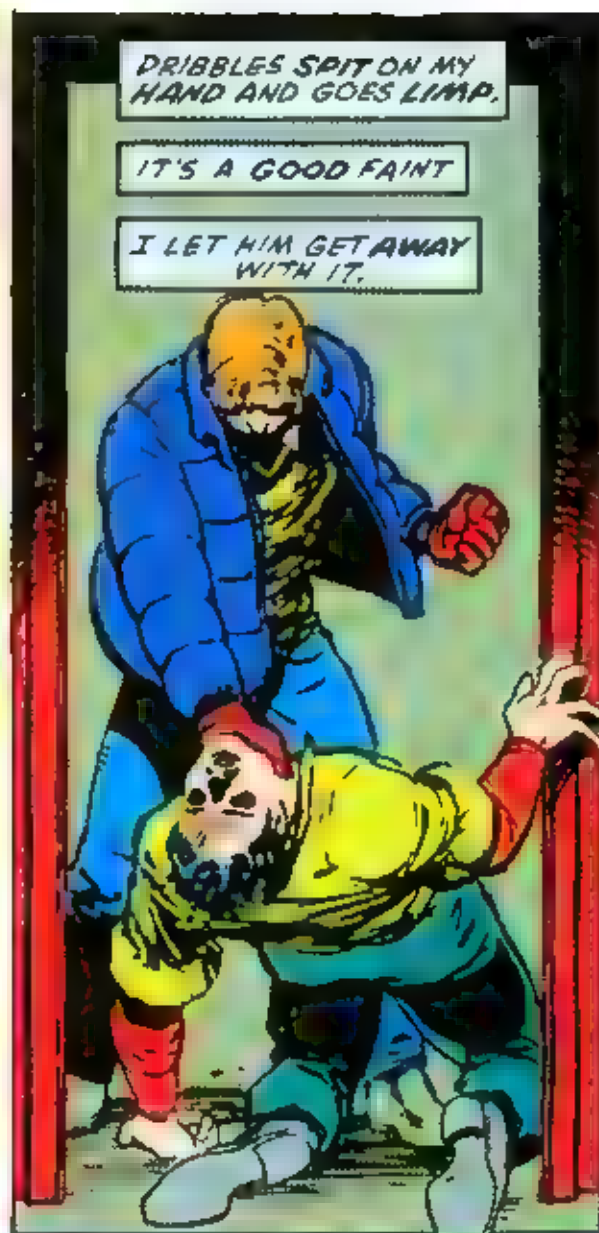
WERE MURDOCK TIED TO A RACK SO ONLY TEN INCHES FROM HIM, BEGGING FOR MERCY, THE SPECTACLE COULD BE NO MORE PLEASURABLE TO BEHOLD

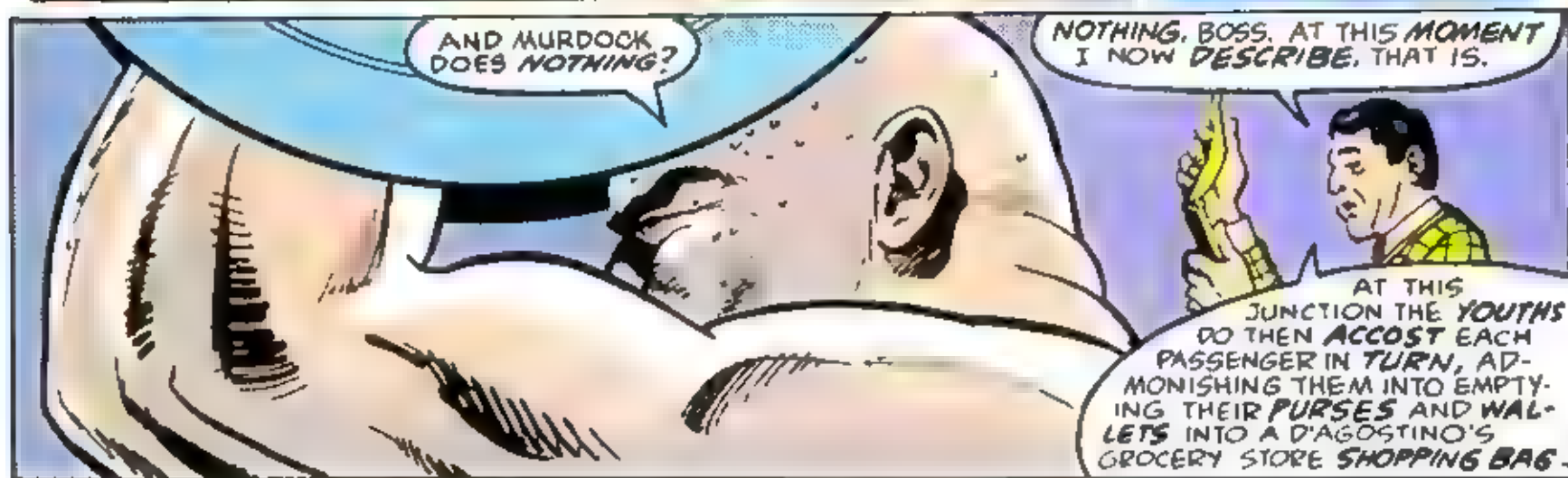
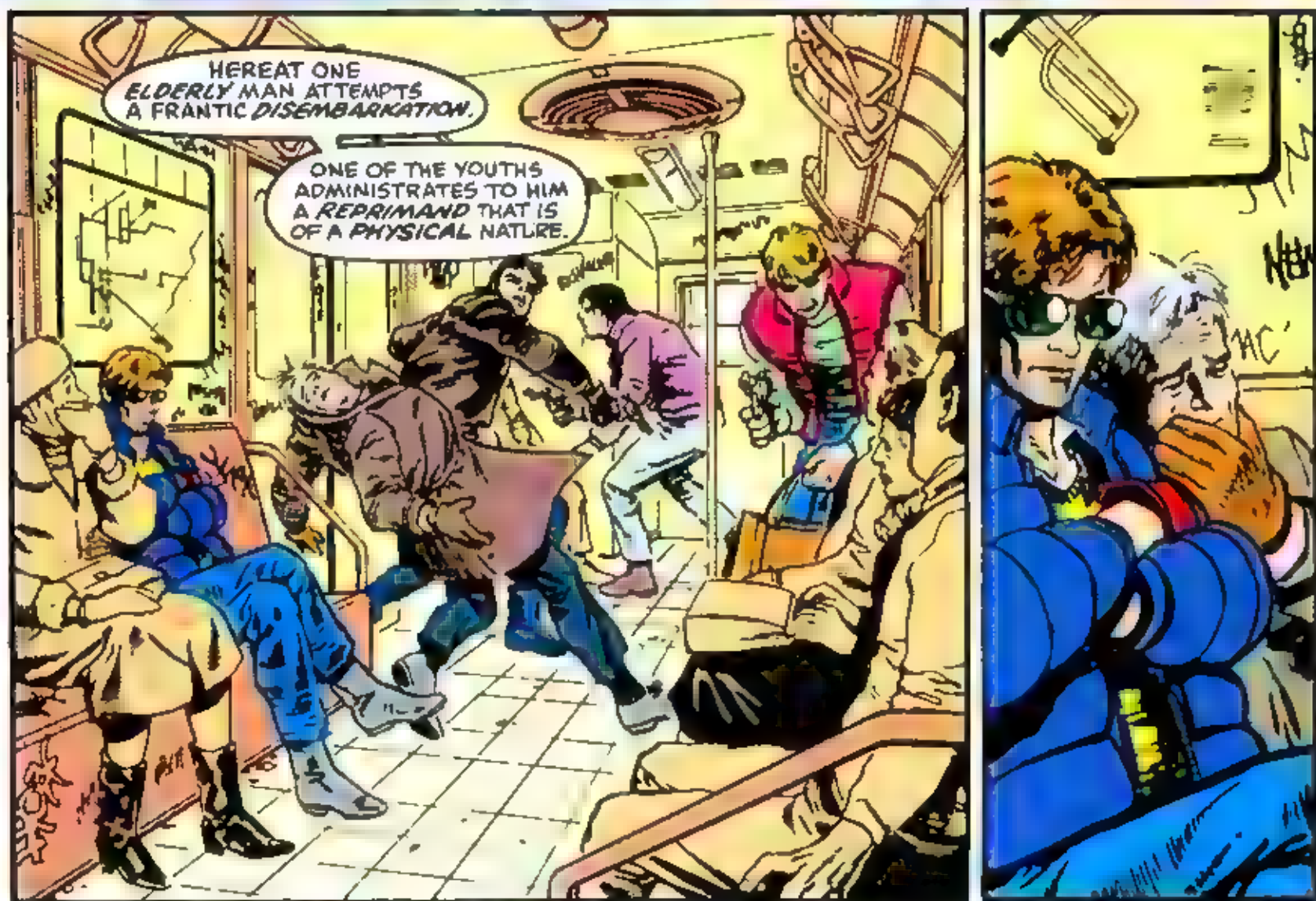
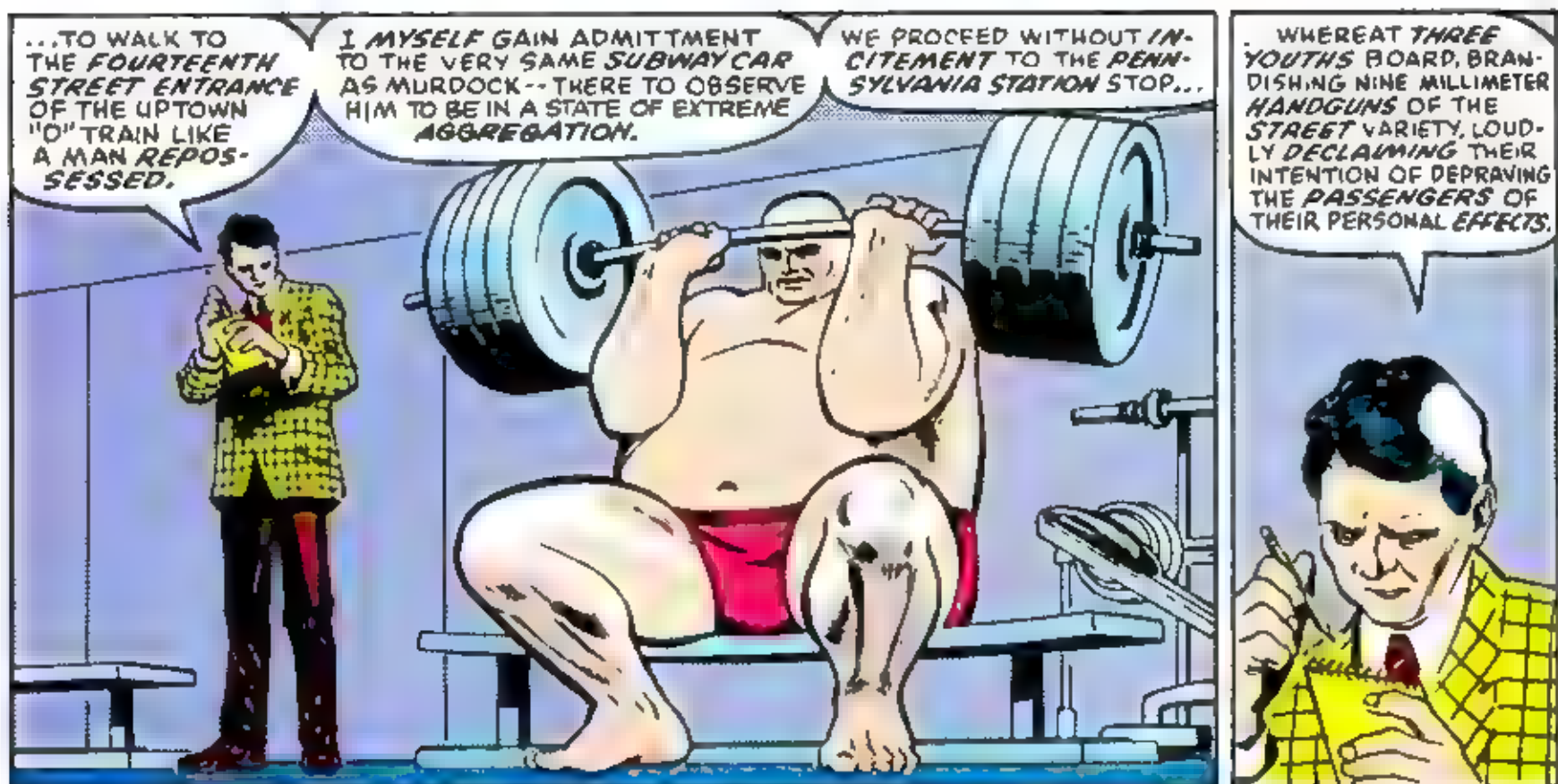
THE KINGPIN LOOKS AT HIS CITY AND THINKS OF HOW WONDERFUL IT IS TO BE ALIVE

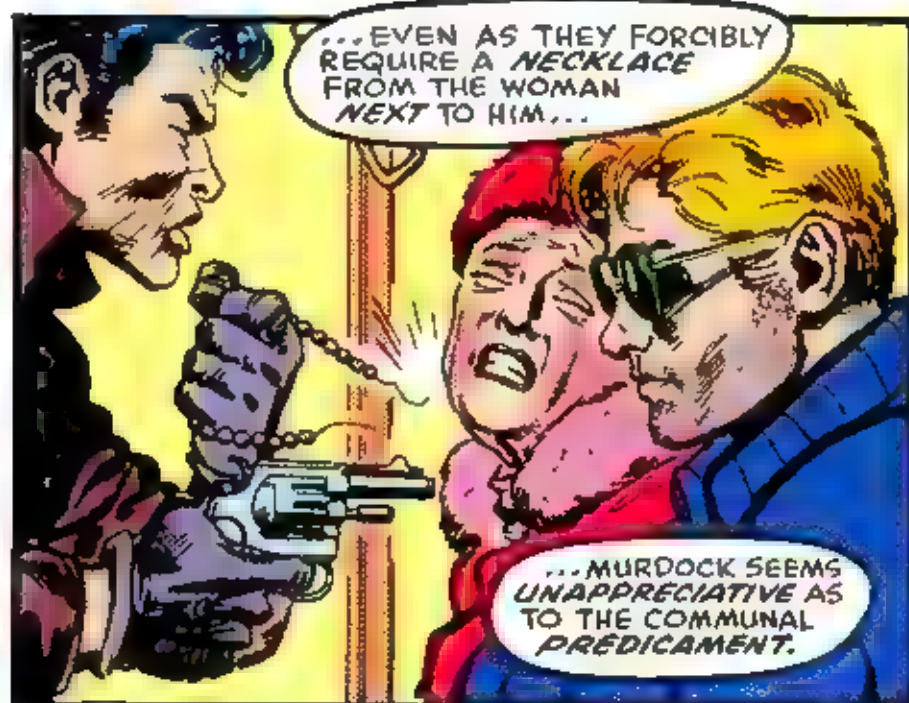






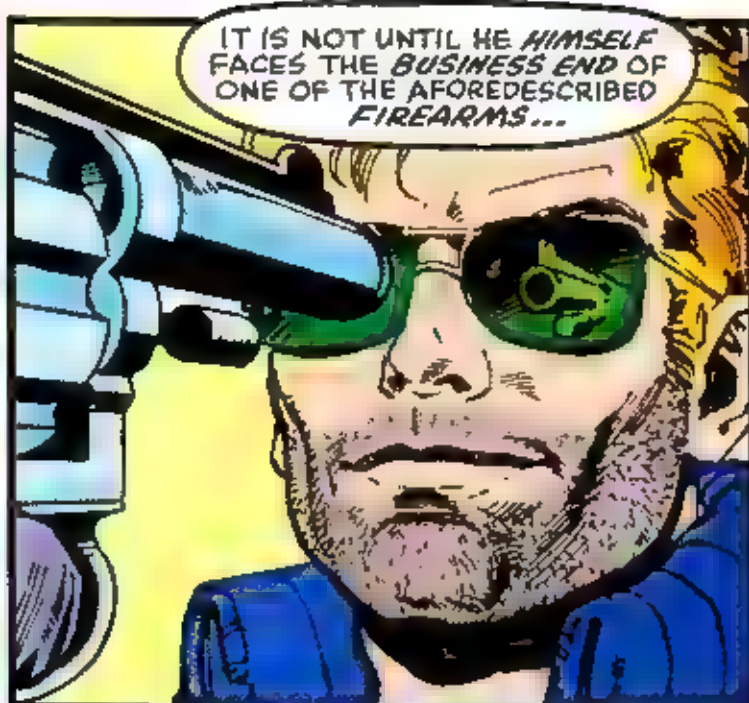




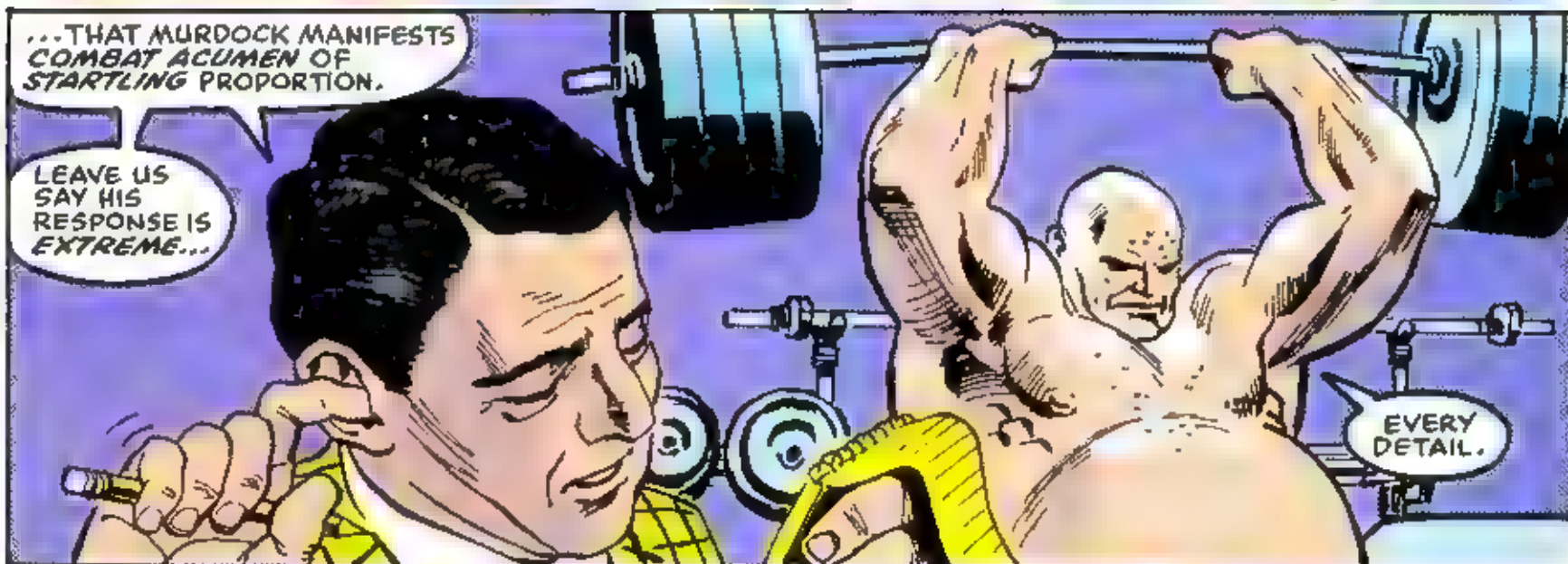


...EVEN AS THEY FORCIBLY
REQUIRE A *NECKLACE*
FROM THE WOMAN
NEXT TO HIM...

...MURDOCK SEEMS
UNAPPRECIATIVE AS
TO THE COMMUNAL
PREDICAMENT.



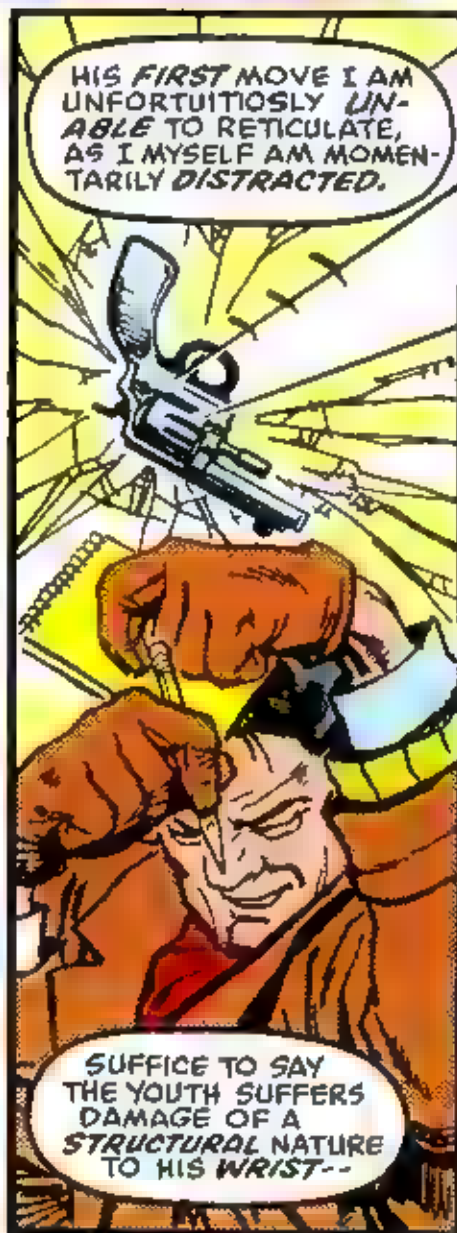
IT IS NOT UNTIL HE *HIMSELF*
FACES THE *BUSINESS END* OF
ONE OF THE AFOREDESCRIBED
FIREARMS...



...THAT MURDOCK MANIFESTS
COMBAT ACUMEN OF
STARTLING PROPORTION.

LEAVE US
SAY HIS
RESPONSE IS
EXTREME...

EVERY
DETAIL.



HIS FIRST MOVE I AM
UNFORTUITIOUSLY UN-
ABLE TO RETICULATE,
AS I MYSELF AM MOMEN-
TARILY DISTRACTED.

SUFFICE TO SAY
THE YOUTH SUFFERS
DAMAGE OF A
STRUCTURAL NATURE
TO HIS WRIST--

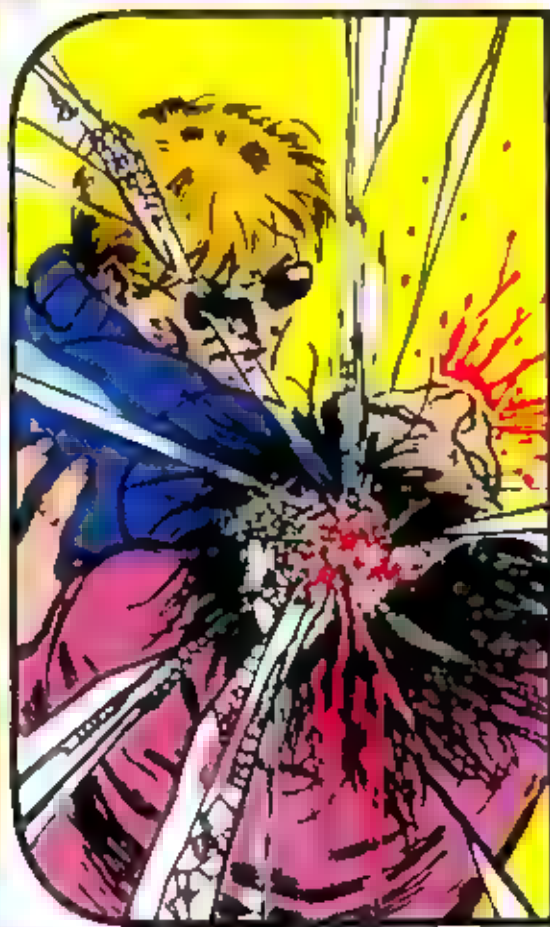
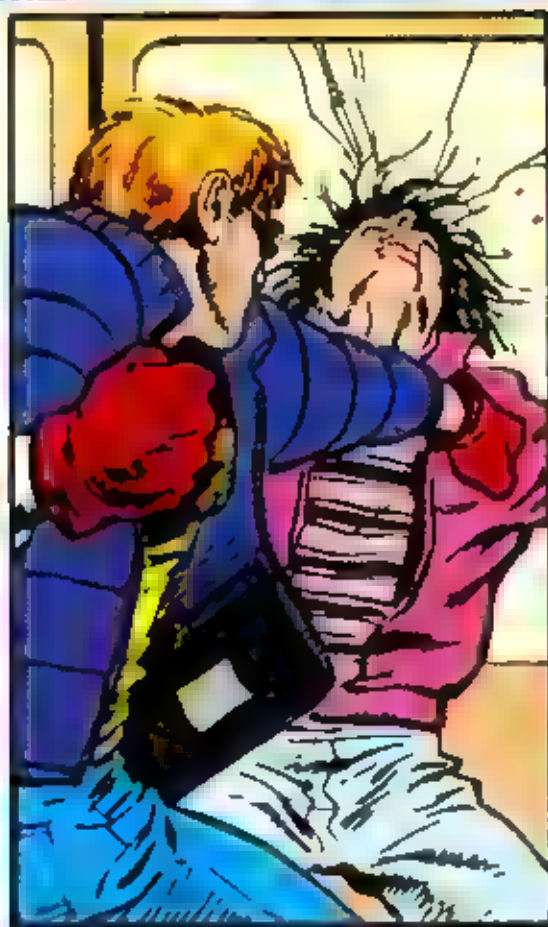


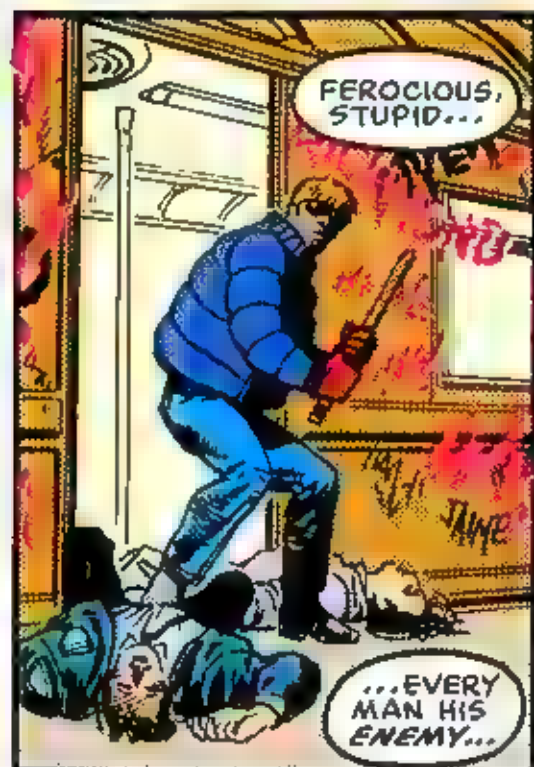
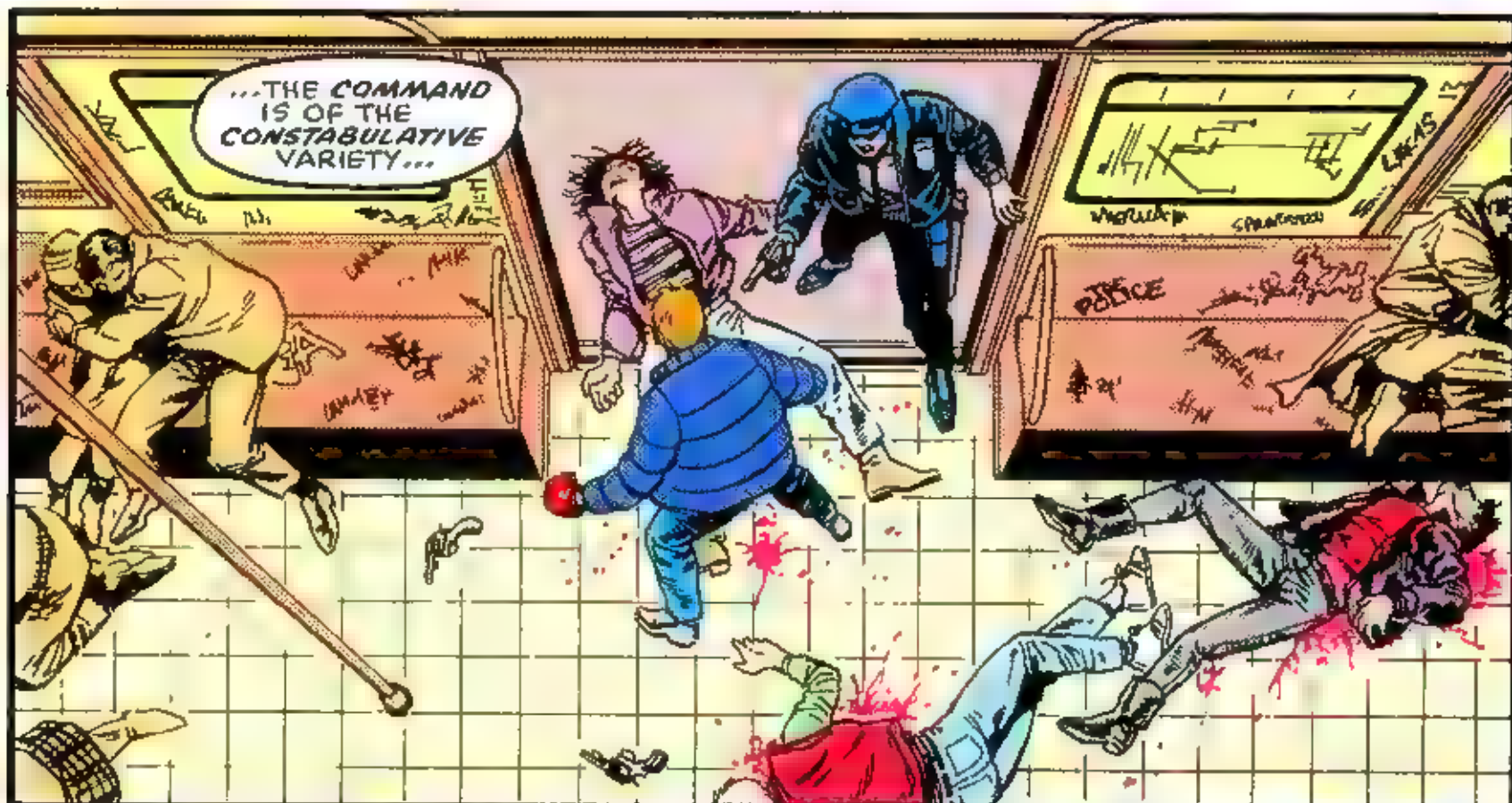
--THEN
TO HIS
RIBS...

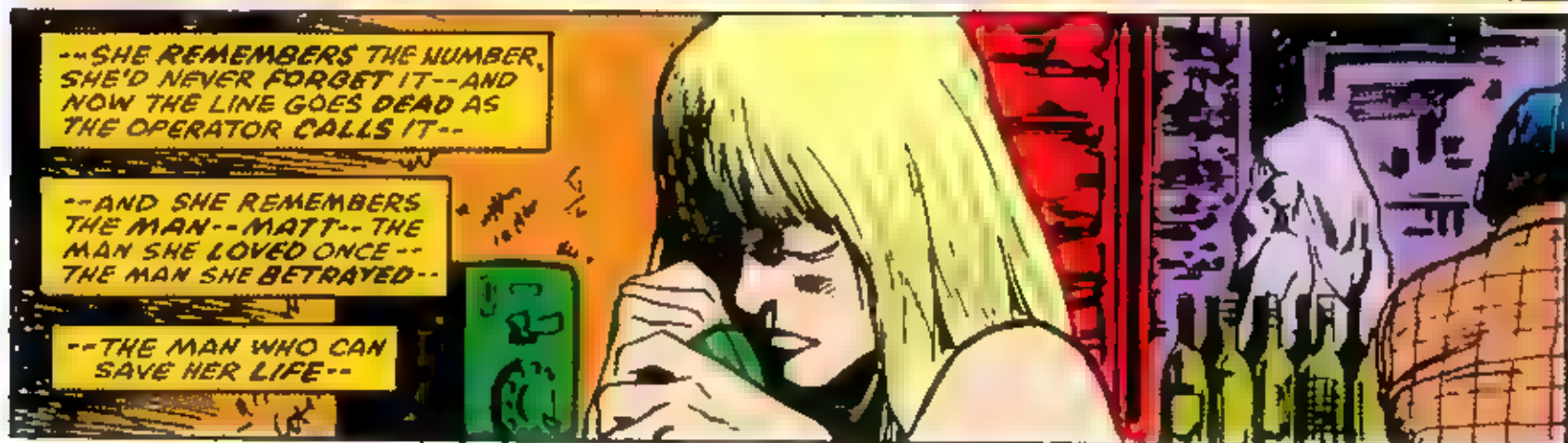


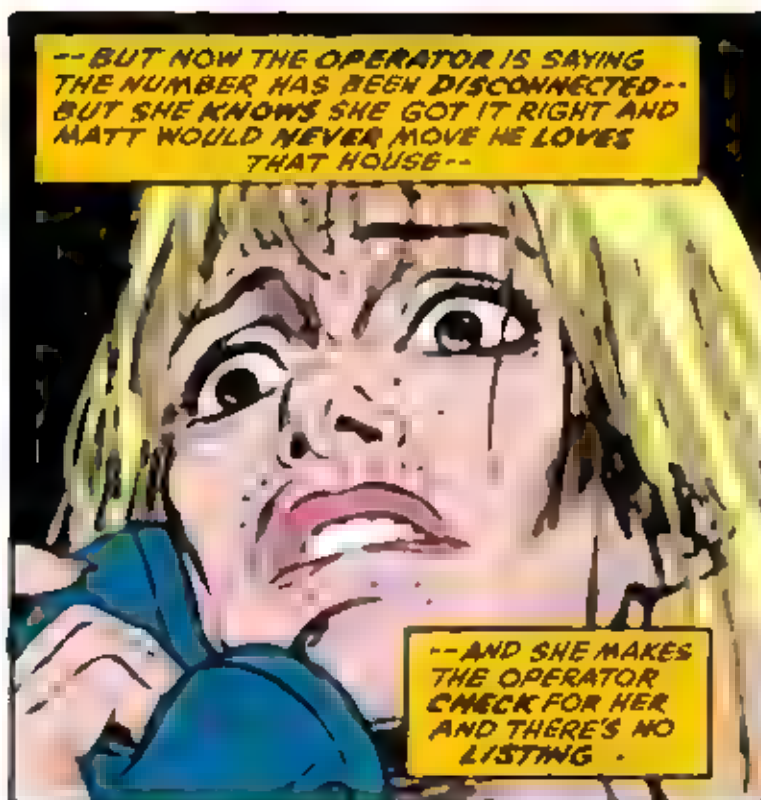
...AND TO HIS JAW,
WHICH MAKES WITH A
NOISE NOT UNLIKE THAT
OF A COKE BOTTLE
BURSTING.

AS FOR THE *SECOND* YOUTH,
HIS ATTEMPT TO *WITHSTALL*
MURDOCK'S ASSAULT...







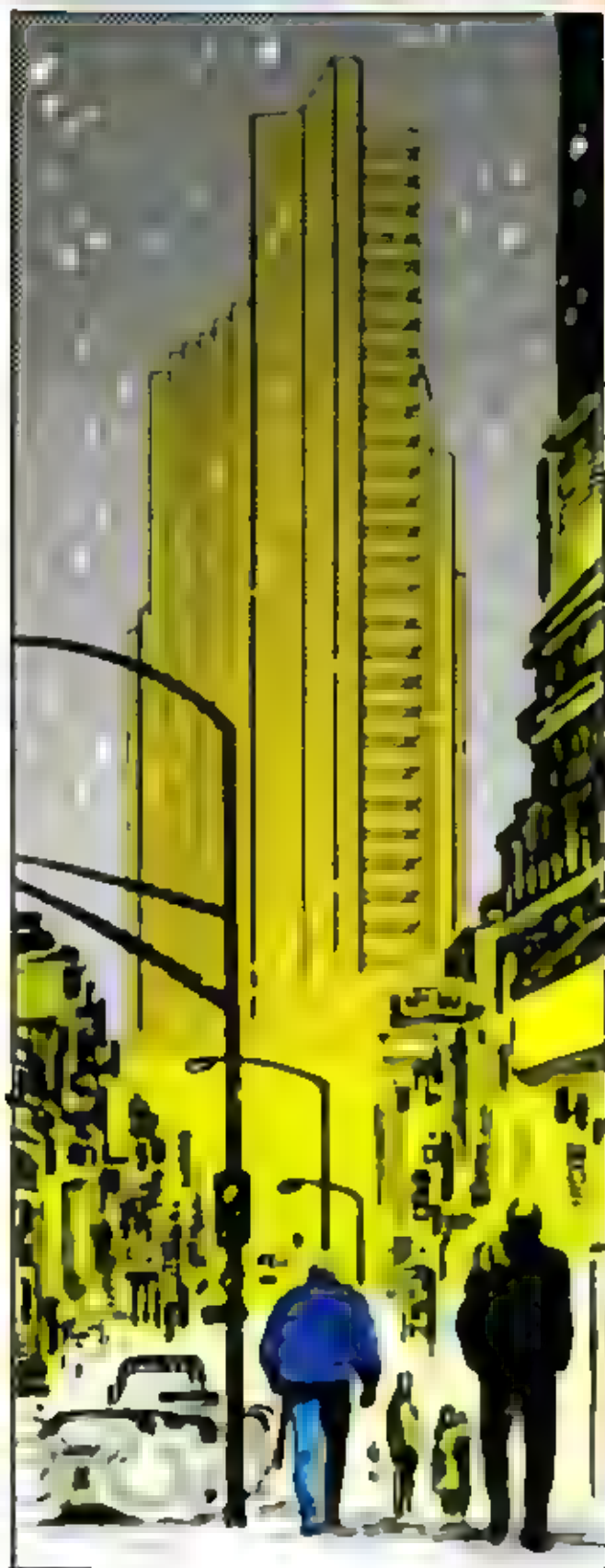


-- BUT NOW THE OPERATOR IS SAYING THE NUMBER HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED-- BUT SHE KNOWS SHE GOT IT RIGHT AND MATT WOULD NEVER MOVE HE LOVES THAT HOUSE--

--AND SHE MAKES THE OPERATOR CHECK FOR HER AND THERE'S NO LISTING--



THEN SHE SEES THEM AND KAREN PAGE KNOWS SHE HAS TO RUN AGAIN



YES, HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE! THAT'S WHY I KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN GOING ON HERE, JONAH!

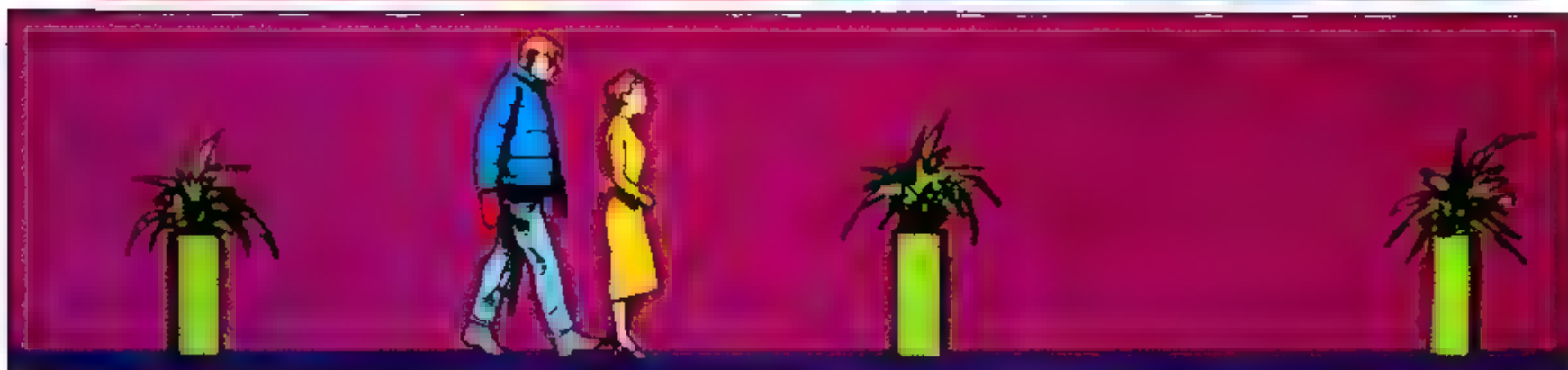
LOOKED PRETTY CUT AND DRIED TO ME, URICH.

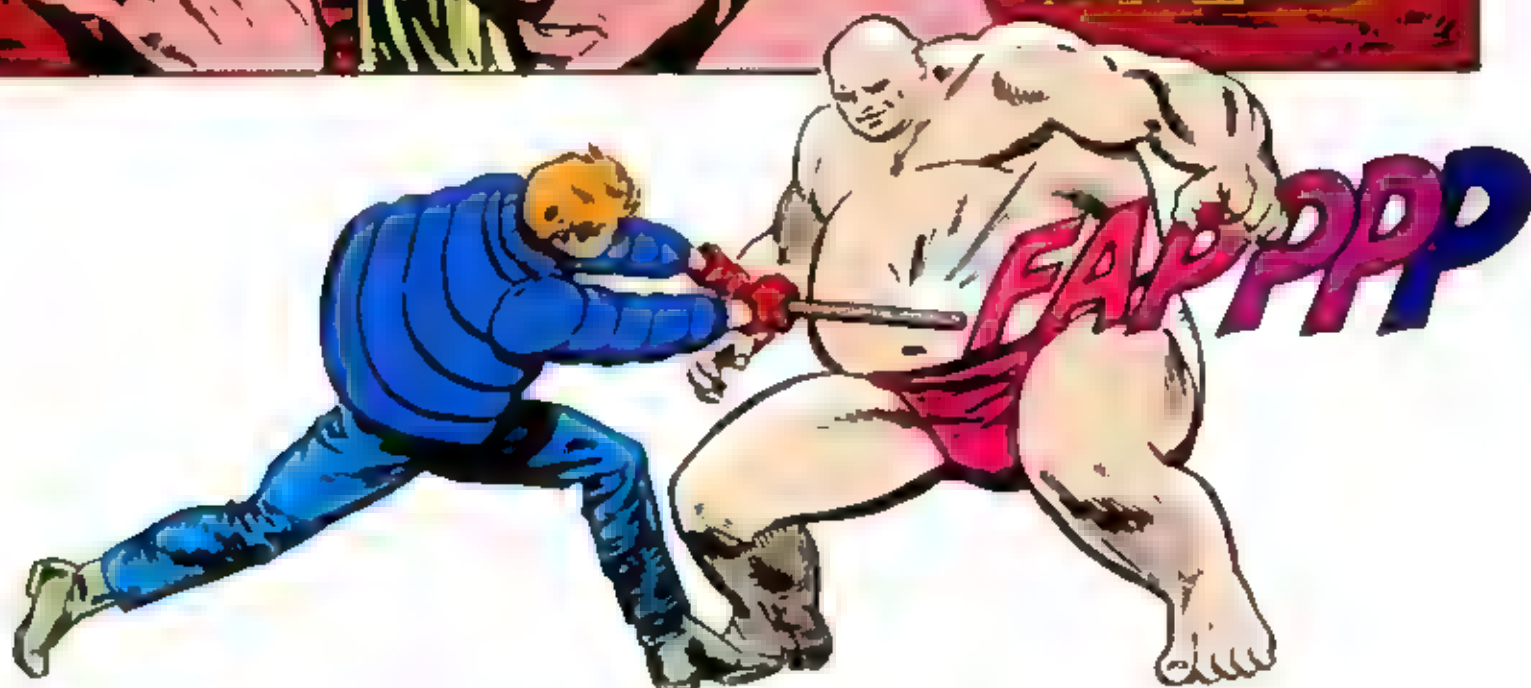
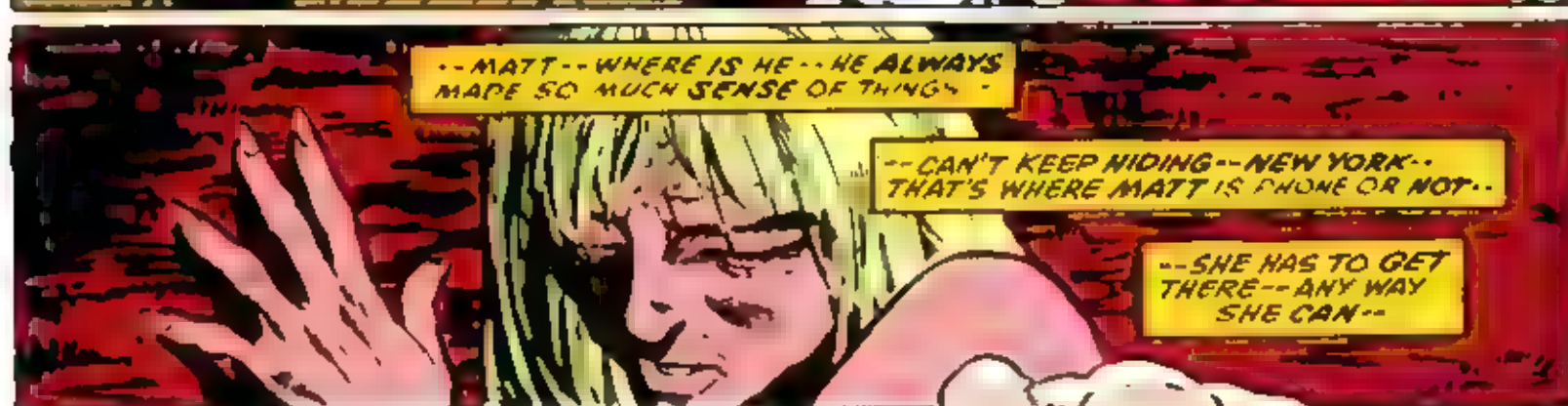
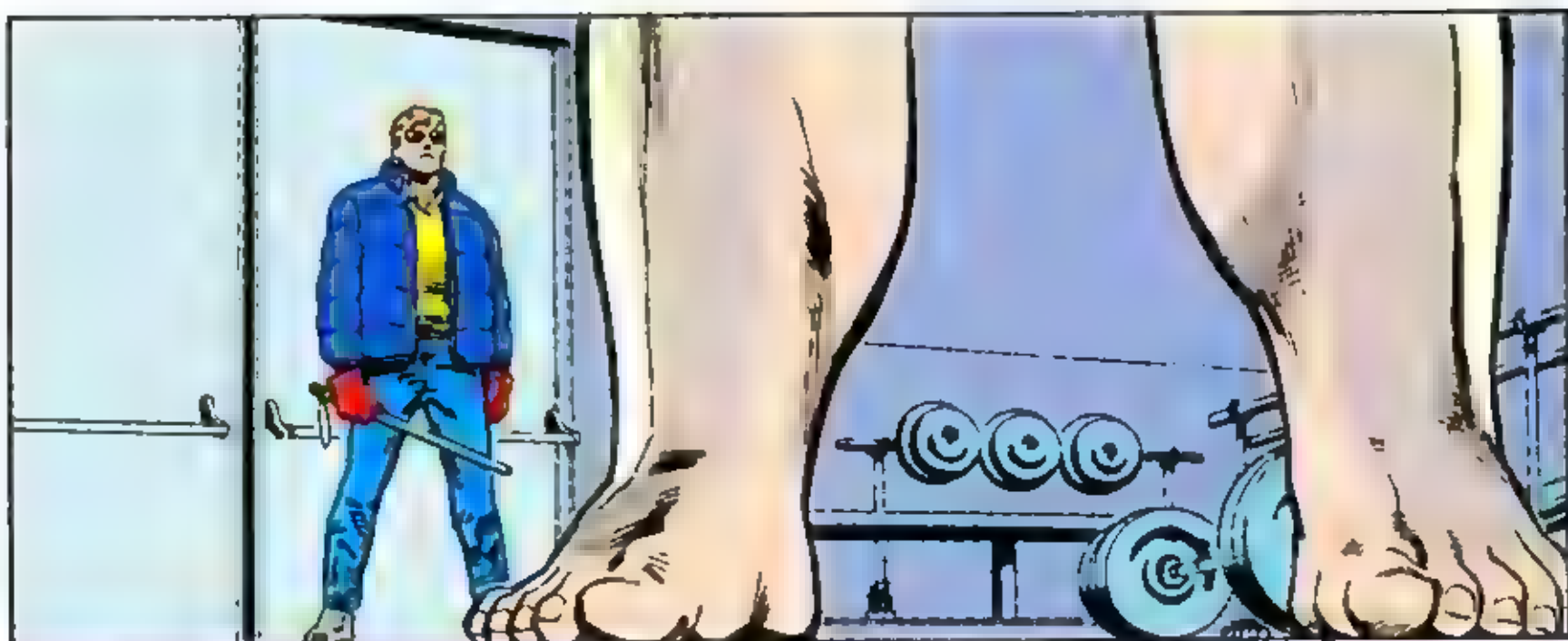
YOUR PAL MURDOCK GOT CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTS DOWN.

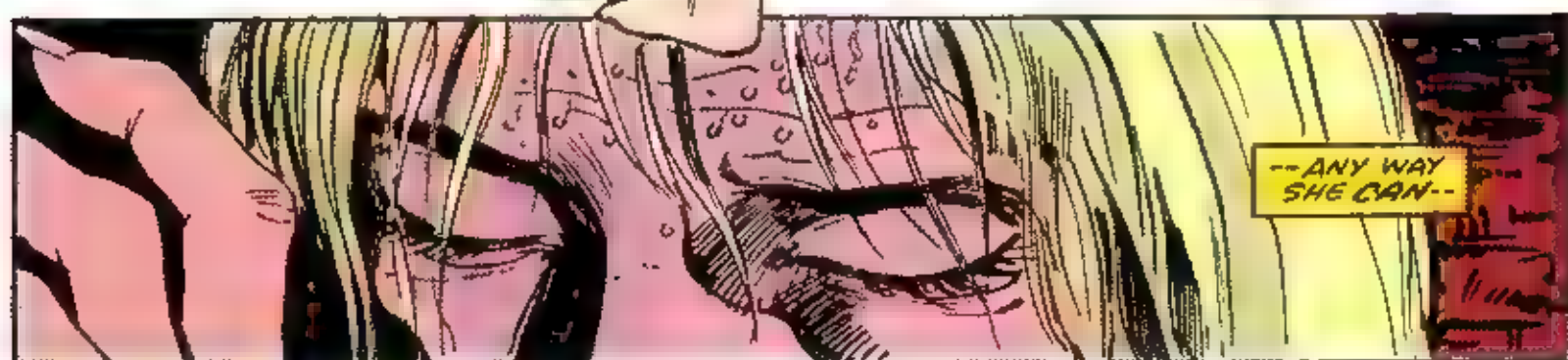


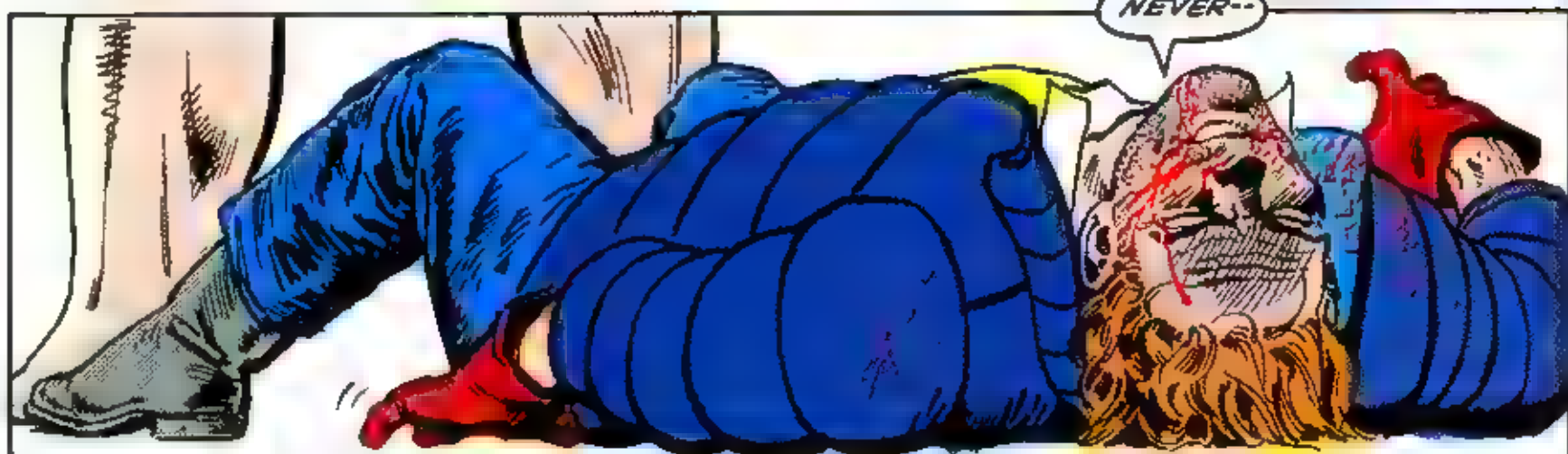
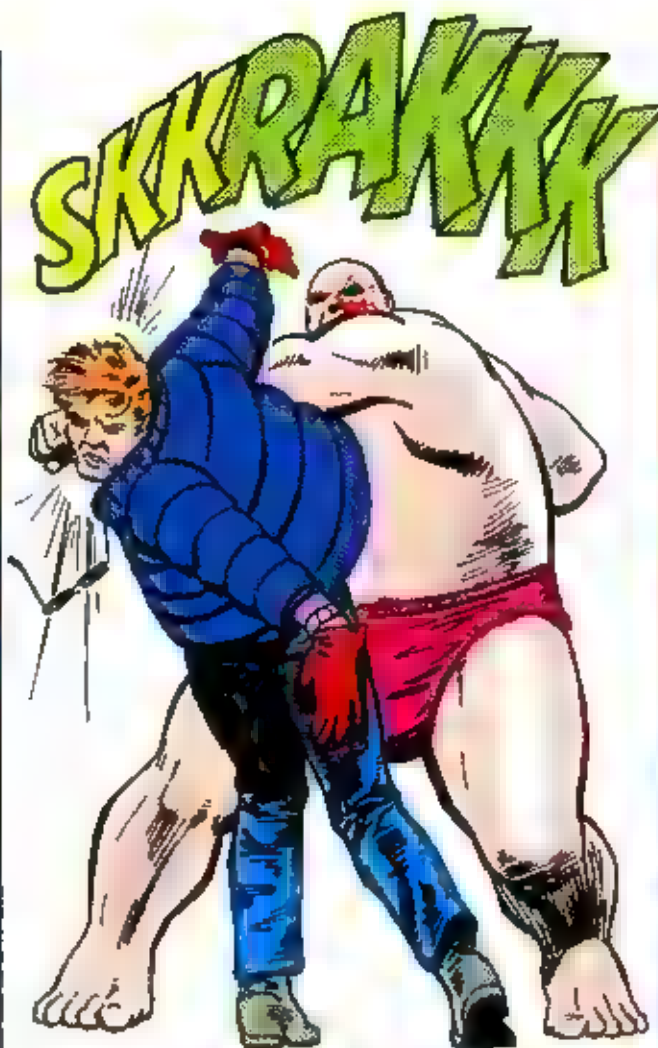
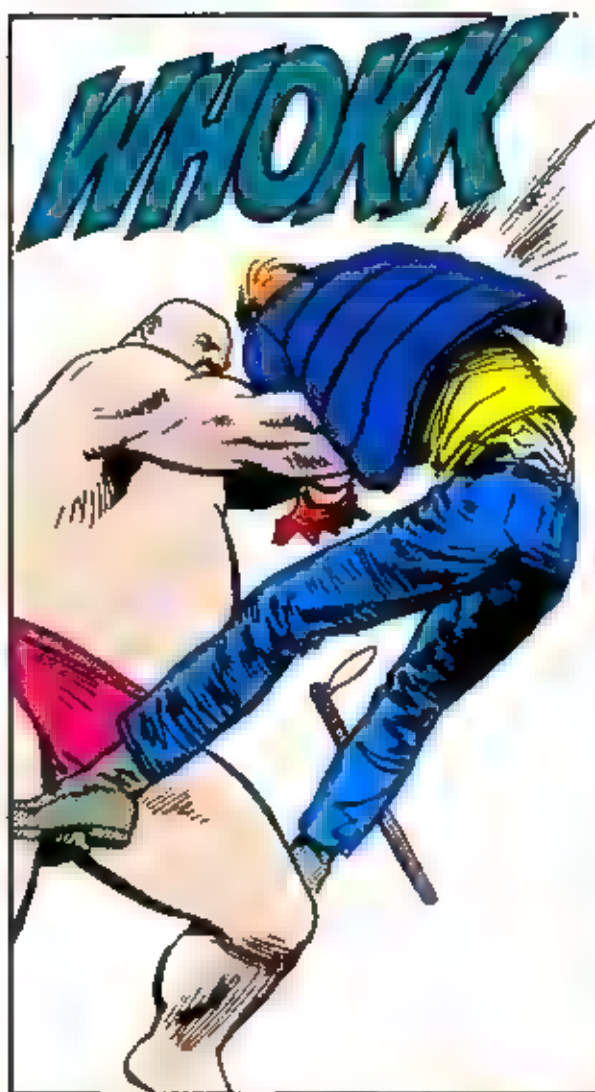
MATT'S STRAIGHT, JONAH. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW STRAIGHT. THIS IS A FRAME-- BY THE KINGPIN.

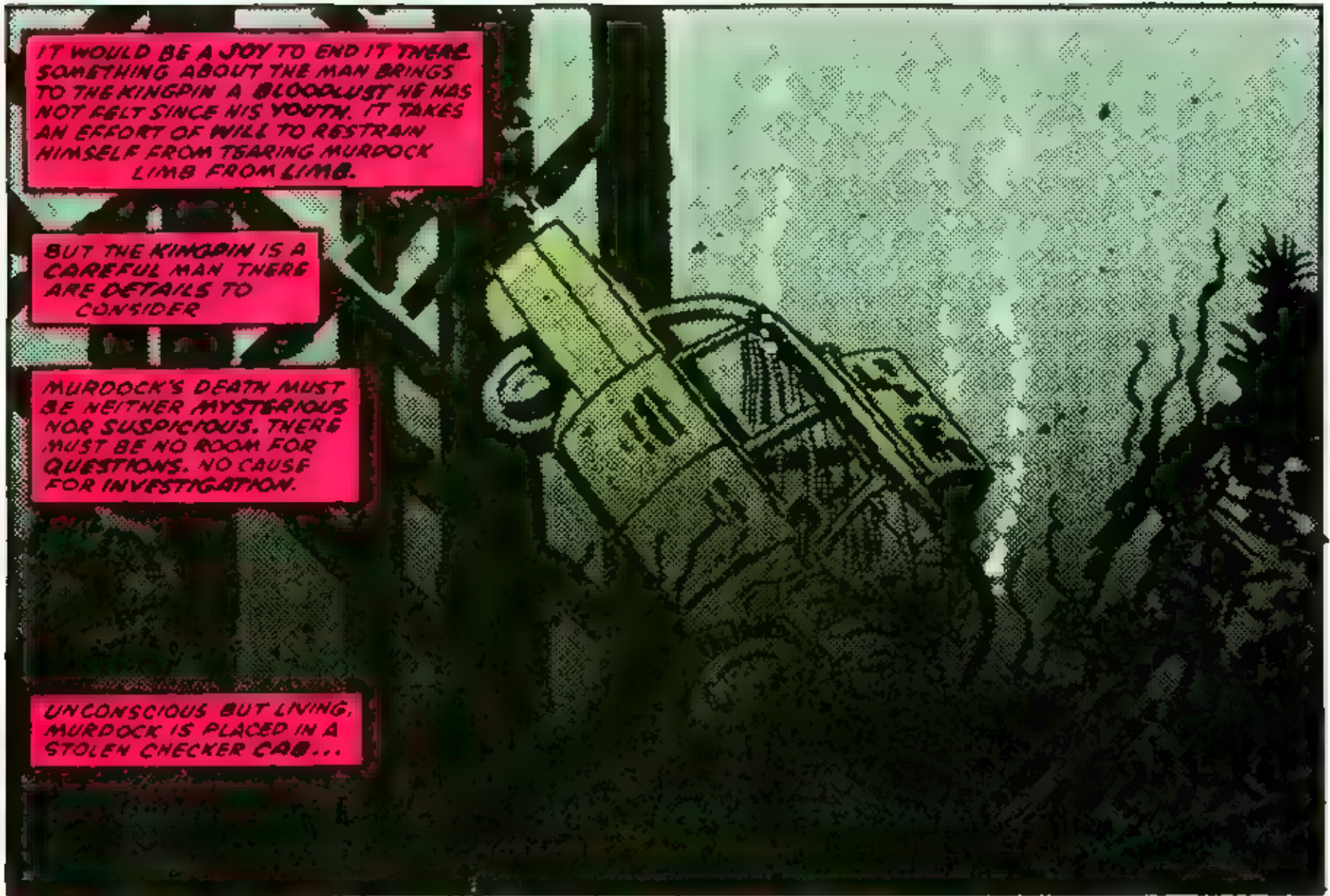
THE KINGPIN? WHAT THE DEVIL'S A BLIND LAWYER GOT TO DO WITH THE KINGPIN?









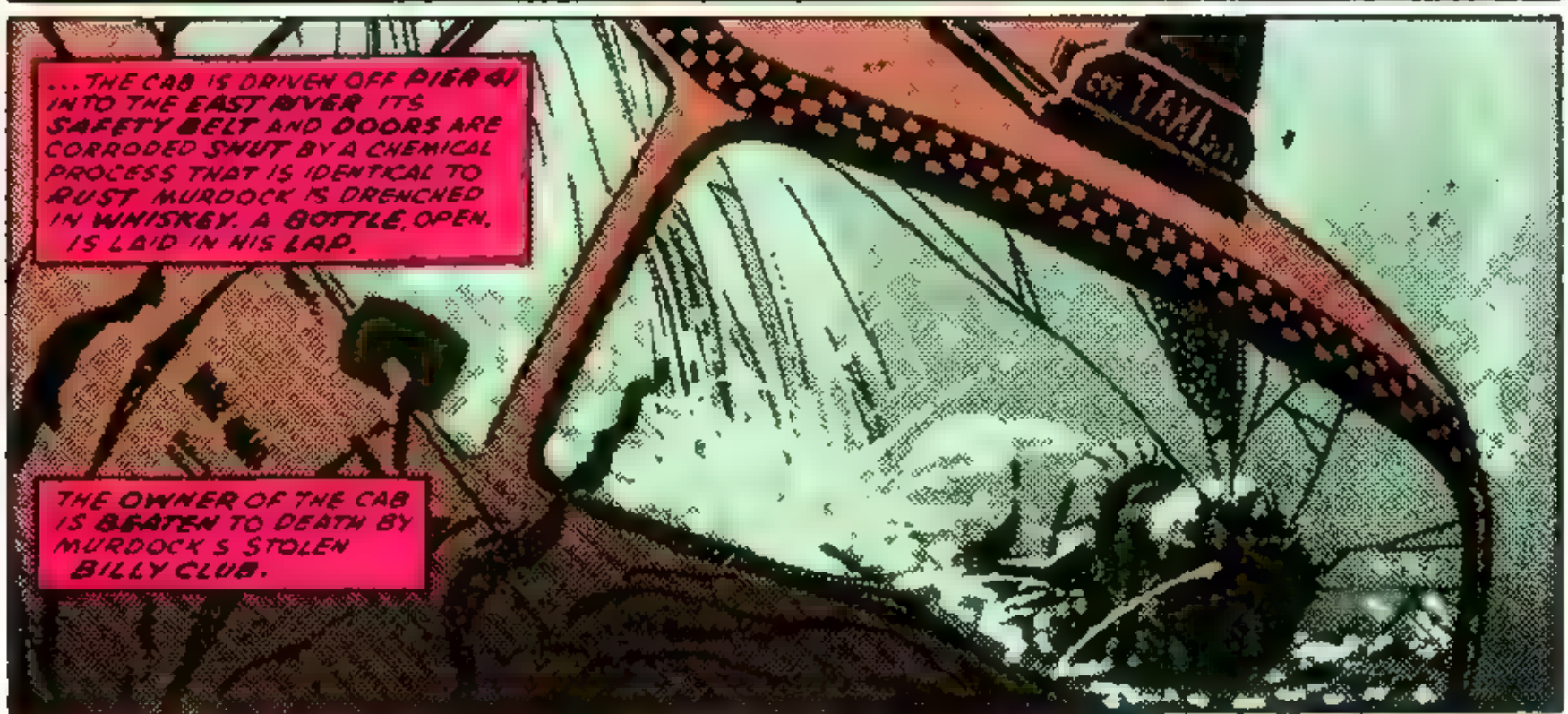


IT WOULD BE A JOY TO END IT THERE. SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN BRINGS TO THE KINGPIN A BLOODLUST HE HAS NOT FELT SINCE HIS YOUTH. IT TAKES AN EFFORT OF WILL TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF FROM TEARING MURDOCK LIMB FROM LIMB.

BUT THE KINGPIN IS A CAREFUL MAN THERE ARE DETAILS TO CONSIDER


MURDOCK'S DEATH MUST BE NEITHER MYSTERIOUS NOR SUSPICIOUS. THERE MUST BE NO ROOM FOR QUESTIONS. NO CAUSE FOR INVESTIGATION.

UNCONSCIOUS BUT LIVING, MURDOCK IS PLACED IN A STOLEN CHECKER CAB...



...THE CAB IS DRIVEN OFF PIER 41 INTO THE EAST RIVER. ITS SAFETY BELT AND DOORS ARE CORRODED SHUT BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS THAT IS IDENTICAL TO RUST. MURDOCK IS DRENCHED IN WHISKEY. A BOTTLE, OPEN, IS LAID IN HIS LAP.

THE OWNER OF THE CAB IS BEATEN TO DEATH BY MURDOCK'S STOLEN BILLY CLUB.



DAYS PASS INTO WEEKS. STILL MURDOCK IS NEVER FAR FROM THE CRIMELORD'S THOUGHTS. HE IMAGINES ONE LAST TERRIBLE MOMENT OF REALIZATION... OF MURDOCK THRASHING WILDLY, DESPERATELY, HATEFULLY... SCREAMING SOUNDLESSLY INTO THE POISONED WATER...

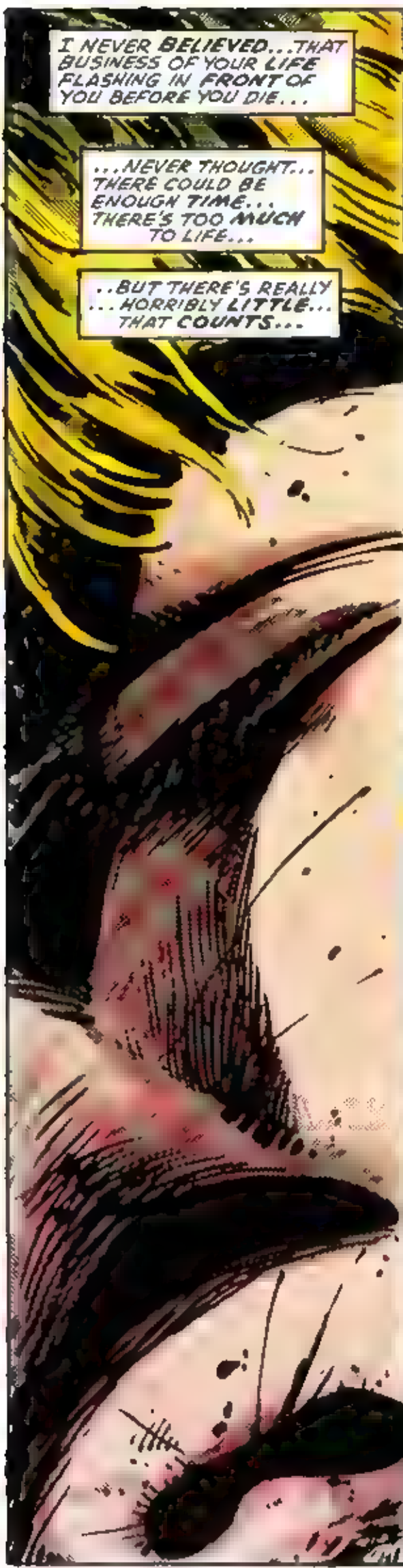
THE KINGPIN SHUDDERS AT THE THOUGHT, IN PLEASURE...





NEXT: PARIAH!





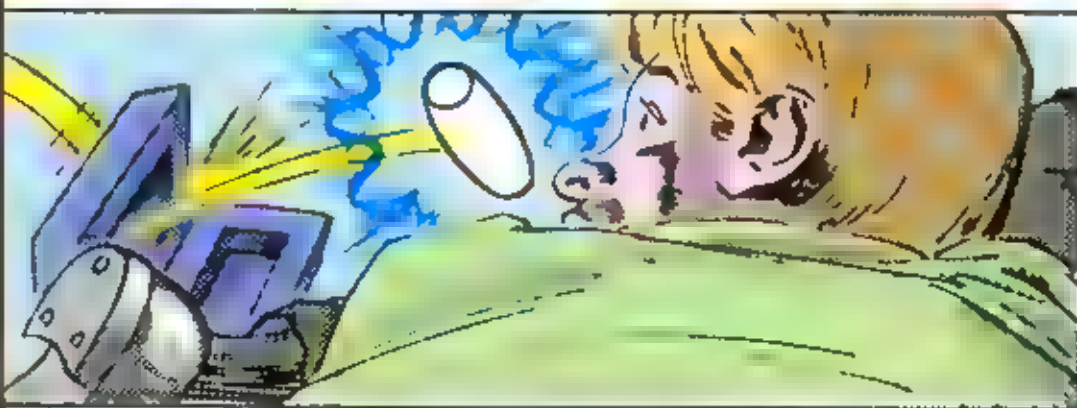
I NEVER BELIEVED... THAT
BUSINESS OF YOUR LIFE
FLASHING IN FRONT OF
YOU BEFORE YOU DIE...

... NEVER THOUGHT...
THERE COULD BE
ENOUGH TIME...
THERE'S TOO MUCH
TO LIFE...

... BUT THERE'S REALLY
... HORRIBLY LITTLE...
THAT COUNTS...

... A SUNNY DAY...
BRIGHT AND PRETTY...

THE LAST DAY...
I WILL EVER SEE..



-- BRAVEST
THING I EVER SAW!
BUT HIS FACE--
HIS EYES...

THAT THING
THAT FELL FROM
THE TRUCK-- IS IT--

LOOK AT
HIS FACE--

-- THAT THING--
IS IT--

-- IS IT
RADIOACTIVE?

YES...



...YES. IT COURSES
THROUGH MY BLOOD.
IT CHANGES ME.

MY BLOOD...
IT BURNS...

...IT SPURTS FROM A HEART
THAT'S POUNDING SO LOUDLY
IT'S TRYING TO BURST FROM
MY CHEST--

-- MY BLOOD-- IT GUSHES
THROUGH HIGH POWER HOSES
AND SLAMS AGAINST THE
BASE OF MY SKULL.

EVERYTHING HURTS.

I DON'T KNOW
WHERE I AM.

SANDPAPER SCRAPES MY SKIN EVERY
TIME I MOVE-- NO-- NOT SANDPAPER--
SHEETS-- STARCHED SHEETS--

--I'M IN A BED--
SOMEWHERE--

--AND THE SMELLS,...

... CHEMICAL SMELLS.
DISINFECTANTS.


HOSPITAL. I'M IN
A HOSPITAL.

THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN ON SCREAM-
ING HINGES. PEOPLE COME AND GO.
SMELLING LIKE BATHTUBS FULL OF
SWEAT-- SMELLING LIKE EATEN FOOD
--LIKE ITALIAN SAUCES AND HALF-
DIGESTED EGGS--

--THEY STAB ME WITH LONG SHARP
NEEDLES. THEY FILL ME WITH DRUGS.
BUT THE DRUGS DON'T FOOL ME
I KNOW THEY CUT MY FACE.

I CAN FEEL IT YOU IDIOTS--
CAN'T YOU SEE THERE'S NOTHING
YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME FROM
FEELING IT?

EVERYTHING HURTS.



YOU CAN ONLY STAND
SO MUCH.

I WRITHE
AND SCREAM--

--BUT EVEN MY OWN
SCREAM IS TOO LOUD
SO I HAVE TO STOP--

--AND ALL I
WANT IS TO
DIE...

... BUT I DON'T DIE.
SO I HAVE TO MAKE DO.

AFTER A TIME I SOMEHOW
SHUT OUT JUST ENOUGH...
AFTER A TIME IT'S ONLY
AGONY.

THEN, PAST THE FUMES OF
WHATEVER IT IS THEY USE
TO CLEAN THE FLOOR, THERE
COMES A WAVE OF WHISKEY
--A MEGAPHONE VOICE...

SON?

**CAN YOU
HEAR ME, SON?**

HEAR YOU--WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT--YOU'RE SHOUTING--

**THE DOCTORS... THEY
SAY YOU'LL BE FINE, SON!**

--LIKE ALL THE REST--BREATHES
LIKE HE'S A HUNDRED FEET TALL...

YOU'RE A HERO, BOY.

...SO BIG...IT'S LIKE
I'M IN HIM...IT'S...

YOU JUST REST NOW.

...IS THAT MY FATHER?

DAD'S ANXIETY PAINTS
THE WORLD RED. HE
FINALLY LEAVES AND IT'S
ANOTHER NIGHT OF
TERROR AND THE ENDLESS
COUGHING OF SOMEONE
DOWN THE HALL.

THEN... SOFT STEPS
... A SOFT WOMAN'S
SCENT...

... A SOFT VOICE...

WHY DOES
IT HURT?

SO LOUD...
SO SMELLY...
EVERYTHING...

I
SEE...

SHE BREATHES. DOWN THE
HALL THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

WHEN SHE SPEAKS AGAIN
IT'S A GENTLE WHISPER.

THIS... MAY
NOT BE A BAD
THING. WHAT YOU
COULD DO WITH
IT...

DO...
WITH IT?

JUST THINK OF IT.
IT'S A BLESSING,
MATT.

IT'S YOURS.
YOURS.

AND IT'S OUR
SECRET. DON'T
TELL ANYONE.

PROMISE
ME NOW...


WHO ARE
YOU?

LIPS, WARM... KISS-
ING MY FOREHEAD...
LOVING...

... AND SOMETHING HARD,
DANGLING FROM HER NECK...

IT'S A CROSS...
MADE OF GOLD...

PROMISE
ME...



A KIND WOMAN'S GIFT
OF HOPE TO ME. I NEVER
UNDERSTAND IT-- AND
SHE NEVER COMES BACK.

BUT IT GETS
EASIER...

IT'S OKAY,
DAD. I'M
AWAKE.

SON... HOW'D
YOU KNOW I
WAS HERE?

COULD HEAR
YOU A MILE OFF.
SIT DOWN, DAD.

WE HAVE TO
TALK, MATT.
MAN TO MAN.

I'M ALL
EARS, DAD.

IT'S ABOUT THE
ACCIDENT, SON. YOU
WERE HIT BY SOME-
THING SOME CORPORA-
TION WAS DRIVING
THROUGH TOWN. RIGHT
THROUGH TOWN.

THEY WON'T SAY IF IT
WAS RADIOACTIVE. THEY
WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME.

IT MESSED YOU UP PRETTY
BADLY, MATT. YOUR FACE...
WELL, I'M AMAZED WHAT THEY
WERE ABLE TO DO WITH IT.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK
GOOD AS NEW, BUT...

IT'S YOUR
EYES, SON.
THEY...

I KNOW I'M BLIND,
DAD. THERE AREN'T ANY
BANDAGES ON MY EYES--
AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF
A HOSPITAL WITHOUT
LIGHTS.

YOU... YOU'RE
TAKING IT WELL,
SON...

YES...

...I PROMISED...

...I KEEP MY HEIGHTENED
SENSES SECRET...EVEN
FROM DAD...

...I FIND A TEACHER
WHO HELPS ME
MASTER THEM...

...AND DAD IS
MURDERED AND I
BECOME DAREDEVIL
AND FIGHT CRIME...

...AND OTHER
THINGS HAPPEN
A HOME. A
CAREER...

...BUT THE OTHER
THINGS ARE GONE
NOW SO THEY DON'T
MATTER...

...GONE...THE KINGPIN
TOOK THEM AWAY. FOUND
OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY
AND TOOK EVERYTHING
AWAY...

...AND I ATTACKED
HIM...

...AND HE
KILLED ME.

Stan Lee
presents

PARIAH!

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
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EDITOR IN CHIEF

UPTOWN, WHERE PEOPLE WITH MONEY SPEND IT...

REMEMBER CHRIST OUR SAVIOR WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I WAS SURE I'D GET ALL THE SHOPPING DONE EARLY THIS YEAR...

YOU'VE BEEN BUSY, FOGGY. WHAT WITH ALL THOSE JOB OFFERS TO SORT THROUGH.

TO SAVE US ALL FROM SATAN'S POWER

NO KIDDING LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED THEM DOWN MY CHIMNEY.

THAT'S A JOKE, GLORI. HERE IN AMERICA WE TELL THE KIDS THAT CHRISTMAS GIFTS COME FROM SANTA CLAUS. HE'S THIS BIG FAT GUY WHO RIDES A SLEIGH--

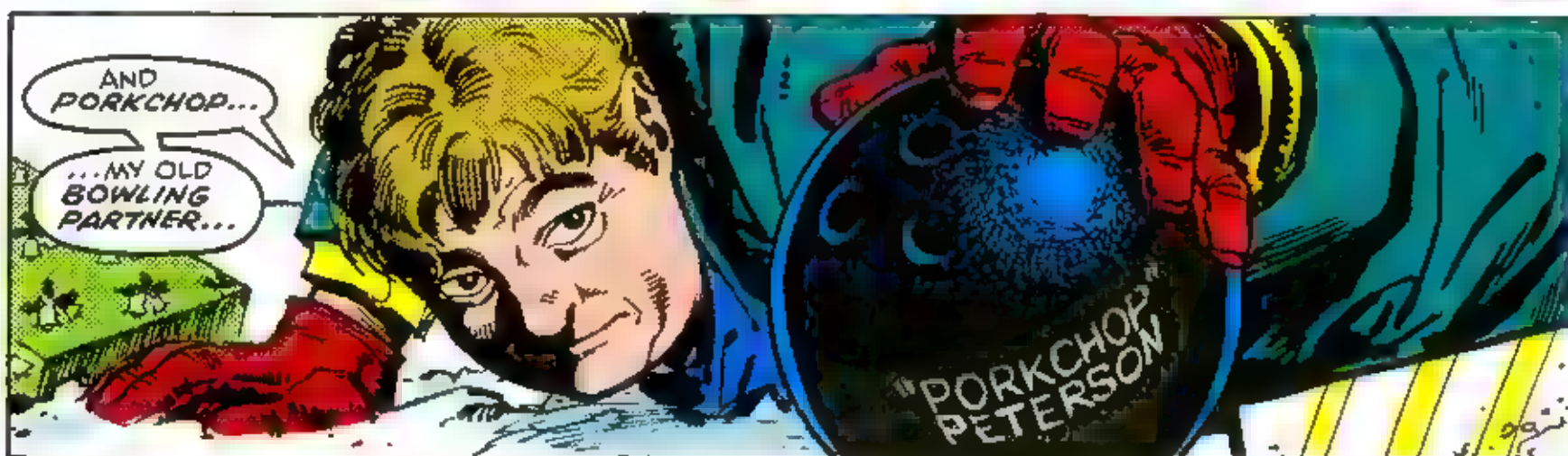
EVEN IN IRELAND WE HEARD OF SANTA CLAUS, FOGGY.

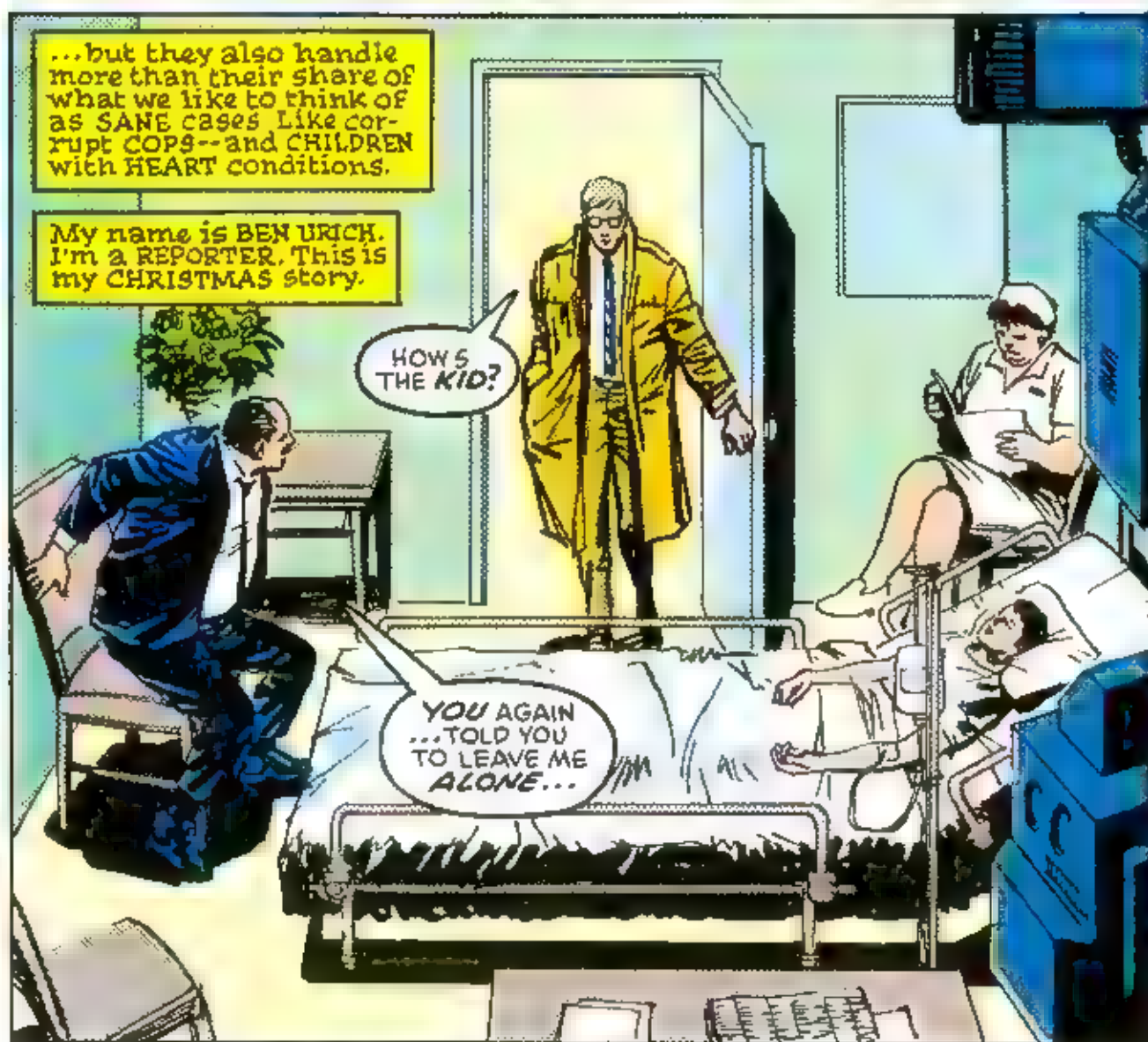
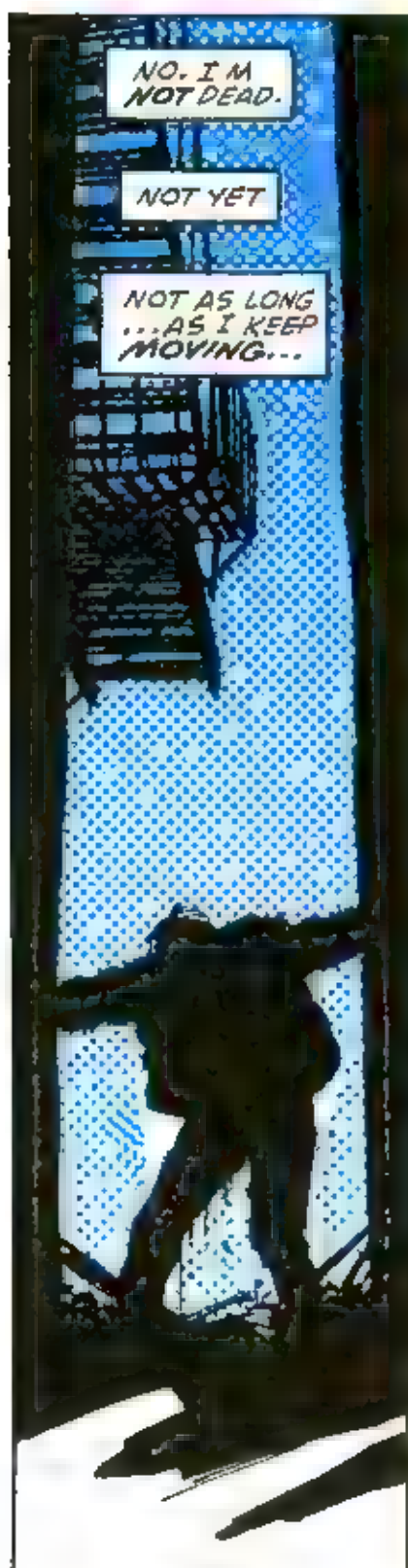
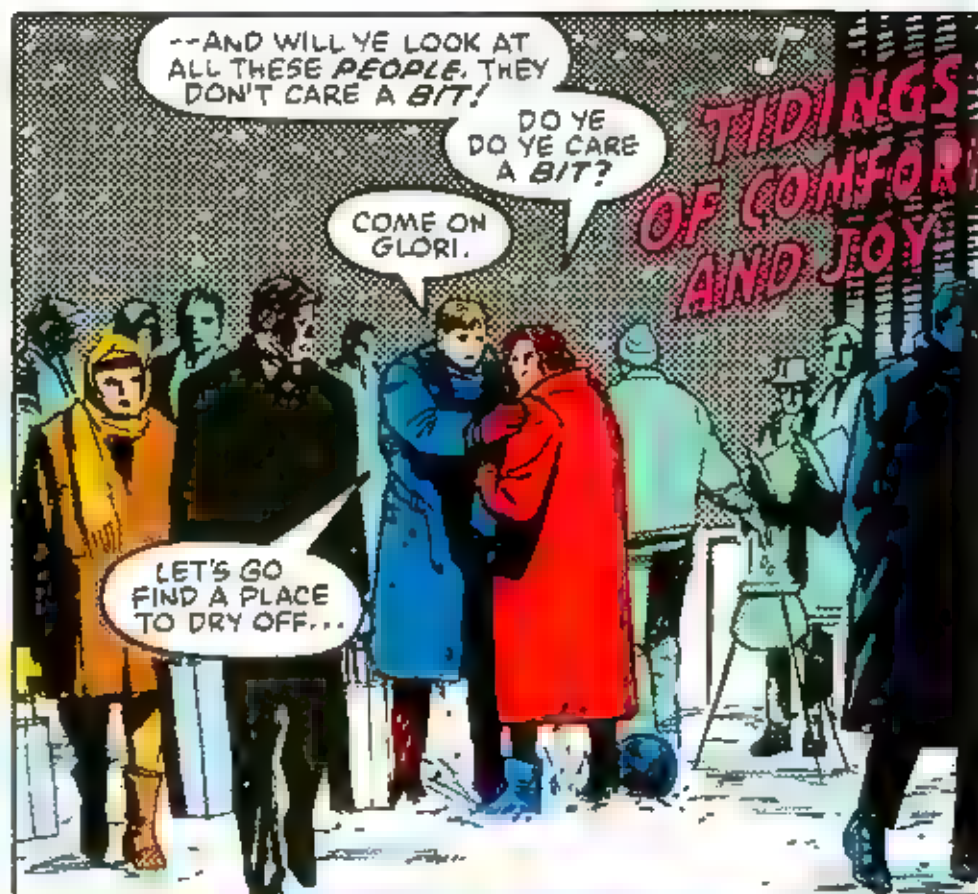
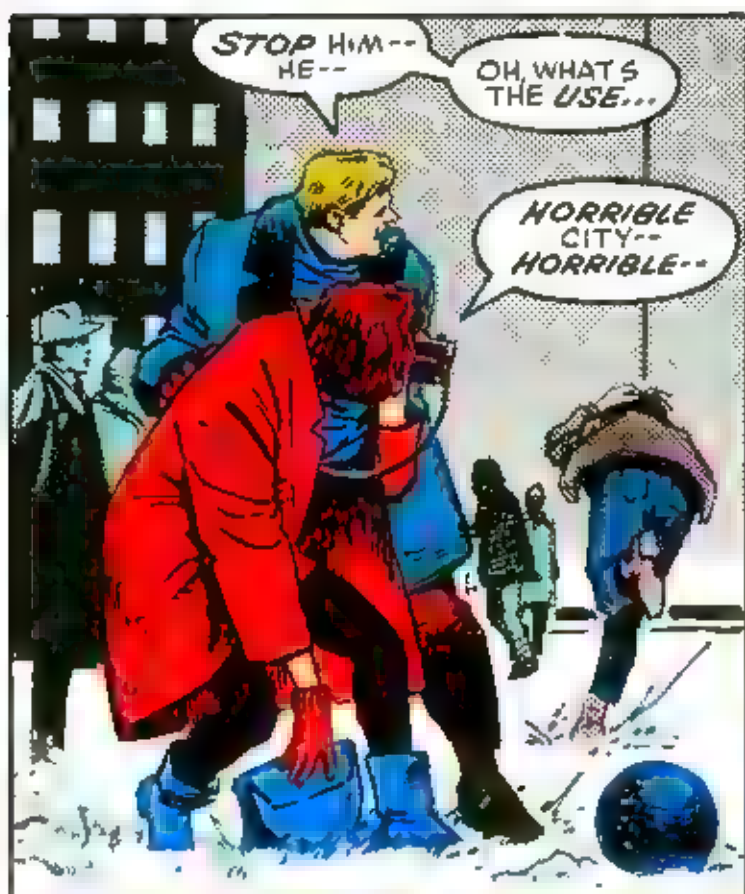
SPOSE YOU *HAVE*.

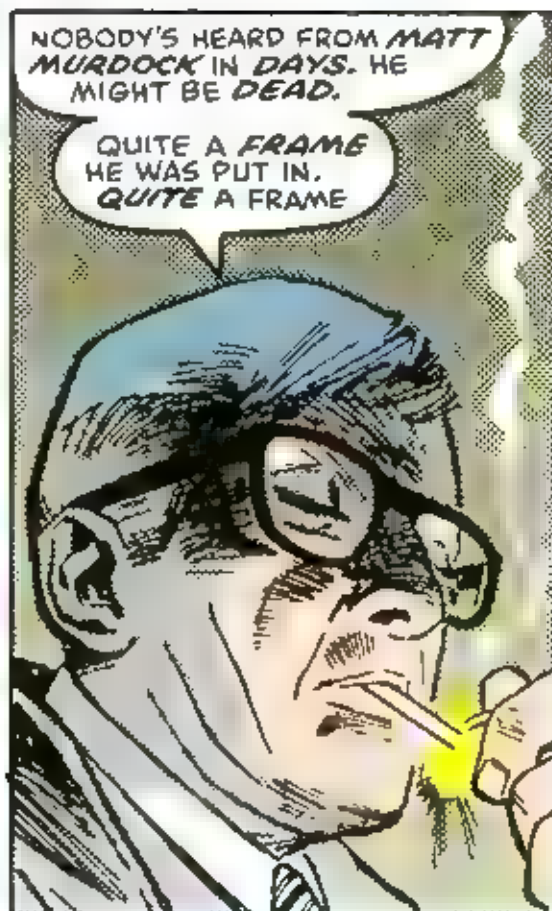
LET'S SEE. TOOK CARE OF MOM AND DAD AND CINDY AND BECKY...

NO--

A comic book panel showing a man in a blue jacket and a woman in a red jacket running through a snowy field. The man is carrying a large brown sack over his shoulder. A speech bubble from the man says "GLORI!" and a speech bubble from the woman says "NO-- YE WON'T--". A third person is visible in the background, looking on.









CHRISTMAS EVE--HOW CAN IT
BE CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN IT'S
SO HOT--

--CHRISTMAS IS
SNOW AND FIRE-
PLACES AND LOVED
ONES AND PRESENTS--

--IT ISN'T THE MEXICAN
SUN AND QUAKING
FROM HEAD TO TOE
FROM HEROIN WITH-
DRAWAL--

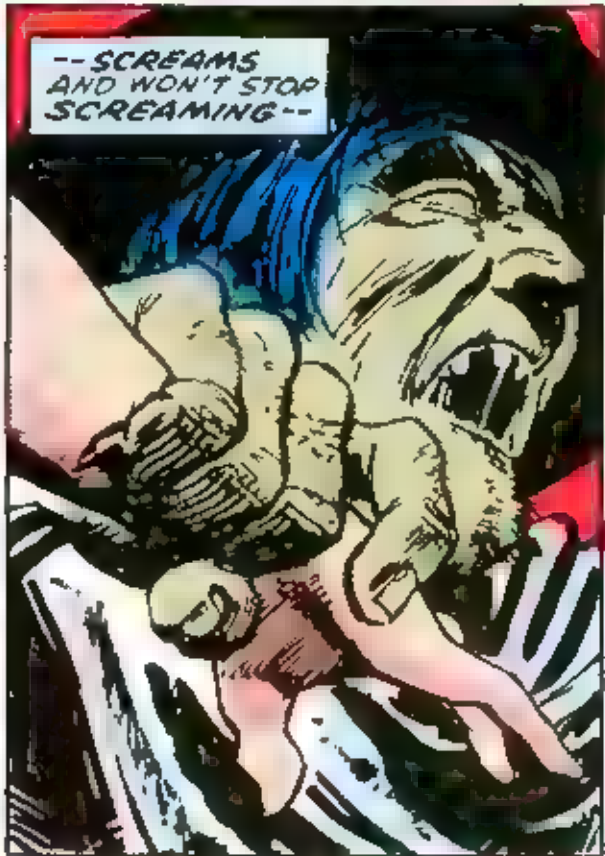


--IT ISN'T ROBBING A
BLIND MAN--THE SECOND
I'VE ROBBED, THINKS
KAREN PAGE--

--MATT--I ROBBED MATT
TOO--SOLD HIS SECRET
IDENTITY FOR A FIX--

--AND NOW I NEED ANOTHER FIX
AND I NEED TO GET TO NEW YORK
AND I NEED MATT TO SAVE ME FROM
MEN WHO ARE TRYING TO KILL ME--
I NEED MONEY--

--THE SECOND BLIND MAN I'VE
ROBBED--BUT THIS ONE CATCHES ME--



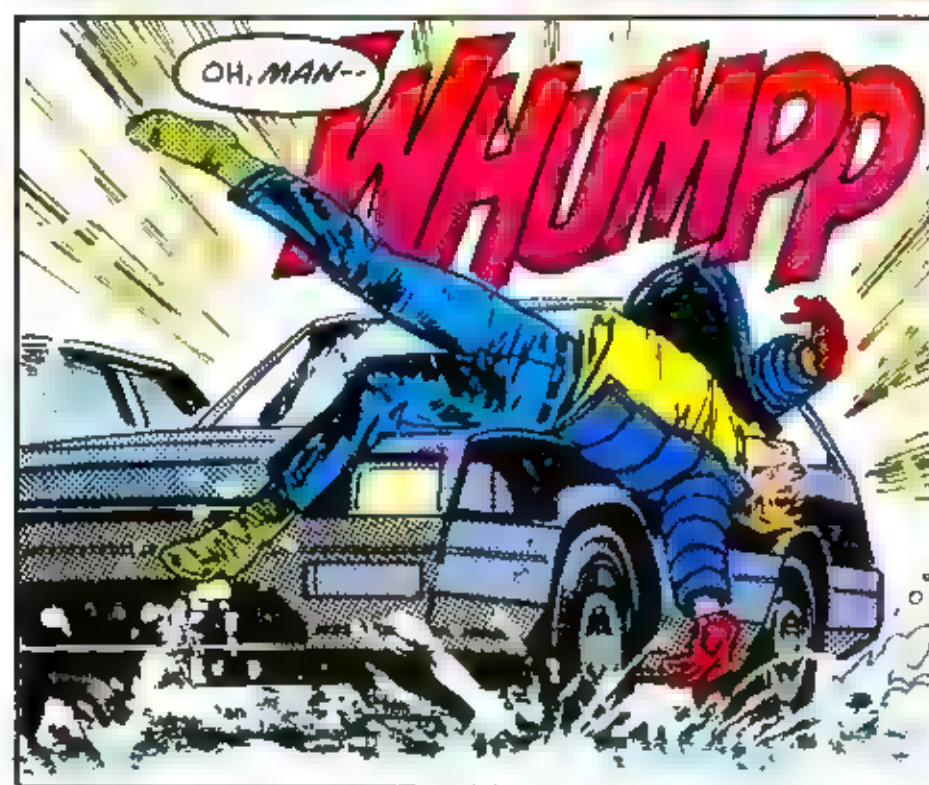
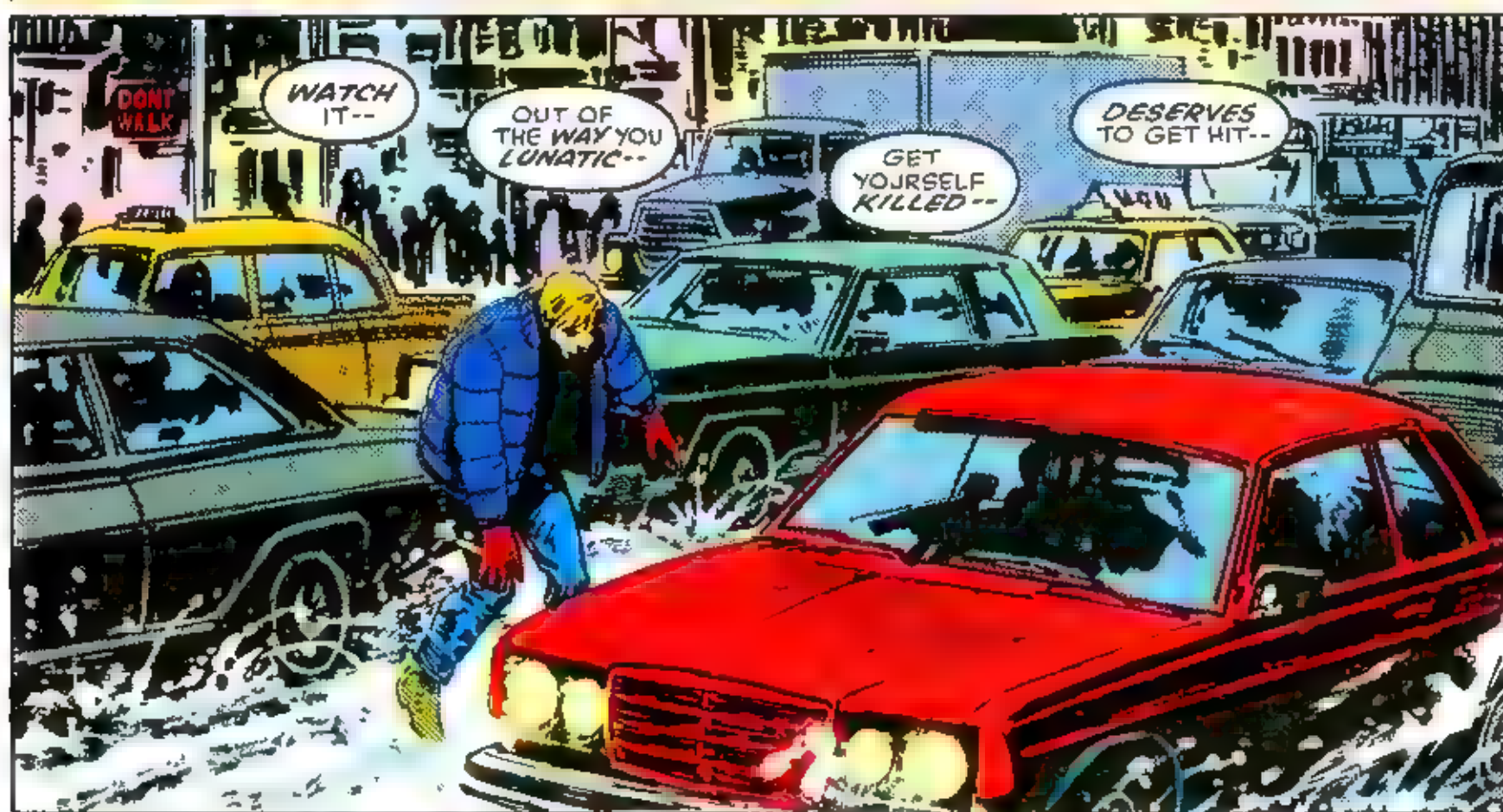
--SCREAMS
AND WON'T STOP
SCREAMING--

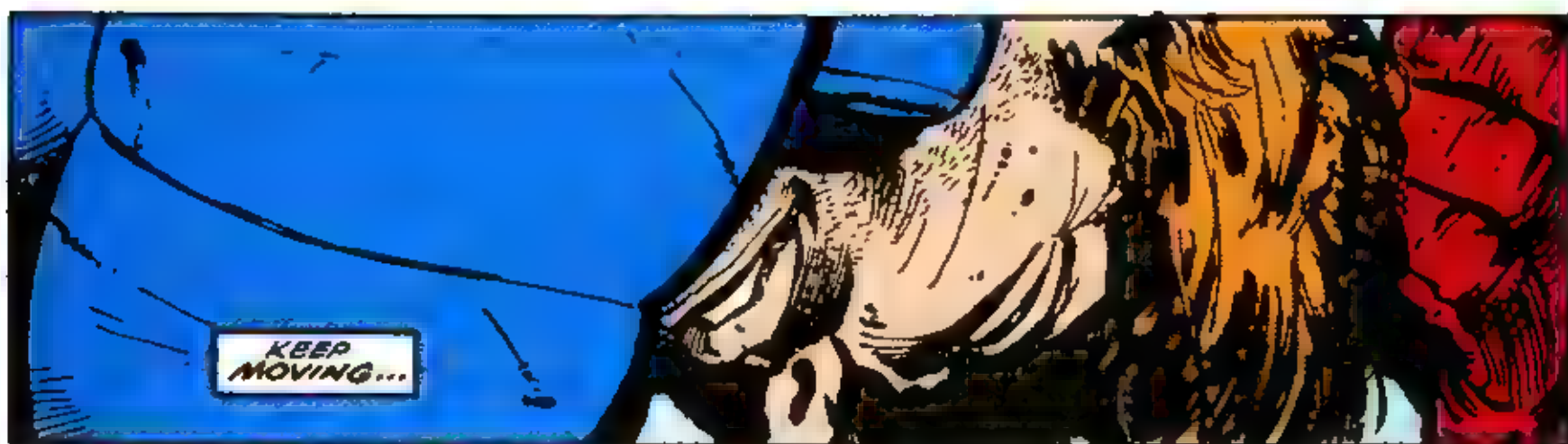


--KEEP MOVING--

--DON'T THINK--

--THE KILLERS CAN'T
BE FAR BEHIND--





I MISS YOU TOO, MOM. IT'S... WELL, IT'S MATT-- YOU KNOW, MY PARTNER-- OR AT LEAST HE USED TO BE MY PARTNER-- HE'S IN A LOT OF TROUBLE. IT'S KIND OF HARD TO EXPLAIN...



...BUT AS LONG AS THERE'S A CHANCE I MIGHT HEAR FROM HIM... I'M GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND, MOM...

...OH, THINGS ARE GOING REAL WELL. I'VE GOTTEN SEVERAL JOB OFFERS... YES, I KNOW YOU SAID I WOULD. ONE IN PARTICULAR LOOKS QUITE GOOD. ALMOST TOO GOOD... NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MEANT BY THAT...



...AND, WELL, IT'S NOT JUST THAT, MOM. YOU SEE, I'VE MET A GIRL... SHE'S REAL NICE...



JEEZ, TURK. I MEAN WE COULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT THE SUITS.

WITH WHAT? WE BEEN TAPPED SINCE THE KINGPIN FROZE US OUT OF WORK.

HURRY UP AND GET DRESSED, GROTTO.

I DON'T KNOW, I MEAN, SANTA CLAUS...

SHUT UP. NOW WE SHLEP TO THE UPPER EAST SIDE. THE RICH ONES GIVE US MONEY-- AND THEY FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING RICH-- AND WE FEEL BETTER ALL AROUND.

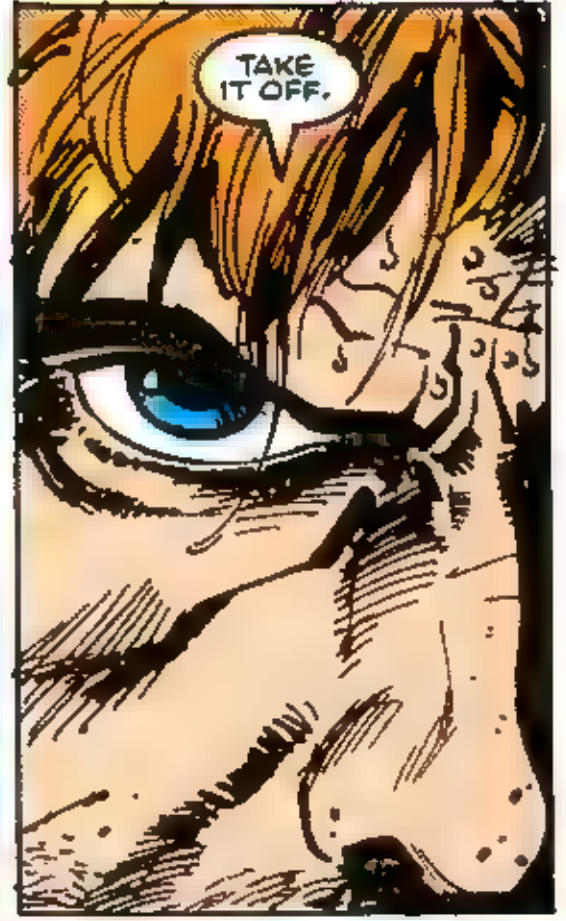
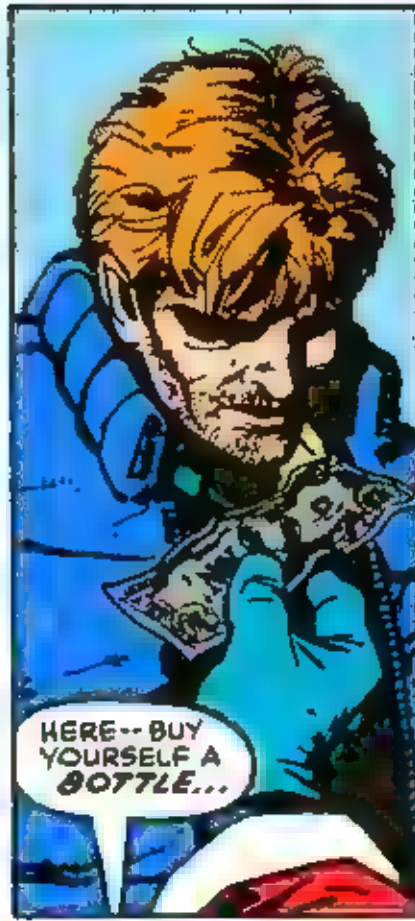
IT'S THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

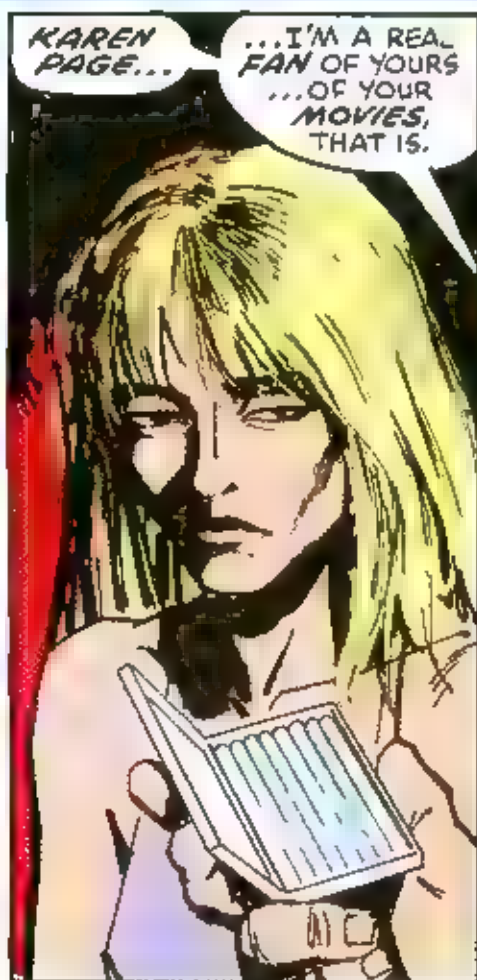
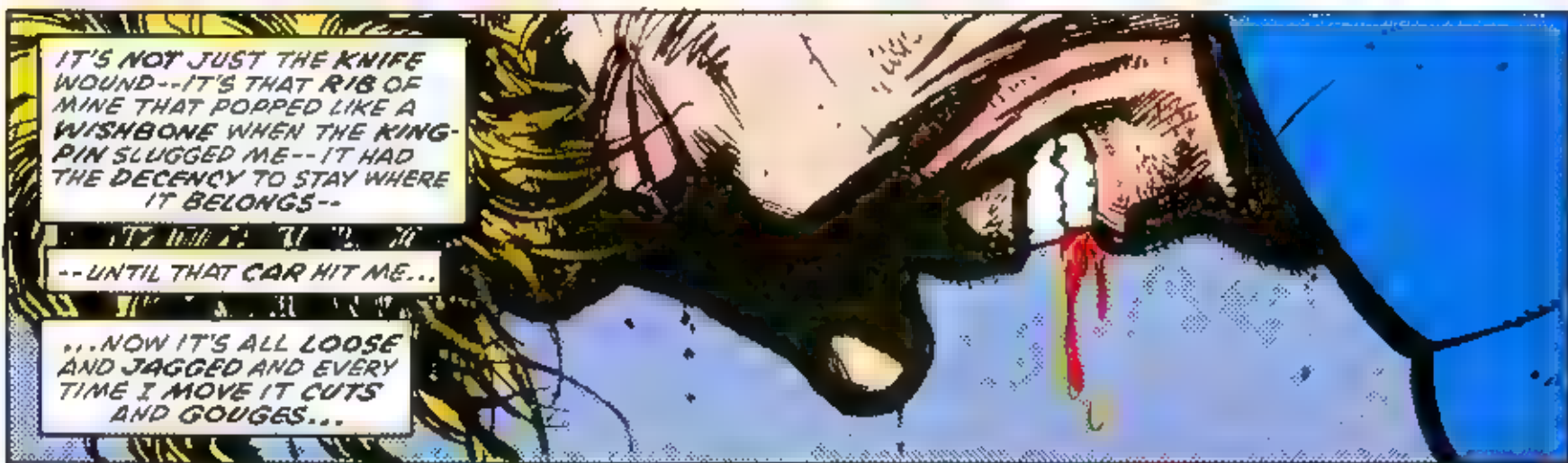
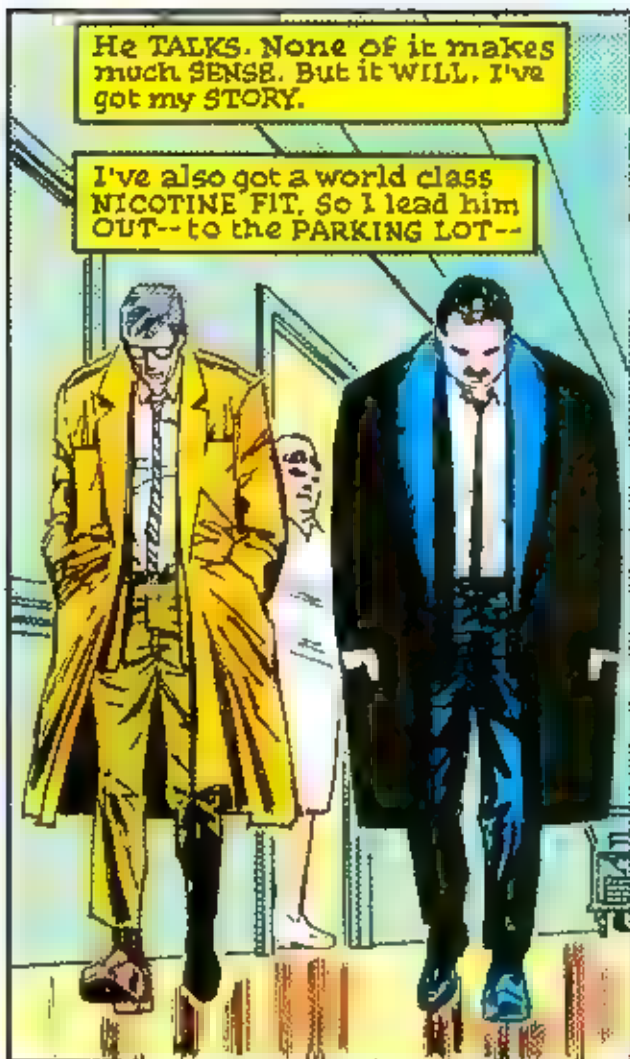


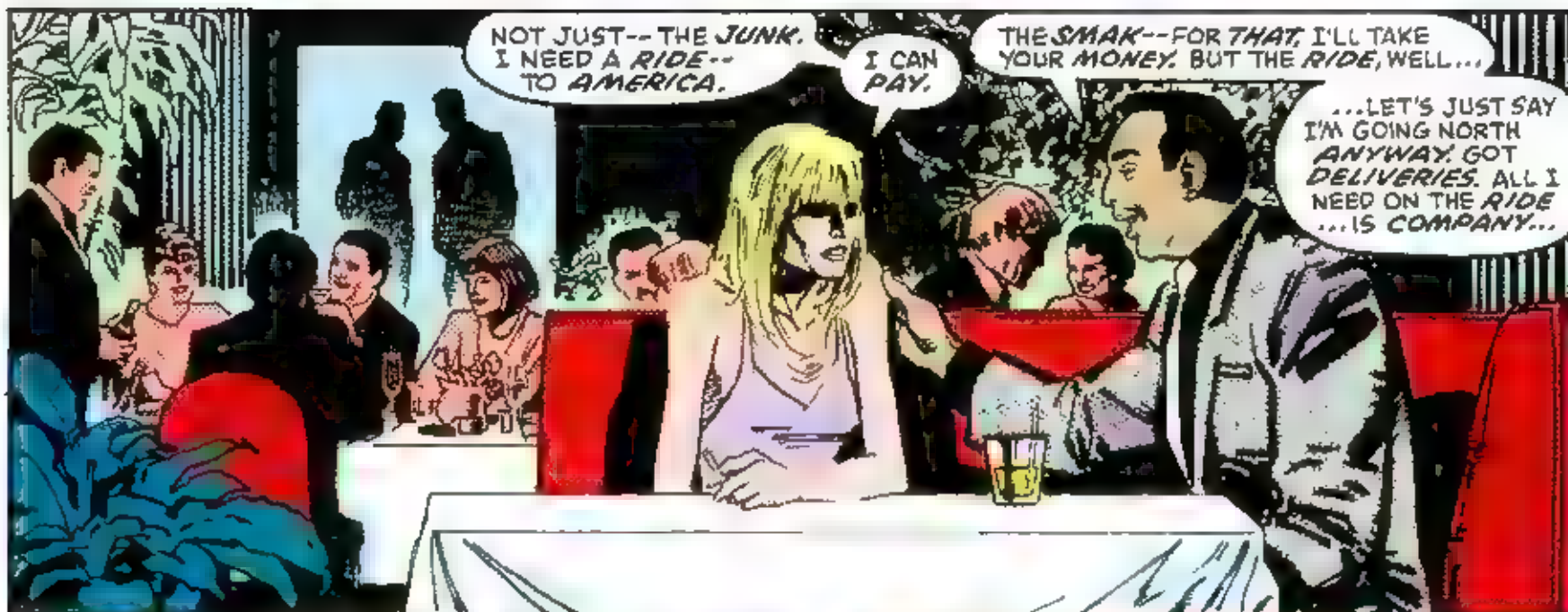
TAKE...

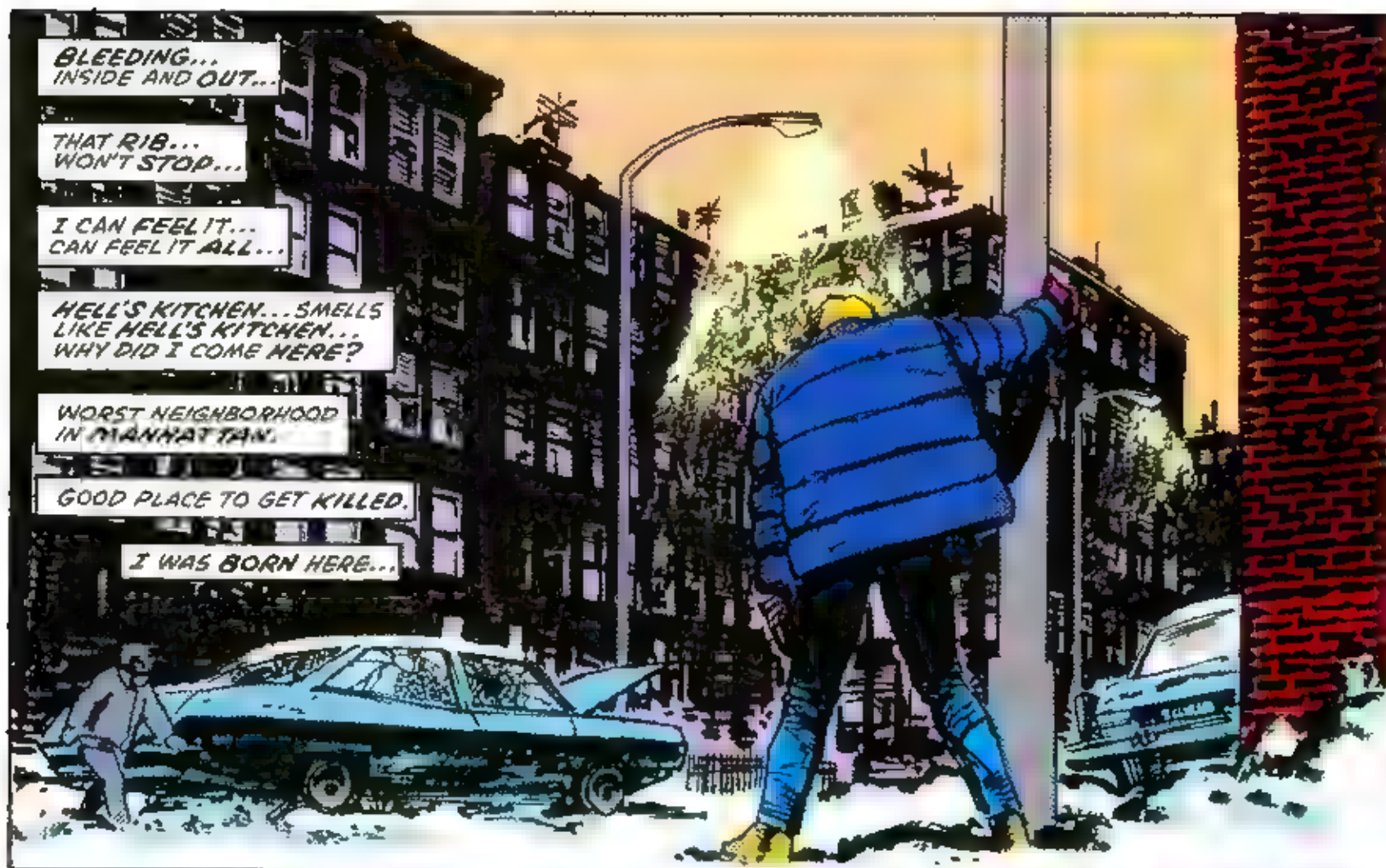


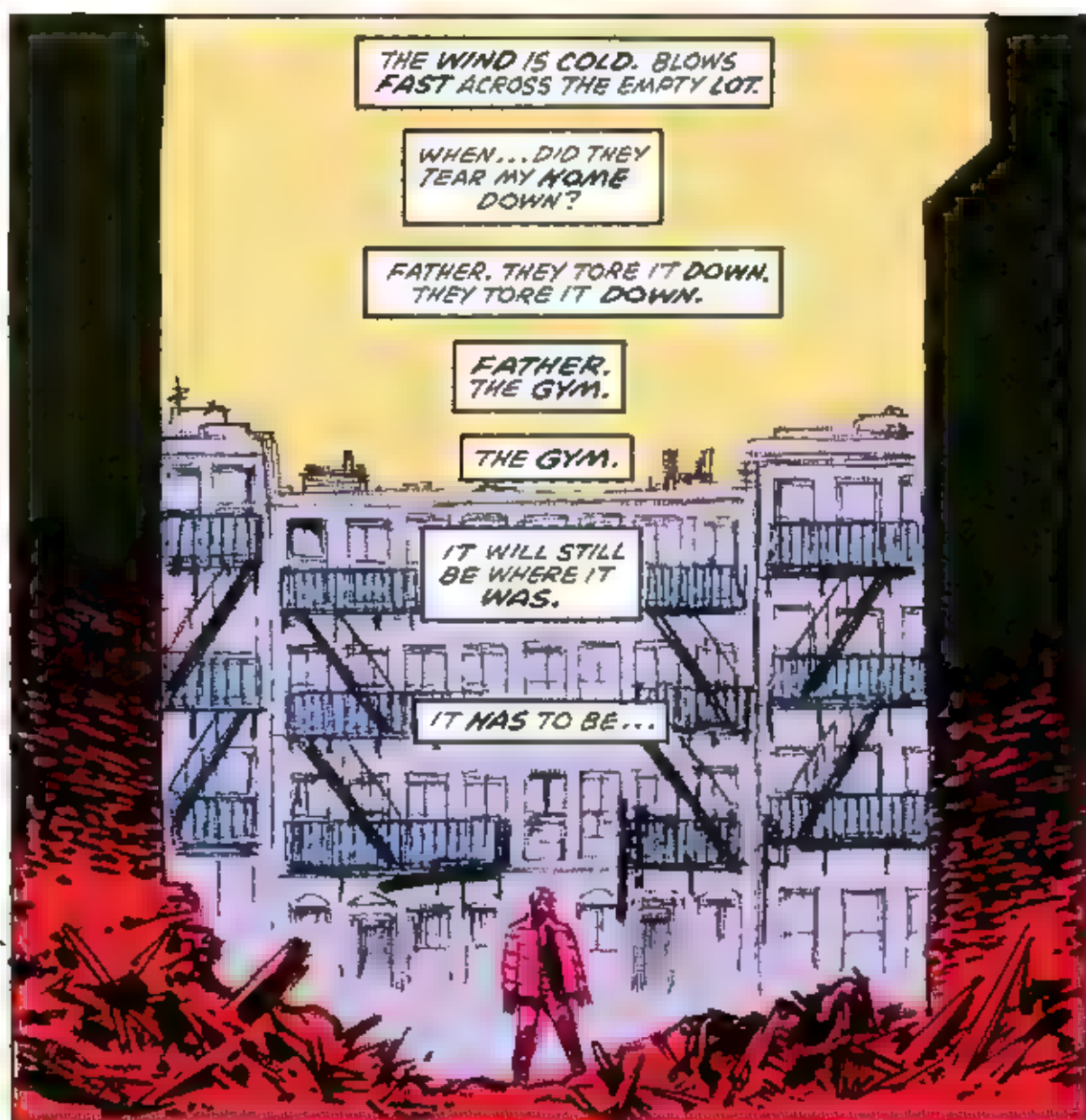
...TAKE IT OFF.











THE WIND IS COLD. BLOWS
FAST ACROSS THE EMPTY LOT.

WHEN... DID THEY
TEAR MY HOME
DOWN?

FATHER. THEY TORE IT DOWN.
THEY TORE IT DOWN.

FATHER.
THE GYM.

THE GYM.

IT WILL STILL
BE WHERE IT
WAS.

IT HAS TO BE...



The CIGARETTE
tastes AWFUL.

It's LIKE that sometimes.

GUESS IT WAS THE KINGPIN
THAT MADE THE FRAME. DIDN'T
KNOW THE GUY I SPOKE TO.

SOLD OUT. TWENTY YEARS
WITHOUT FIXING A TICKET AND
I SELL OUT AND IT DOESN'T
EVEN SAVE MY BOY.

HEY-- IT'S
GOT TO BE
OKAY TO
SMOKE OUT
HERE...



DIDN'T EVEN
SAVE MY B--

WHAT IN--

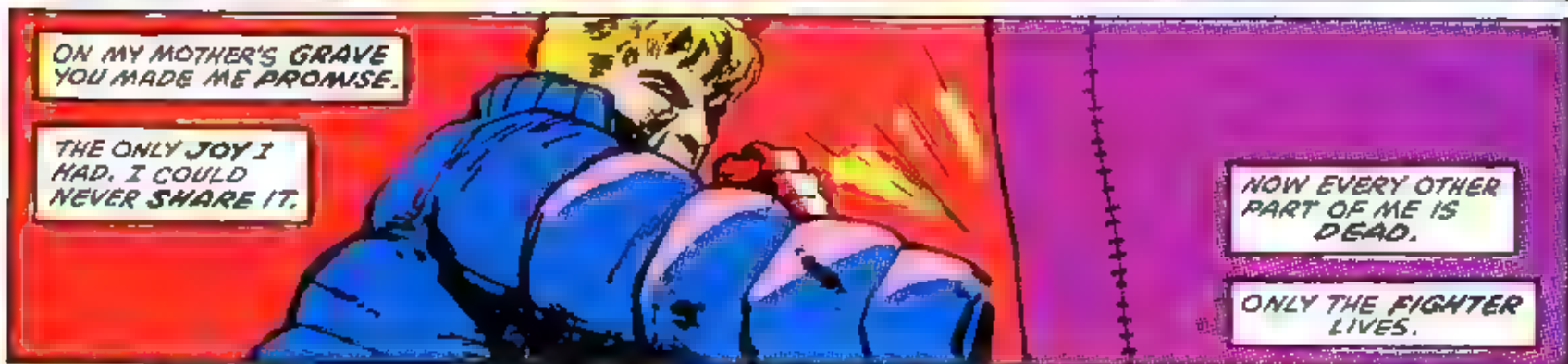
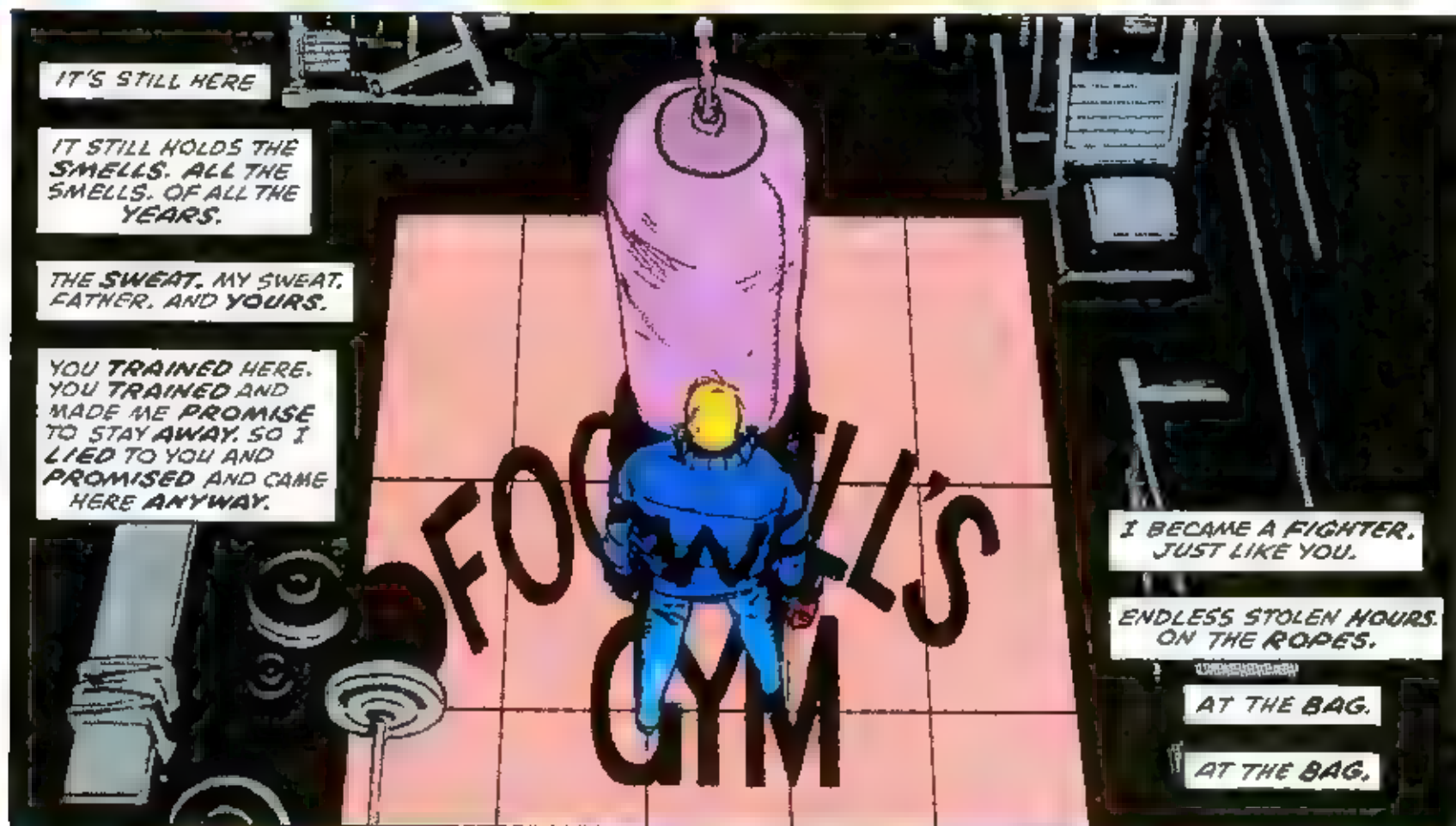
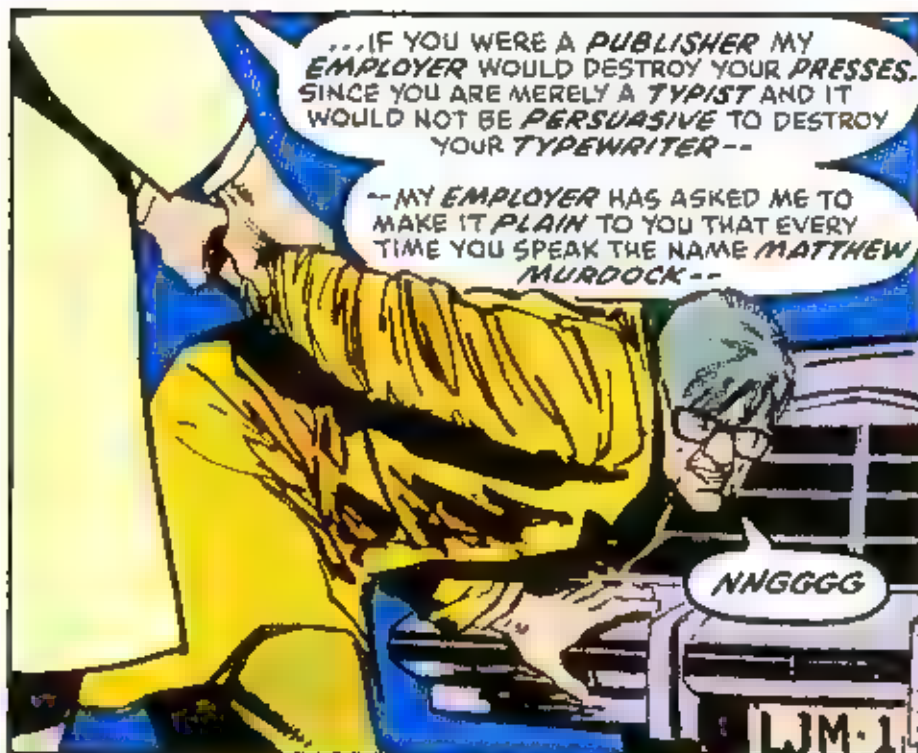
THWAKK

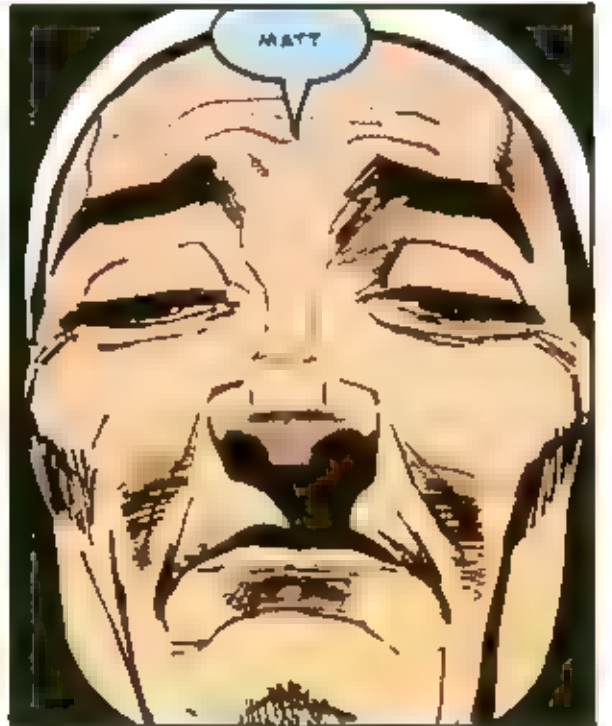
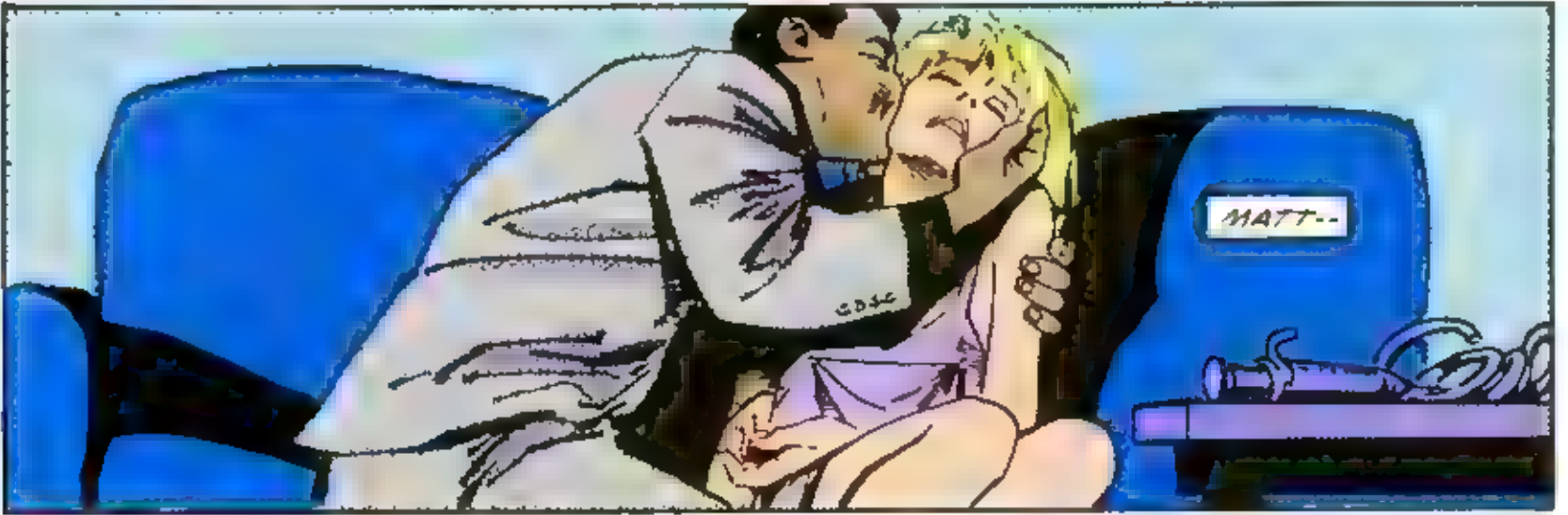
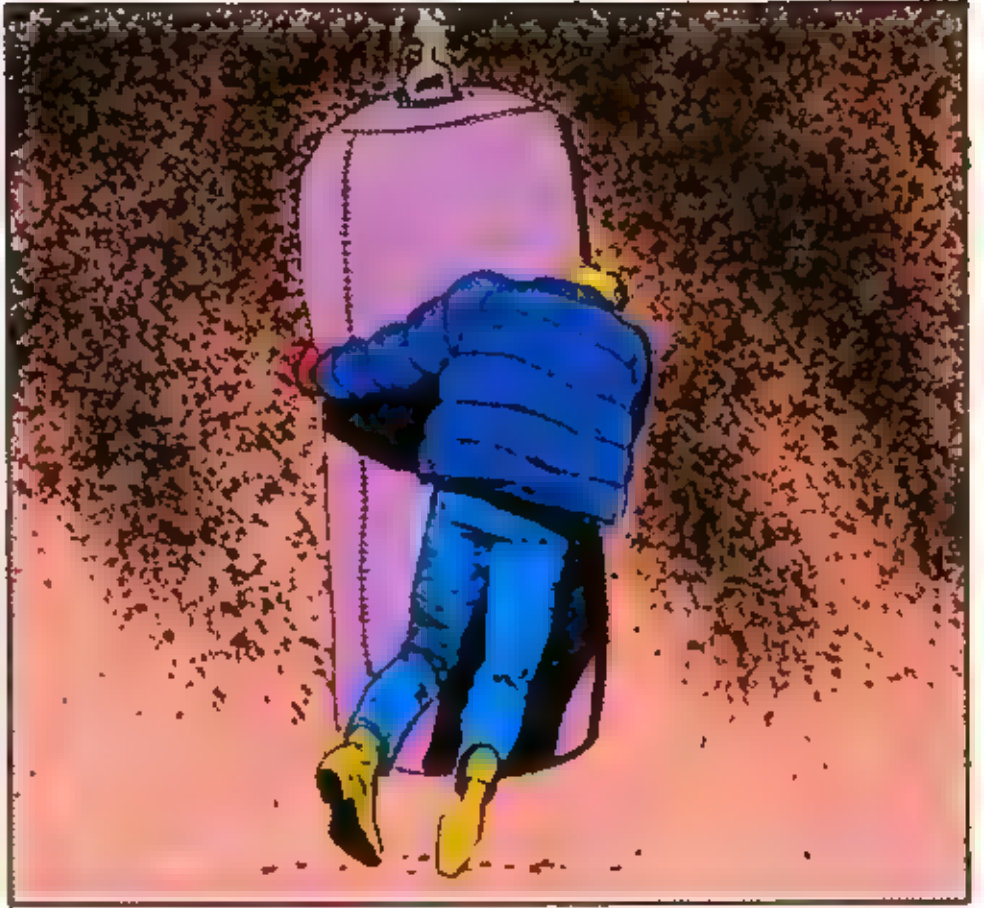
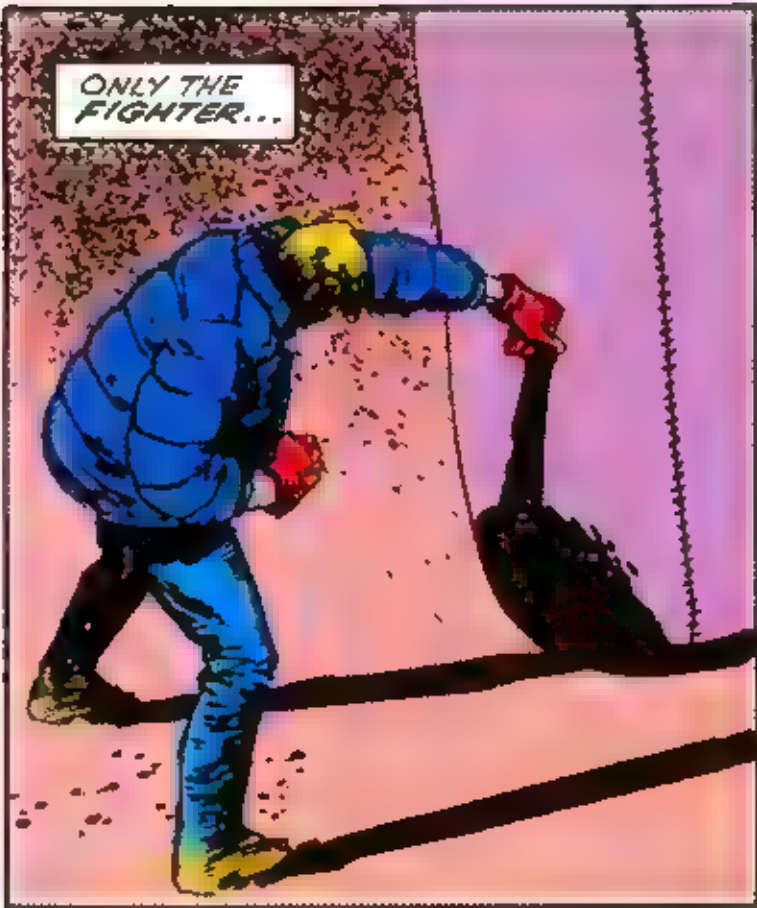


ARE
YOU --
AAAA

MR. URICH-- YOU ARE CAUSING MY
EMPLOYER SOME DISCOMFORT.
AND SO MY EMPLOYER HAS ASKED
ME TO MAKE CLEAR TO YOU HIS
POSITION.

HIS POSITION
IS AS FOLLOWS...

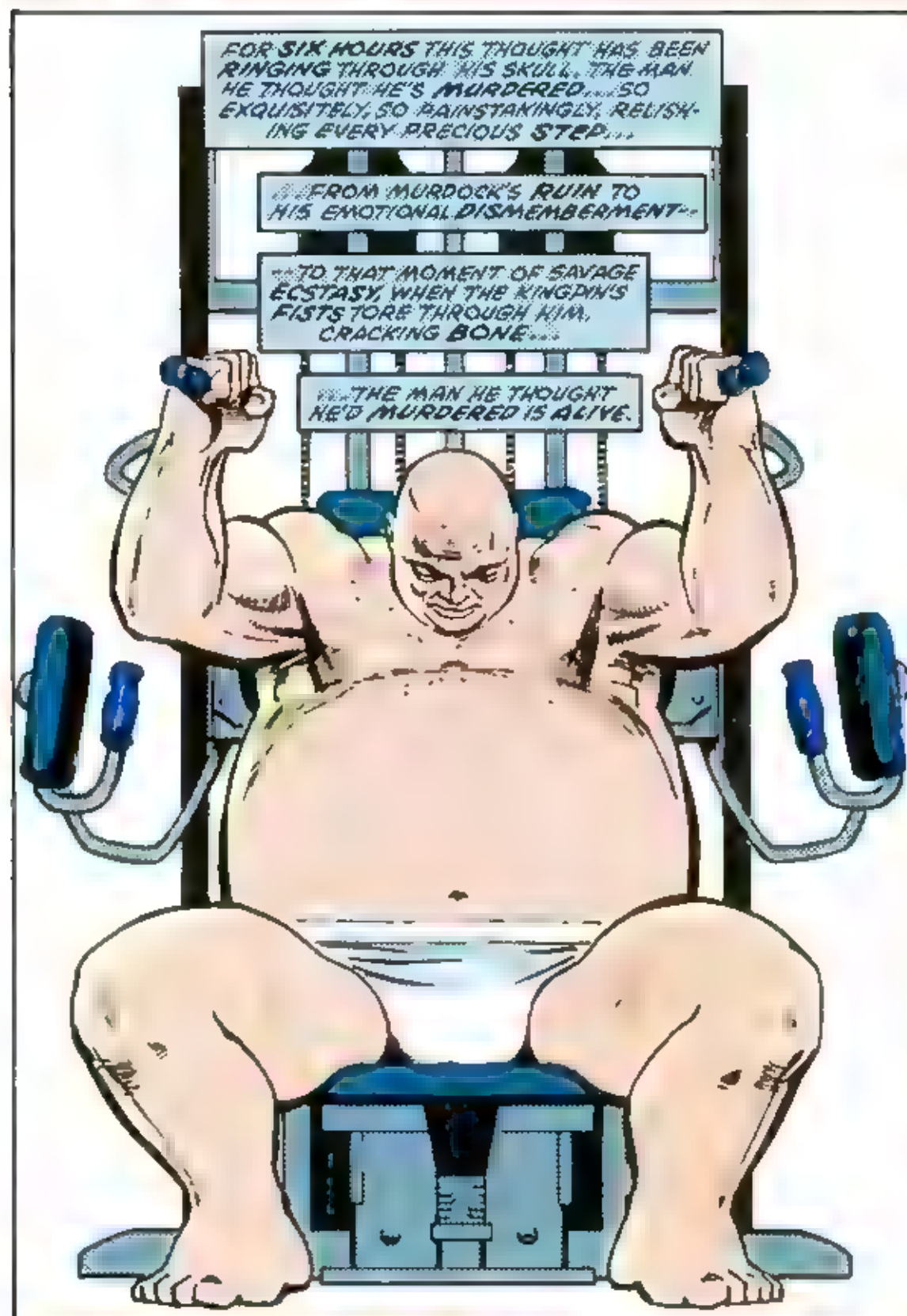








THERE IS NO CORPSE.

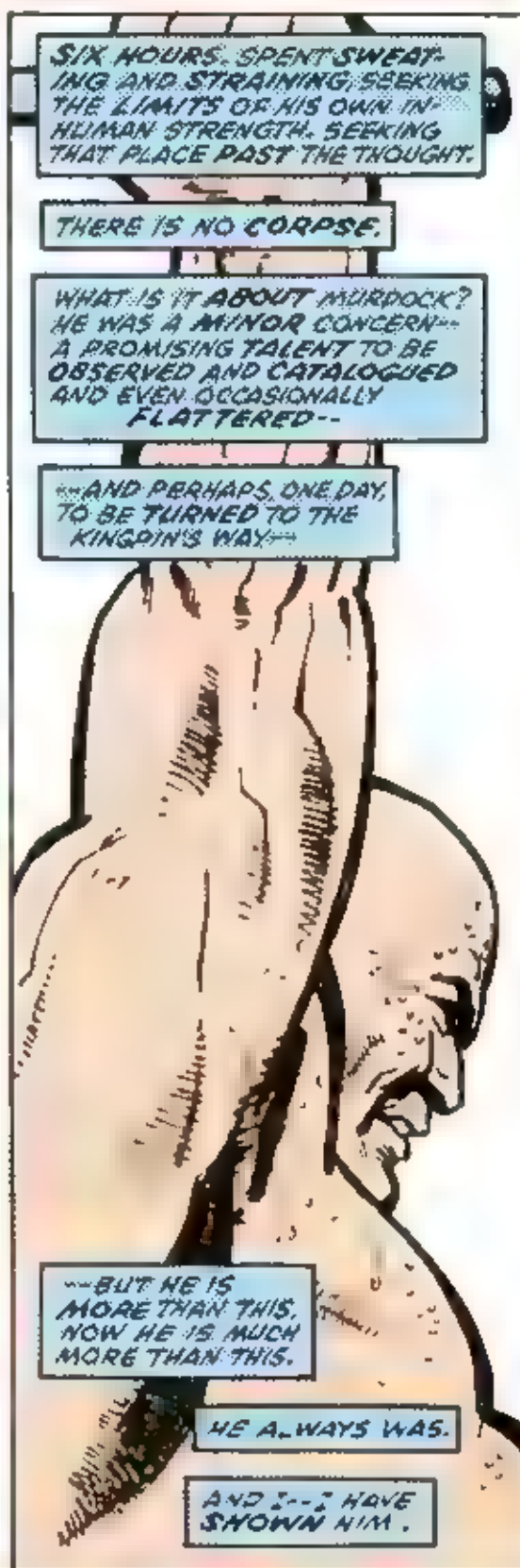


FOR SIX HOURS THIS THOUGHT HAS BEEN RINGING THROUGH HIS SKULL. THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'S MURDERED... SO EXQUISITELY, SO PAINSTAKINGLY, RELISHING EVERY PRECIOUS STEP...

FROM MURDOCK'S RUIN TO HIS EMOTIONAL DISMEMBERMENT--

TO THAT MOMENT OF SAVAGE ECSTASY, WHEN THE KINGPIN'S FISTS TORE THROUGH HIM, CRACKING BONE...

THE MAN HE THOUGHT HE'D MURDERED IS ALIVE.



SIX HOURS. SPENT SWEATING AND STRAINING, SEEKING THE LIMITS OF HIS OWN IN-HUMAN STRENGTH. SEEKING THAT PLACE PAST THE THOUGHT.

THERE IS NO CORPSE.

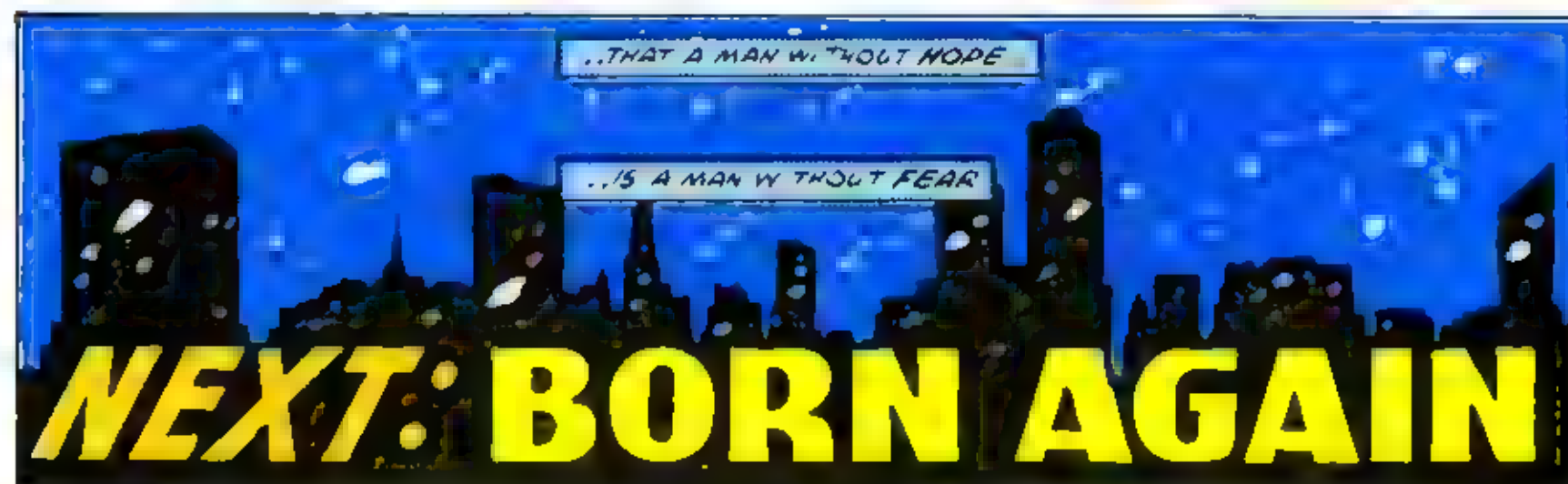
WHAT IS IT ABOUT MURDOCK? HE WAS A MINOR CONCERN-- A PROMISING TALENT TO BE OBSERVED AND CATALOGUED AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FLATTERED--

AND PERHAPS, ONE DAY, TO BE TURNED TO THE KINGPIN'S WAY--

BUT HE IS MORE THAN THIS. NOW HE IS MUCH MORE THAN THIS.

HE ALWAYS WAS.

AND I-- I HAVE SHOWN HIM.



..THAT A MAN WITHOUT HOPE

..IS A MAN WITHOUT FEAR

NEXT: BORN AGAIN



NO HEARTBEAT.
HE IS GONE.

NO--

--NO-- HE
CAN'T DIE--

I HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.

EVERYBODY HATED ME

EVERYBODY TOOK EVERY-
THING AWAY FROM ME.

NO.

THE KINGPIN. HE'S THE
ONLY ONE

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME. HE
FOUND OUT MY SECRET IDENTITY.
AND IT WASN'T A DREAM--

--THEN SANTA CLAUS
STABBED ME WITH A
KNIFE AND--

--NO. IT WAS TURK. SMALL
TIME HOOD. HE WAS JUST
DRESSED LIKE SANTA.

SMALL TIME HOOD.
WORKS FOR--

--THE KINGPIN.

NOT A DREAM.

--HE-- HE'S
ALIVE--



BORN AGAIN

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE BREEZE IS COOL.
SHE'S IN AMERICA.
KAREN PAGE ALLOWS
HERSELF TO HOPE.

NOT TOO OFTEN
SHE WHISPERS
THE NAME--
QUIETLY, FACING
AWAY FROM HER
COMPANION--
THE NAME THAT
MEANS HOPE.

MATT.

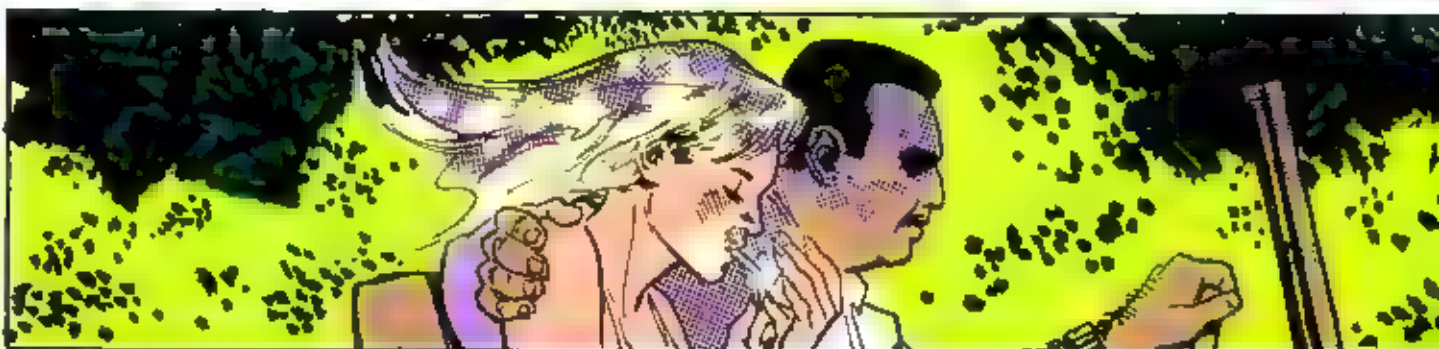
MATT-- SHE BE-
TRAYED HIM-- SOLD
HIS DEEPEST SECRET
FOR A FIX--

--TOLD A MAN THAT
MATT IS DAREDEVIL--
AND THE MAN TOLD
OTHER MEN-- AND THE
OTHER MEN ARE TRYING
TO KILL KAREN PAGE--

--BUT SHE'LL MAKE
IT TO NEW YORK.
SHE'LL FIND MATT
BEFORE THE KILLERS
FIND HER.

MATT WILL SAVE HER.

HE HAS TO.



TOO OFTEN, HE
THINKS THE NAME.

MURDOCK.

HE IS THE KINGPIN.
HE IS THE LORD OF
CRIME. HE DESTROYED
MATT MURDOCK--
ROBBED HIM OF HIS
CAREER, HIS HOME,
OF EVERYTHING
THAT CONSTITUTED
HIS LIFE.

BUT MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.
SOMEWHERE.

MURDOCK
IS ALIVE.



Accepted and agreed on this the 2nd

Franklin Nelson



TOOK
THE JOB.

KNEW
YE WOULD

FUNNY--MY *HAND* SHOOK
WHEN I *SIGNED*. GLESS
IT WAS THE *SALARY*.

HONESTLY GLORI, I
DIDN'T *BELIEVE* THEY'D
PAY ME SO *MUCH*
UNTIL I SAW IT
WRITTEN *DOWN*.

SURE AND
YOU *DESERVE*
IT, FOGGY.

IT'S *TWICE* WHAT *MATT*
AND ME EVER MADE
TOGETHER. *MATT...*
HOW LONG'S HE BEEN
MISSING NOW?...

ELEVEN
DAYS.

AND SIX
HOURS.

I don't even
THINK OF his
NAME.

He doesn't
EXIST. They
CONVINCED
me of THAT

I went LOOKING for him.
Talked to a crooked
COP who helped FRAME
him. They sicced a
NURSE the size of your
average TRUCK on us.
She broke most of the
BONES in the cop's BODY

ME she went
LIGHT on. Settled
for breaking my
FINGERS.



My name is BEN URICH.
I'm a REPORTER.

I don't even
THINK OF his
NAME.





WHEN I WAS A WHOLE LOT YOUNGER, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND BLINDED BY A PIECE OF RADIOACTIVE GARBAGE.

DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN WHY, BUT I CAN SMELL AND HEAR AND TASTE BETTER THAN ANY-BODY.

THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO LEARN ABOUT MATT MURDOCK.



EVERYTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE IS GONE, EXCEPT THE LESSON I LEARNED FROM MY FATHER.

NEVER
GIVE UP.

NEVER.

FOR MOST PEOPLE, NEW YORK IS THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY. FOR KAREN PAGE, IT'S PENN STATION, WHERE SHE FIRST STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN FROM NEW ENGLAND. THAT MUST BE WHY SHE ASKED PAULO TO DROP HER OFF HERE.

SHE'D PAID HER WAY-- EXACTLY THE WAY HE WANTED HER TO. SHE OWES HIM NOTHING.

SHE WANTS TO GET RID OF HIM. SURE, HE'S GOT THE JUNK-- AS MUCH AS SHE WANTS. BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN SHE WANTS TO BE WITH NOW--

-- SHE'LL EVEN QUIT THE JUNK SHE SWEARS SHE WILL--

--SO SHE SAYS GOOD-BYE TO PAULO WITH A KISS AS FINAL PAYMENT.

IT'S THE LONG KIND OF KISS. THE KIND SHE LEARNED MAKING MOVIES FOR PEOPLE LIKE PAULO.

SHE'S A PRO ABOUT IT.

IT ISN'T ENOUGH FOR HIM.

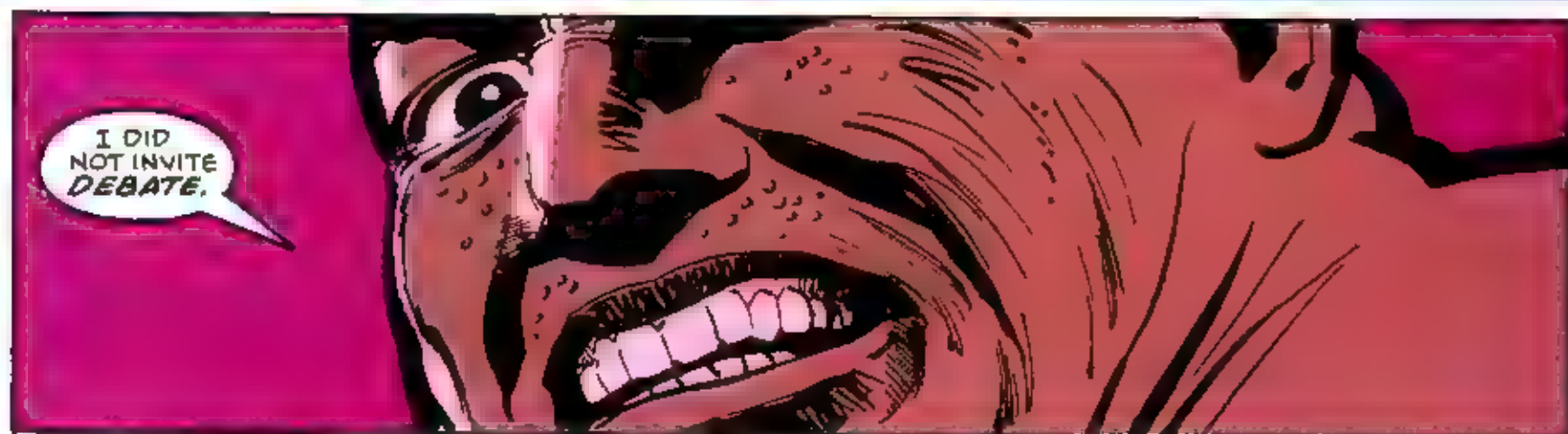




LOCATE
NUKE,
WESLEY.

NUKE...BOSS, YOU
ARE NOT *SERIOUS*.
PLEASE TO TELL ME
YOU ARE NOT
SERIOUS.

NOBODY'S
EVER USED HIM
ON A *DOMESTIC*
JOB. HE'S...



I DID
NOT INVITE
DEBATE.



NO, YOU *DON'T*
KNOW, BEN. YOU
JUST *DON'T*.

LOOK AT YOU--
THEY BROKE
YOUR *FINGERS*,
HONEY!



THEY'LL *KILL* YOU--
DO YOU KNOW
THAT? THEY'LL
KILL YOU AND
YOU'LL *DIE*
FOR--

DON'T
SAY THE
NAME.



DON'T EVEN
THINK OF THE *NAME*.
IT'S SO VERY *IMPORTANT*
THAT WE *DON'T* EVEN
THINK OF THE *NAME*.



THEY'VE DONE SOME WORK ON ME. THE BROKEN RIB IS BACK WHERE IT BELONGS. I'M NOT BLEEDING.

I'M ONE BIG BRUISE. BEST NOT TO PAY ATTENTION TO HOW I FEEL.



THE MORE I FOCUS OUTSIDE MYSELF, THE--

-- THAT STENCH-- EVEN HIS SWEAT SMELLS LIKE CHEAP WINE-- I CAN TASTE HIS HANGOVER WITH HIM--

-- CAN'T STAND IT-- MOVE FURTHER OUT.



SOUNDS ARE MUFFLED BY THE SNOW.

KAWW KAWWW

THE GULLS. THEY ONLY SOUND LIKE THAT IN THE MORNING. COMPLAINING.



BEEP HONK HONK BEEP BEEP HONNNNNNK

LIKE THE WHOLE CITY'S COMPLAINING. I'M STILL IN MANHATTAN.

NARROW IT DOWN.



EVEN PAST BROTHER GALLO NEXT TO ME I CAN SMELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD. RATS AND CONCRETE DUST.

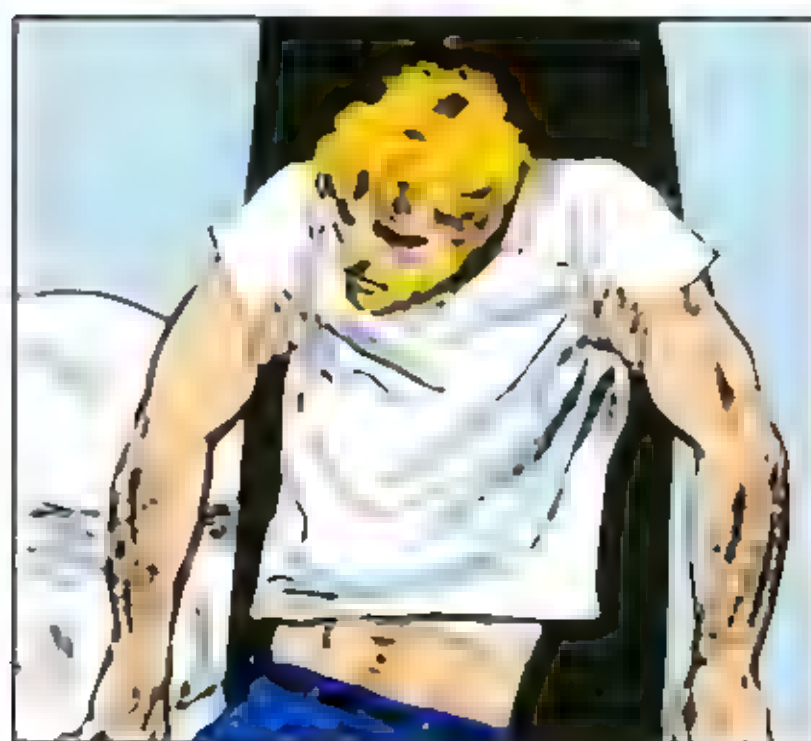
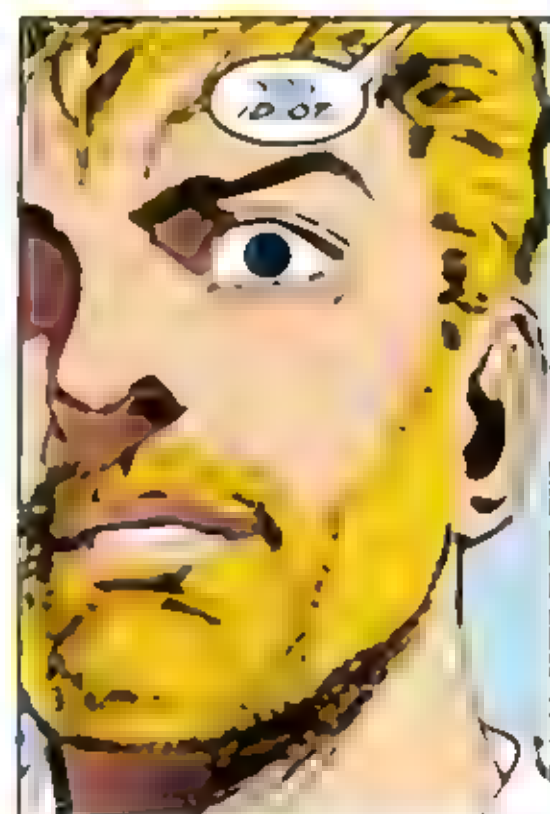
NELL'S KITCHEN I GREW UP HERE

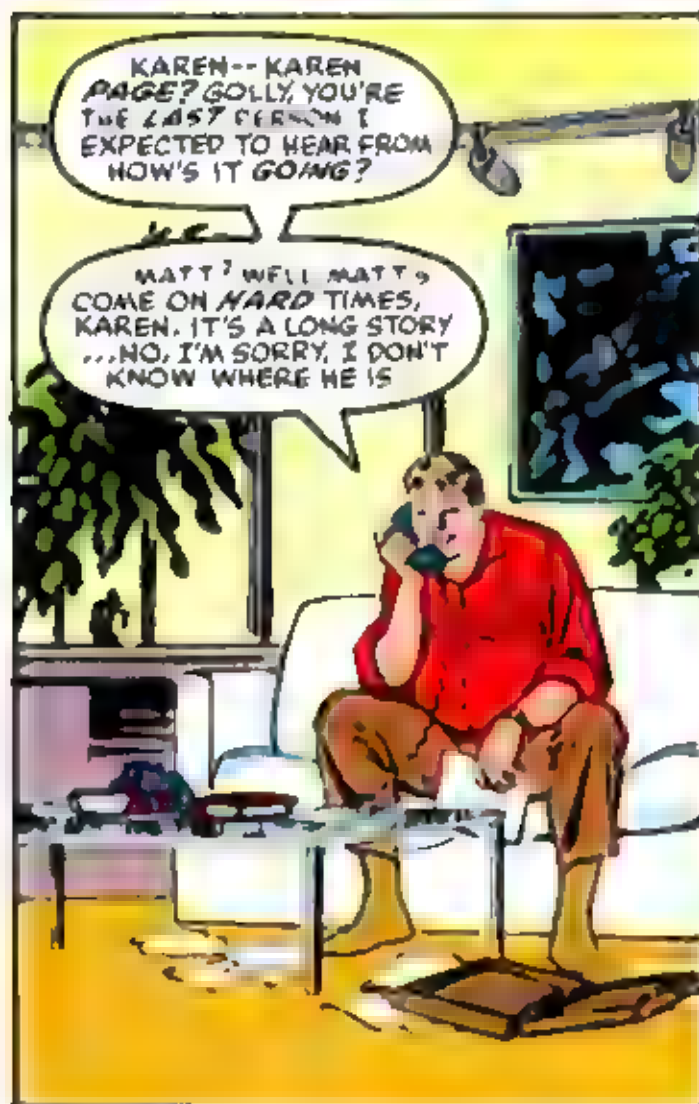
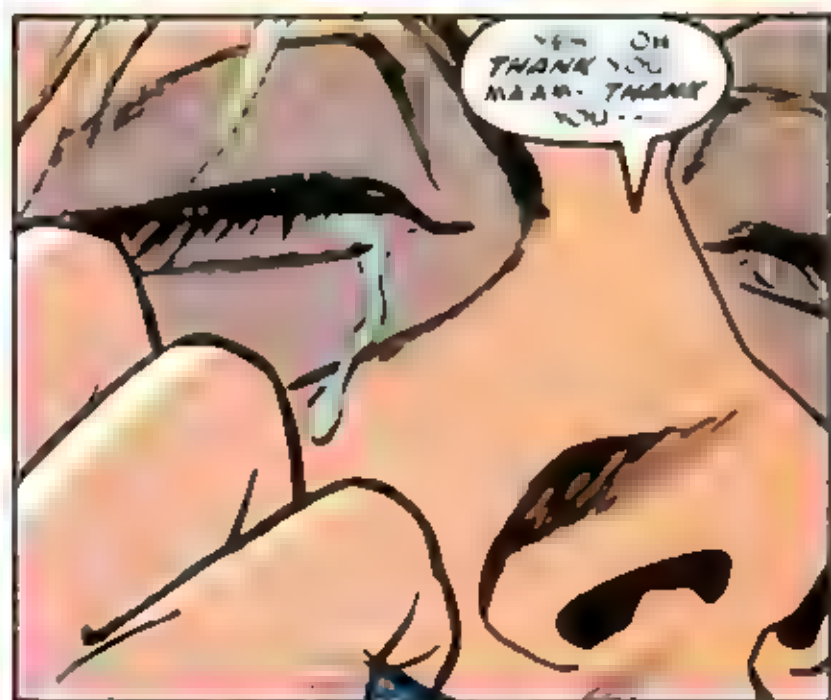
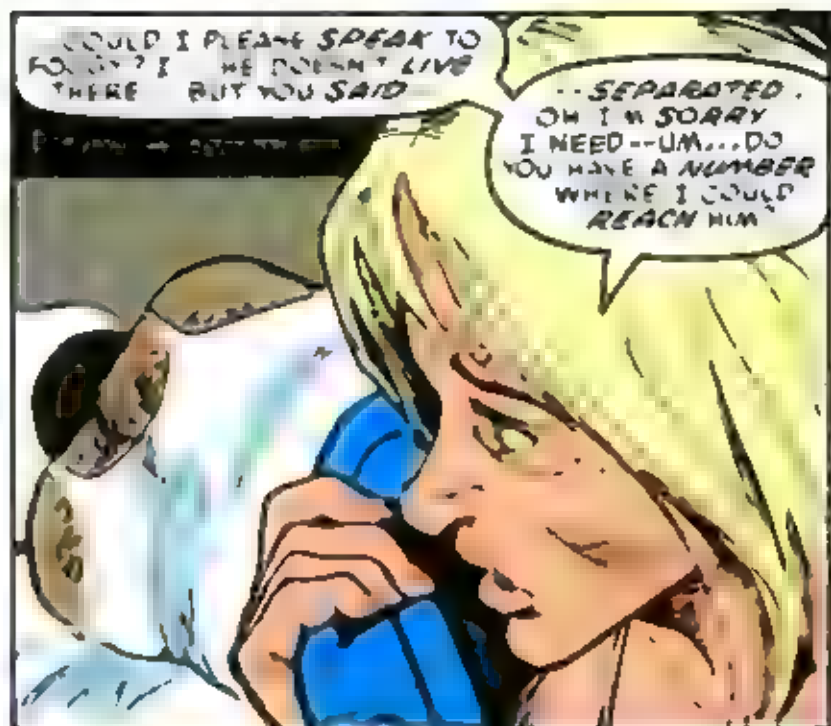
BUT WHAT KIND OF PLACE AM I IN?

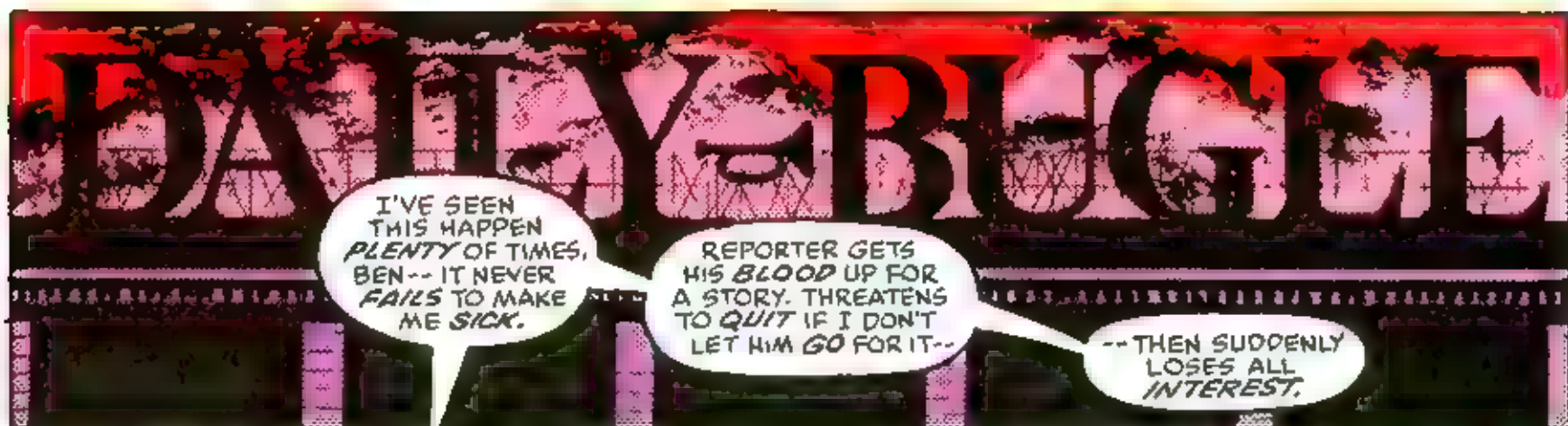


BONG BONG BONG BONG

WHOA



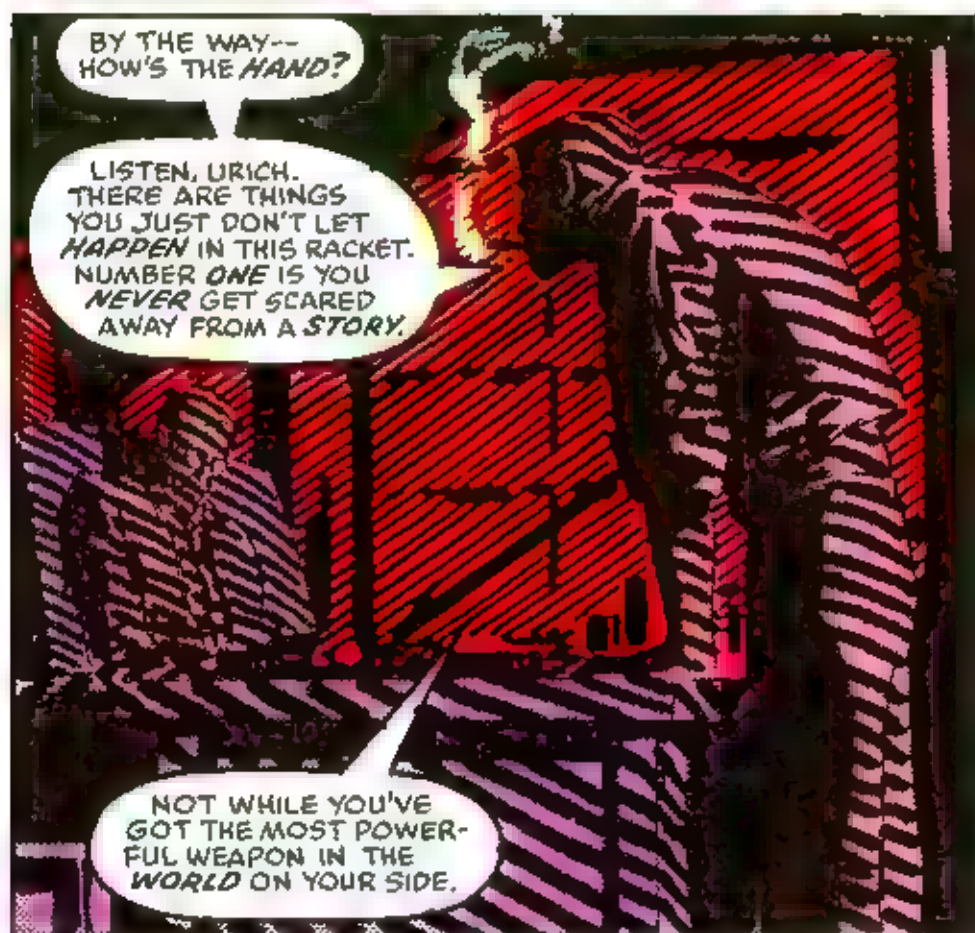




I'VE SEEN THIS HAPPEN PLENTY OF TIMES, BEN-- IT NEVER FAILS TO MAKE ME SICK.

REPORTER GETS HIS BLOOD UP FOR A STORY. THREATENS TO QUIT IF I DON'T LET HIM GO FOR IT--

-- THEN SUDDENLY LOSES ALL INTEREST.



BY THE WAY-- HOW'S THE HAND?

LISTEN, URICH. THERE ARE THINGS YOU JUST DON'T LET HAPPEN IN THIS RACKET. NUMBER ONE IS YOU NEVER GET SCARED AWAY FROM A STORY.

NOT WHILE YOU'VE GOT THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE WORLD ON YOUR SIDE.



THIS IS FIVE MILLION READERS' WORTH OF POWER. IT CAN DEPOSE MAYORS. IT CAN DESTROY PRESIDENTS.

AND IT'S BEEN DUE TO GET AIMED AT THE KINGPIN FOR YEARS NOW. BUT IT NEEDS YOU TO DO IT.



YOU'RE LUCKY I DON'T FIRE YOU

GET OUT OF MY OFFICE.



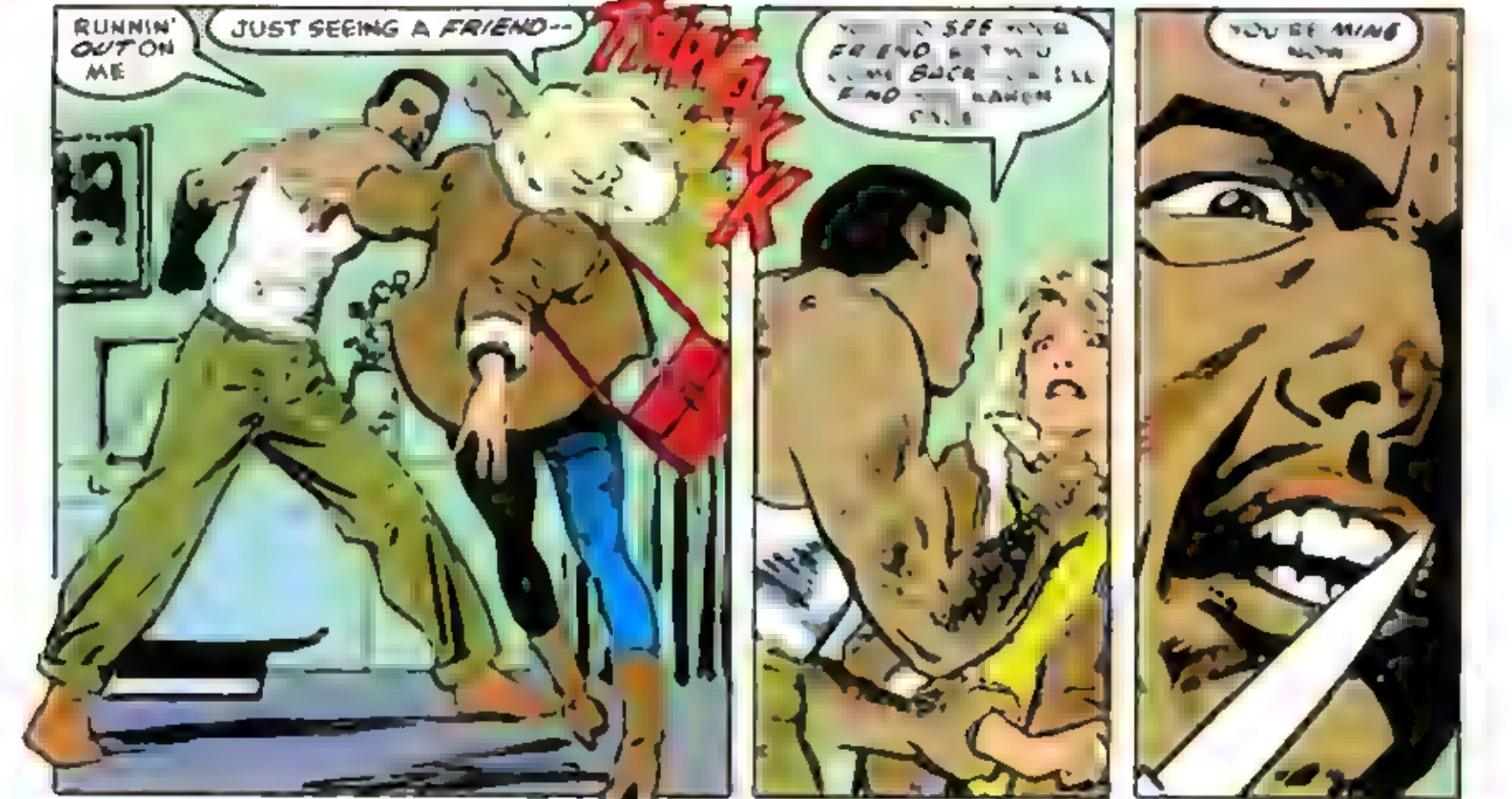
JONAH JAMES
PUBLISHER

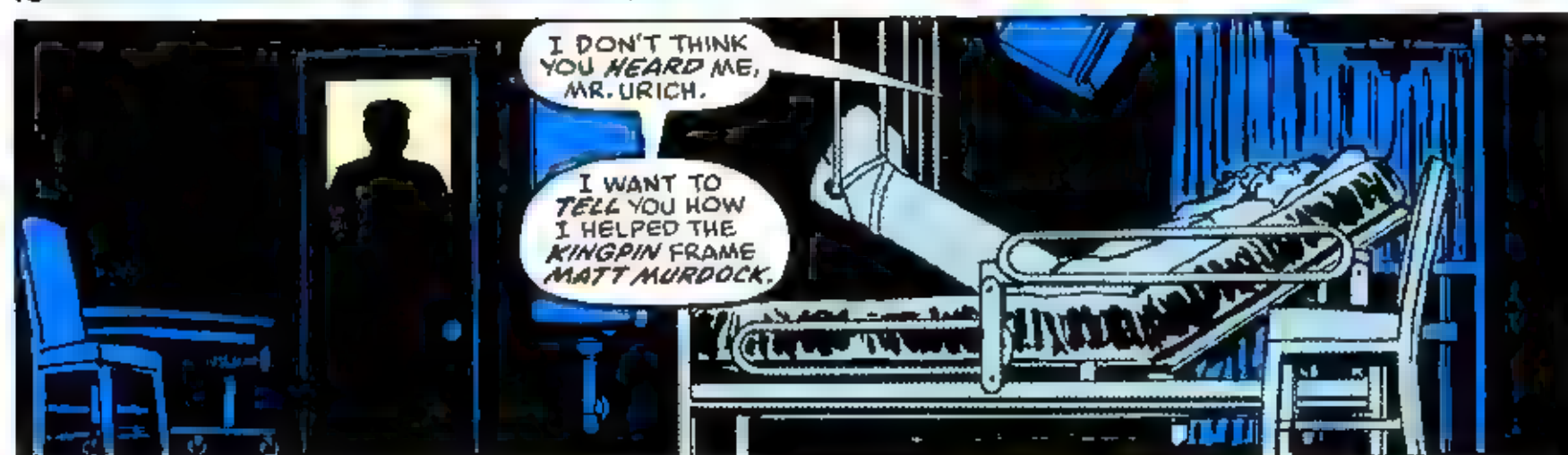
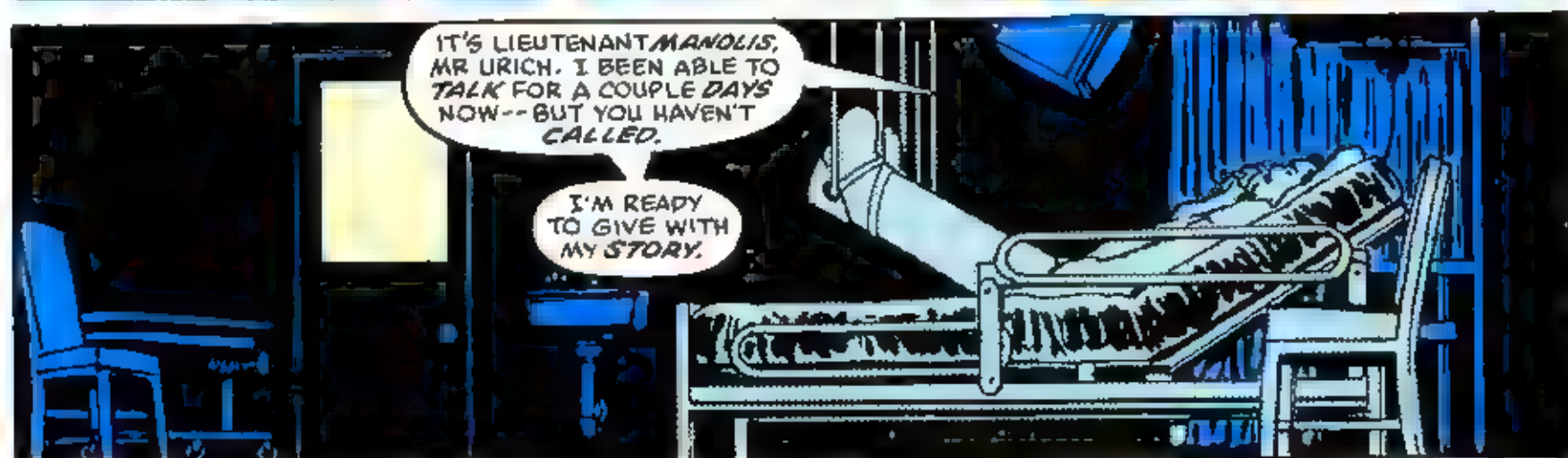
THAT'S A GOOD BOY, URICH.

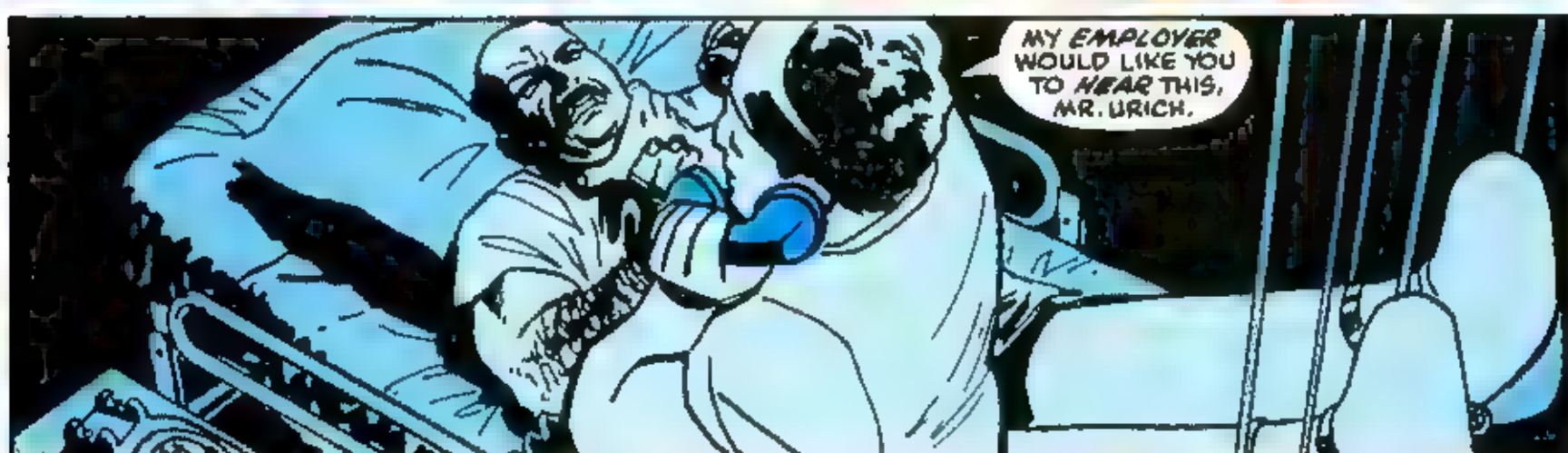


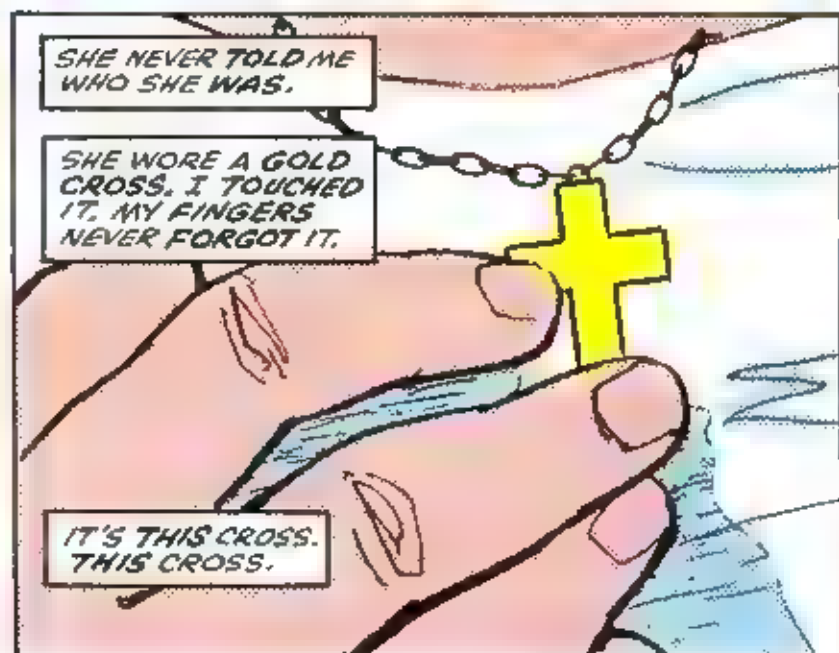
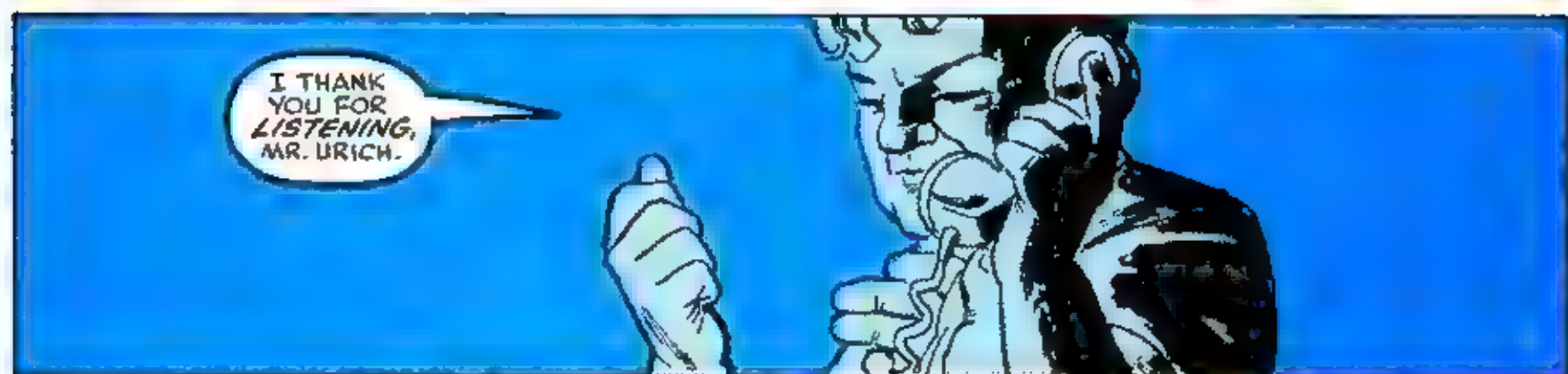
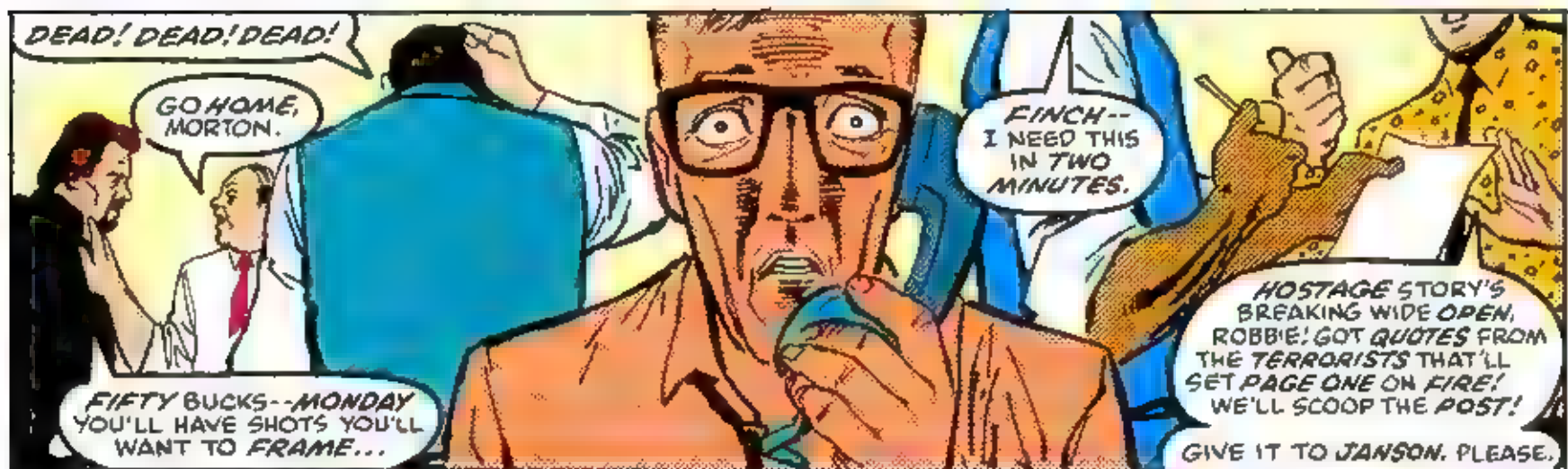
YOU STAY A GOOD BOY. YOU REMEMBER THE KINGPIN'S WATCHING.

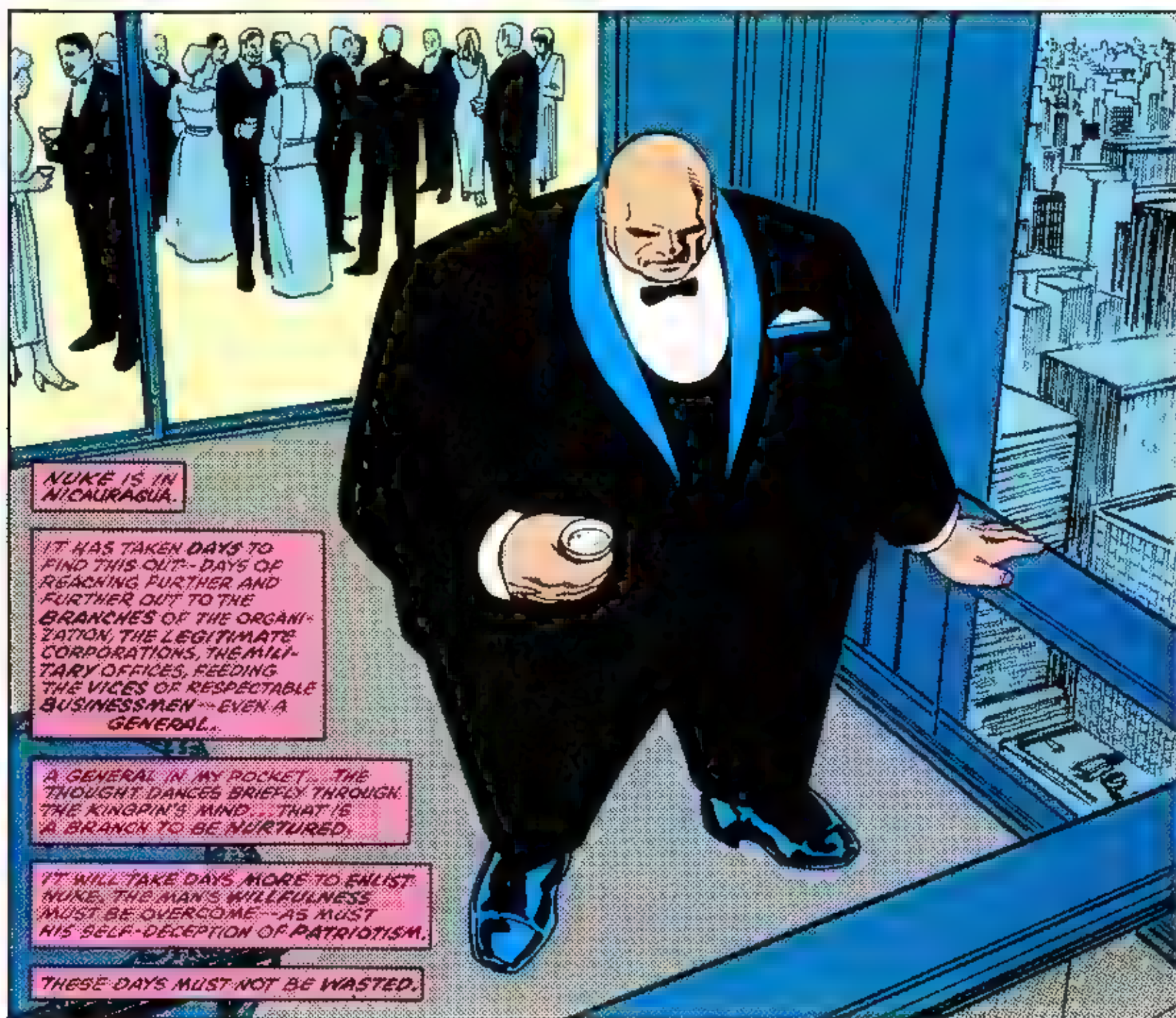
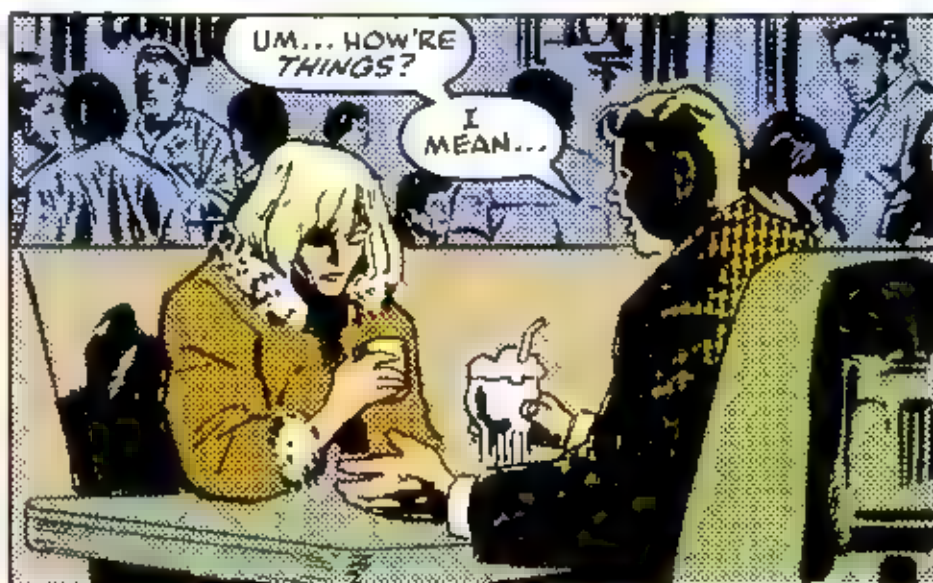
YOU REMEMBER YOU GOT FIVE MORE FINGERS.

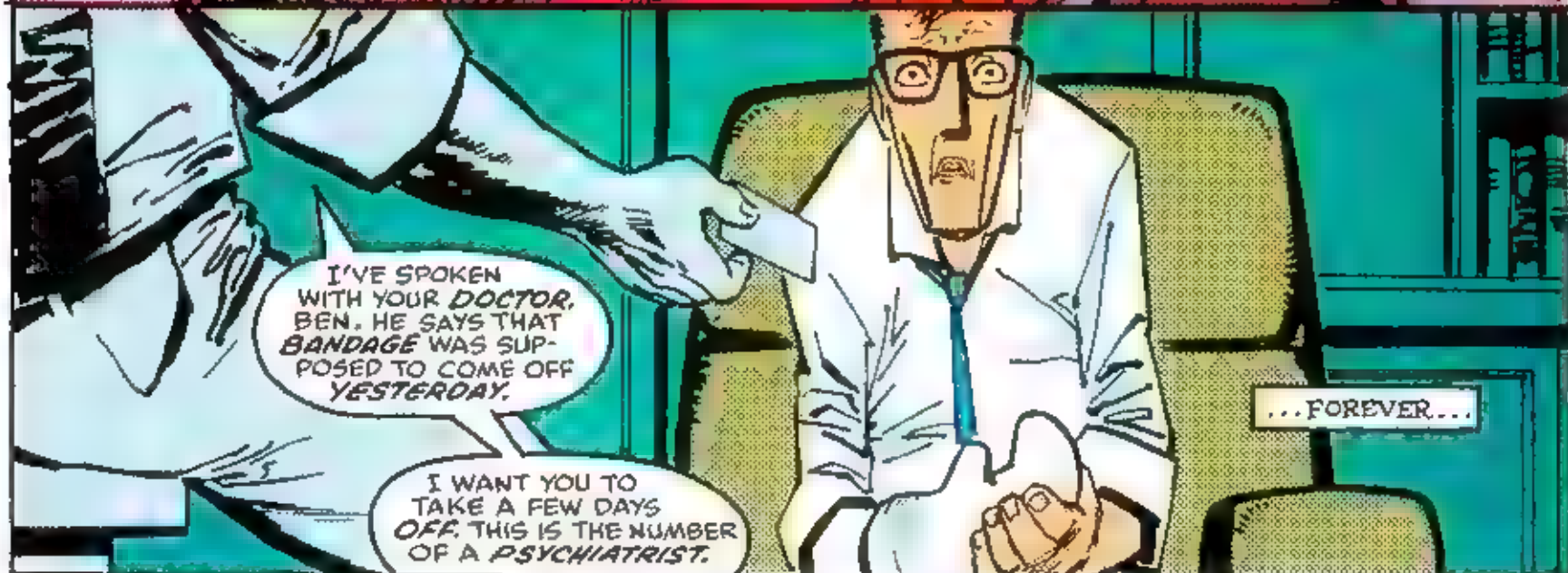
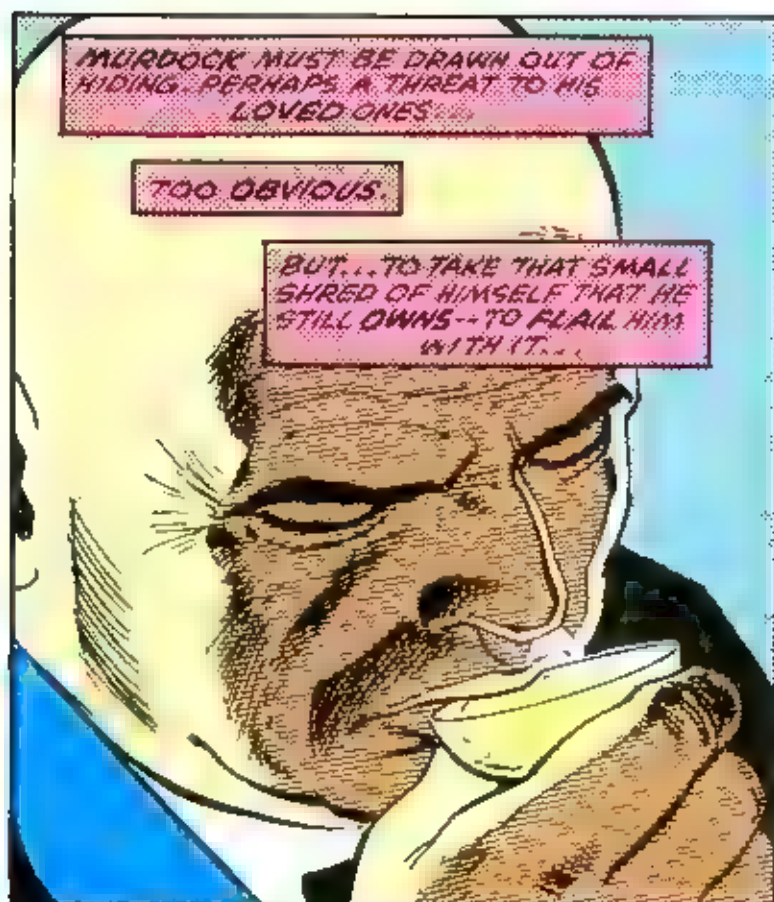












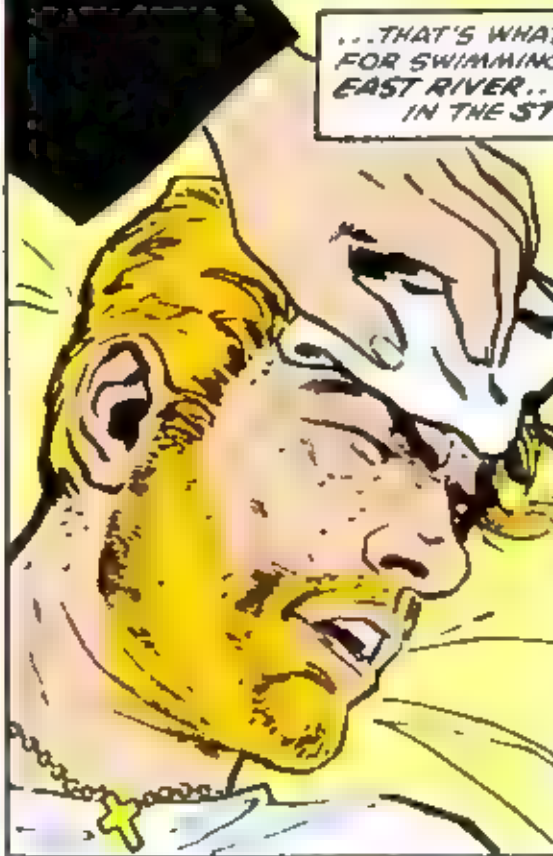
.. Nick GURGLed like
a CLOGGED DRAIN.
Somewhere in the
MIDDLE of it he caught
a single raspy BREATH.



NO
SMOKING
IN THE
ELEVATOR,
MAN

--one breath and
it was so very
DESPERATE...

TEMPERATURE . MUST BE
AROUND A HUNDRED AND
THREE NOW ..



...THAT'S WHAT YOU GET...
FOR SWIMMING IN THE
EAST RIVER... SLEEPING
IN THE STREET...



PNEUMONIA...
STUPID WAY TO DIE

KAREN--
WHAT
HAPPENED?



I THOUGHT
YOU'D NEVER
ASK FOGGY



...and finally,
the RATTLE.





It took forever too.



I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW ABOUT--NO, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN MY MOVIES.

LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'VE MESSED UP MY LIFE ABOUT AS BADLY AS I COULD. LET'S JUST...

I'M A JUNKIE AND I'VE GOT TO FIND MATT OR I'LL BE MURDERED.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR MOUTH, KAREN?

THAT'S PAULO. THE MAN I'M WITH. HE'S PRETTY AWFUL.



LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT RAT--

DON'T-- JUST DON'T FOGGY.

I JUST NEED TO KNOW WHERE MATT IS. HE--I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY, BUT HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN SAVE ME.



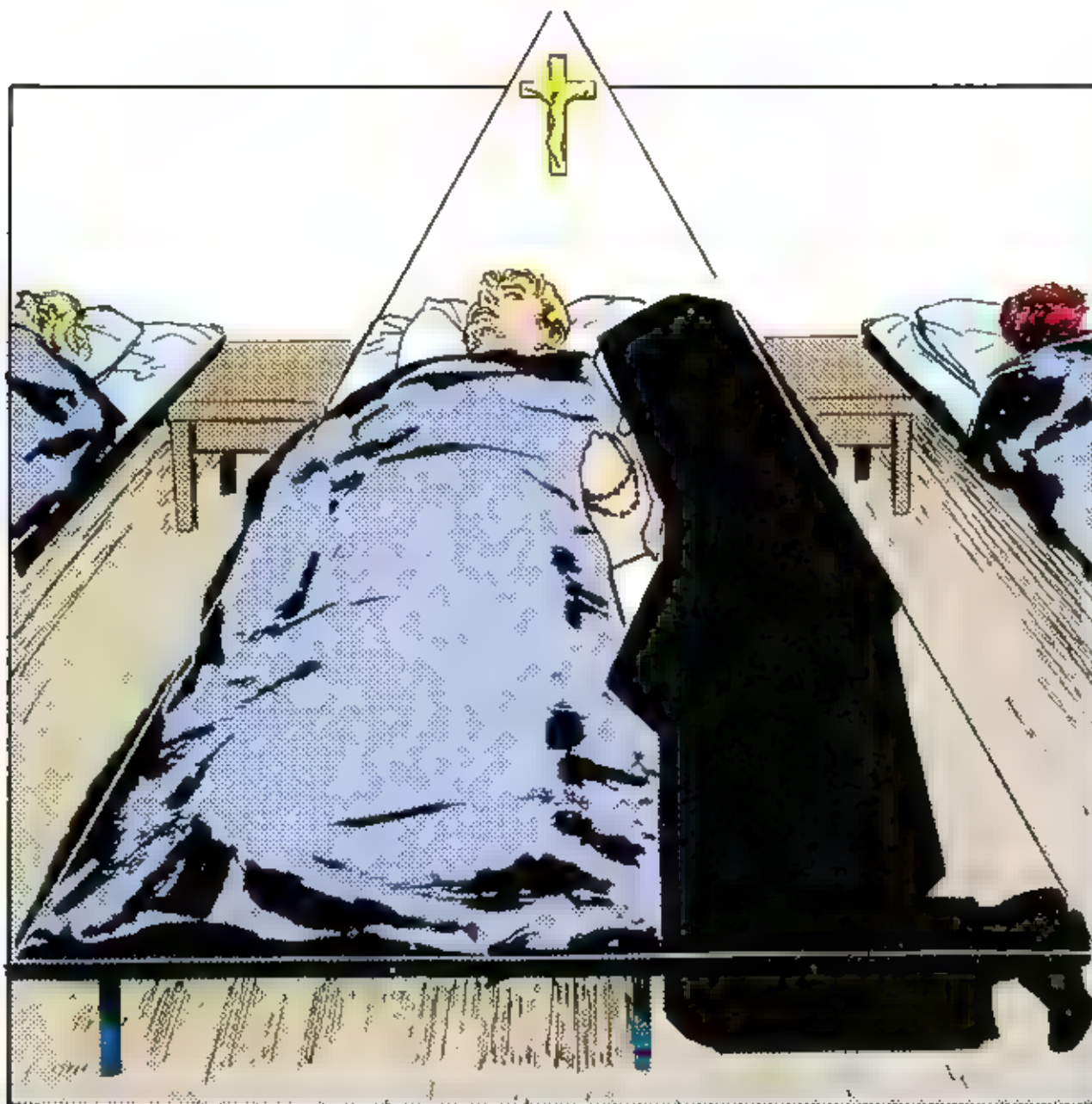
MATT'S DISAPPEARED, KAREN A LOT HAS HAPPENED.

OUR LAW FIRM WENT OUT OF BUSINESS. MATT--WELL, MATT'S BEEN ACTING CRAZY, FOR SOME TIME NOW. THEN HE WAS CHARGED WITH CRIMINAL MISCONDUCT.



NOT MATT. NO.





THE FEVER GROWS IN HIM
NO EARTHLY FORCE CAN
STOP IT. HE HAS LOST TOO
MUCH BLOOD. HIS BODY
CANNOT FIGHT.

HE WILL DIE.

BUT HE HAS SO VERY MUCH
TO DO, MY LORD.

HIS SOUL IS TROUBLED.

BUT IT IS A GOOD MAN'S
SOUL, MY LORD.

HE NEEDS ONLY TO BE
SHOWN YOUR WAY, THEN
HE WILL RISE AS YOUR
OWN AND BRING LIGHT
TO THIS POISONED CITY.
HE WILL BE AS A SPEAR
OF LIGHTNING IN YOUR
HAND, MY LORD.

IF I AM TO BE PUNISHED
FOR PAST SINS, SO BE IT.

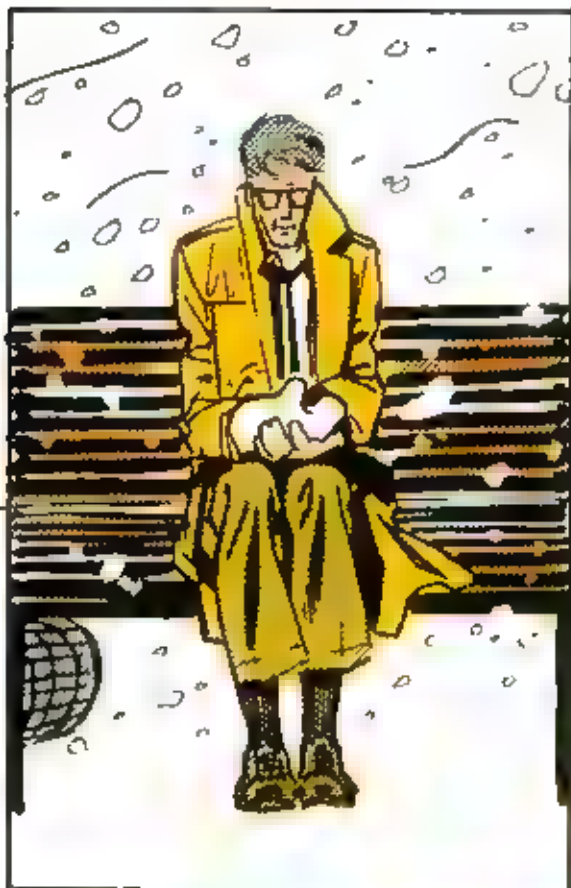
IF I AM TO BE CAST
INTO HELL, SO BE IT.

BUT SPARE HIM.

SO MANY NEED HIM.

HEAR MY PLEA.





CUSTOMIES

MELVIN POTTER PROPRIETOR

DOWNTOWN...

I DON'T LIKE IT. I KNOW WHO YOU WORK FOR, FELIX.

AND THE KINGPIN IS NEVER UP TO ANYTHING GOOD.

WHAT IS THERE NOT TO LIKE, POTTER? YOU CONSTRUCT COSTUMES. I AM HERETOWITH COMMISSIONING FROM YOURSELF A COSTUME.

SAID COSTUME BEING ONE YOU ARE INFINITELY FAMILIAR WITH-- DURING SUCH TIME FRAME AS BEFORE YOU DID RENUNCIATE YOUR STATUS AS A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CRIMINAL CLASS TO OPEN THIS SHOP WITHIN WHICH WE NOW CONVERSE.

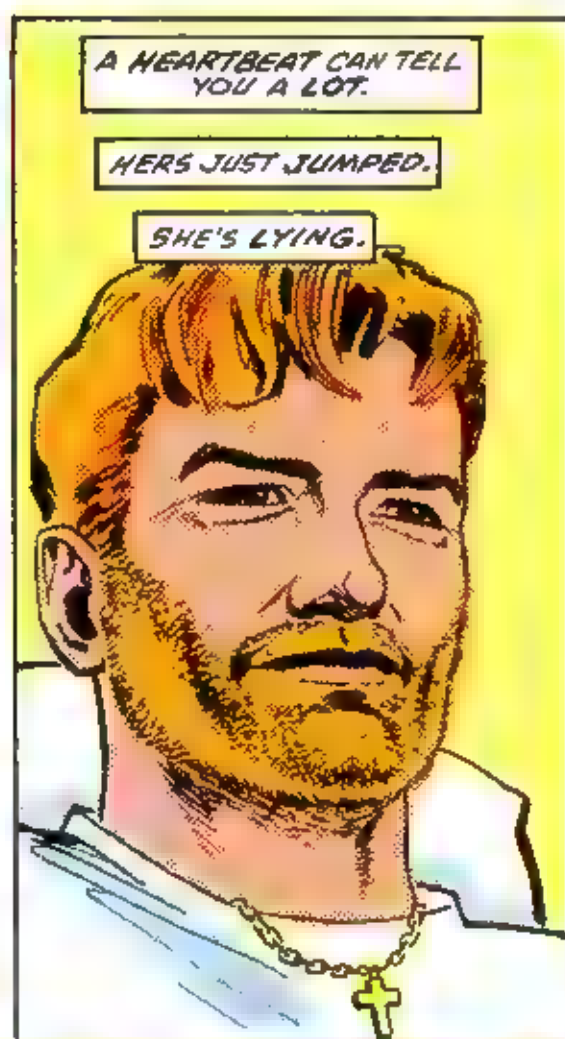
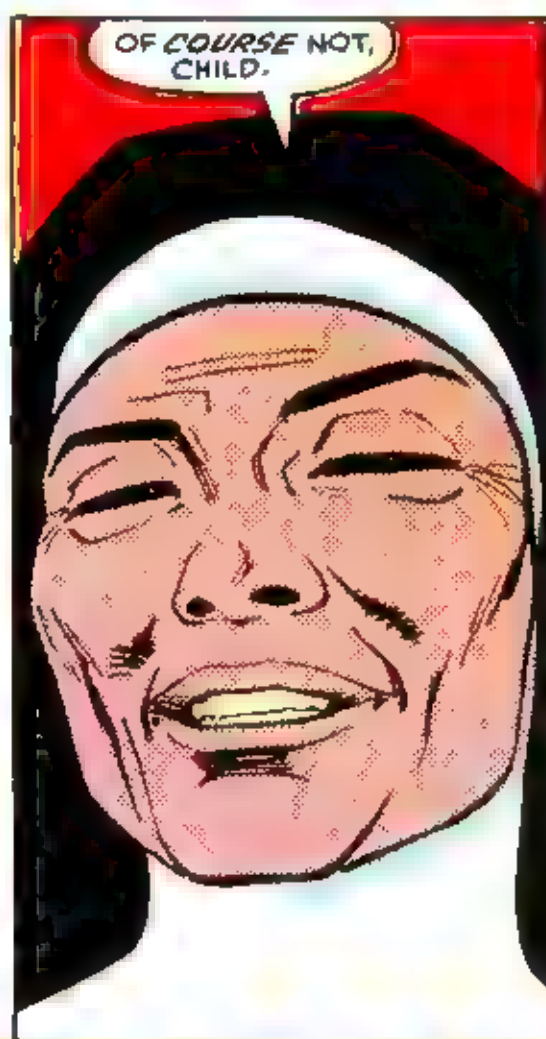
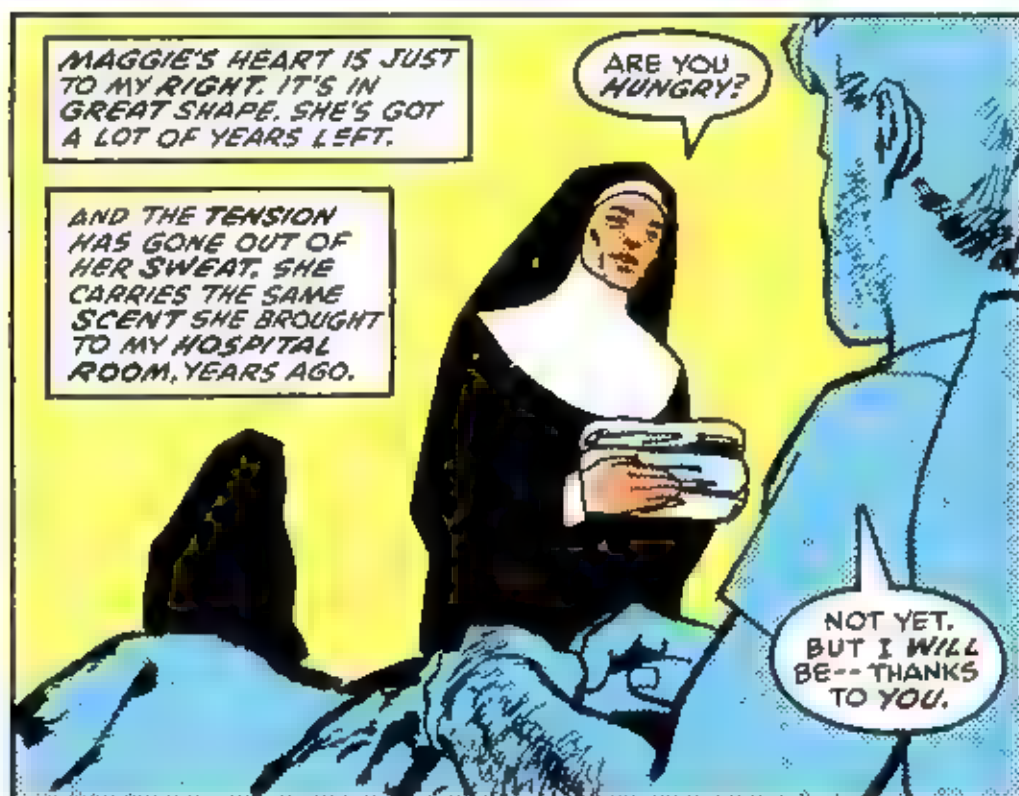
SPEAKING OF THIS MOST NEATLY CUSTODIATED ESTABLISHMENT, WE WILL SUMMARILY EXECUTE ITS PREMATURE DEMOLITION--

--NOT TO MENTION THE REMOVAL OF YOUR MOST VALUED BODY PARTS--

-- SHOULD YOU PERCHANCE FAIL TO RENDER UNTO US A PERFECT DUPLICATE OF THE UNIFORM OF A CERTAIN MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

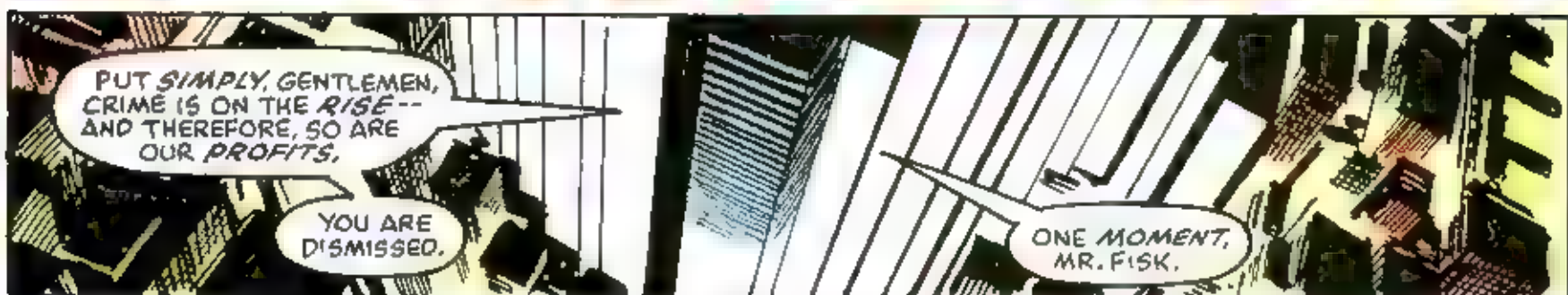
A HEARTBEAT CAN TELL YOU A LOT.

MINE, FOR INSTANCE, HAS SLOWED DOWN CONSIDERABLY IN THE PAST FEW HOURS...



NEXT: SAVED





...NOW, AN OCCASIONAL VENDETTA BRINGS A PERSONAL TOUCH TO... TO BUSINESS. IT'S GOOD FOR BUILDING ENTHUSIASM. BUT LIKE I SAID, THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TALK...

...AND, WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IMPORTANT WORKER CONFIDENCE IS. WE'RE JUST ASKING YOU TO EXPLAIN...

FAPP

CHINKKK

MR. SWITZER--THIS IS A CHECK FOR THE CURRENT MARKET VALUE OF YOUR SHARES IN THE CON- GLOMERATE. TAKE IT, OR YOUR FAMILY DIES.

YOU ARE ALL DISMISSED.

MR. SWITZER HAS A WEEK- END IN COLORADO PLANNED.

HE SKIS.

COMPOUND FRACTURE.

BOTH LEGS

FAPP

FAPP

CHINKKKK

STAN LEE presents

SAVED



by
FRANK MILLER and
DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE	COLORS
JOE ROSEN	LETTERS
RALPH MACCHIO	EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER	EDITOR IN CHIEF



My name is BEN URICH
I'm a REPORTER.

It took them
TWENTY MINUTES
to take down my
STATEMENT on
the murder of
police Lieutenant
NICK MANOLIS

That was
THREE
HOURS
ago

For the RECORD,
we were on
recitation num
ber FIFTEEN
when my skull
became a bowl
OF FARINA.

...NICK WAS GOING
TO CONFESS THAT HE
HELPED THE KINGPIN
FRAME MATT MURDOCK.

THE KINGPIN HAD
NICK KILLED TO
SHUT HIM UP.

I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY
THE KINGPIN HAS IT IN
FOR MURDOCK...



I start thinking
about MATT just
to keep my BRAIN
busy

MATT...they'd put
me in the DRUNK
TANK if I tried to
to tell them about
YOU...

...about how you
were struck across
the eyes and
BLINDED by a
radioactive ISO-
TOPE - how your
remaining SENSES
were HEIGHTENED

Suppose I TOLD
them, Matt, that
you can tell if
someone's LYING
by the sound of
a HEARTBEAT?

That you can
READ a printed
PAGE by FEELING
the impression
of the INK with
your FINGER-
TIPS...



The Kingpin of Crime

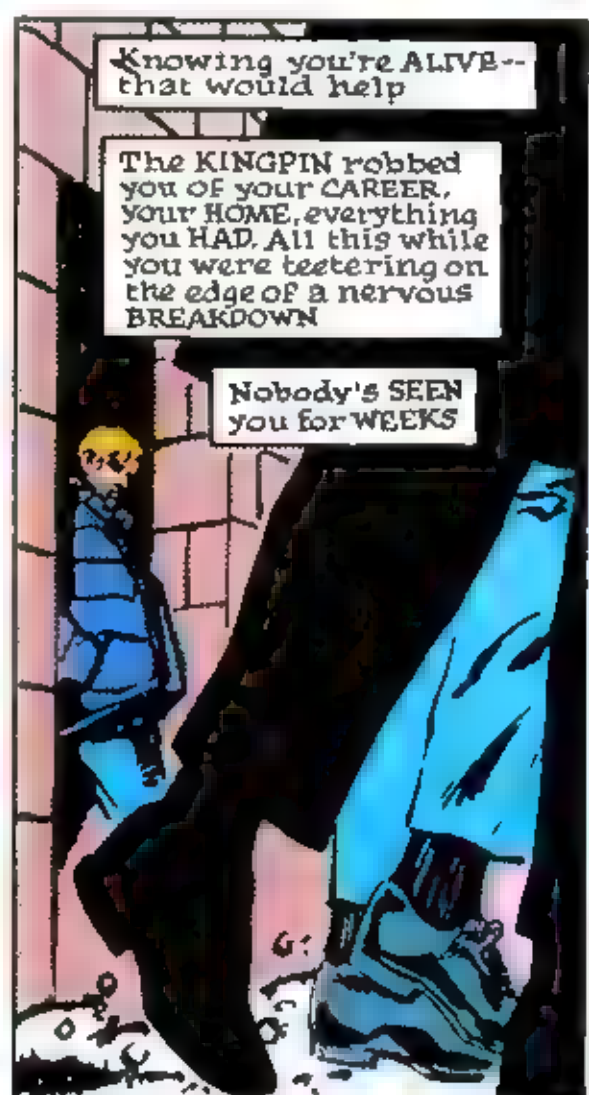
A Six Part Series by Ben II



...no, I don't tell them all THAT. But whatever I DO say is enough to convince them to graft a six foot SWEDE to my hip.

I wish I could tell you I feel SAFER with officer HEGERTORS

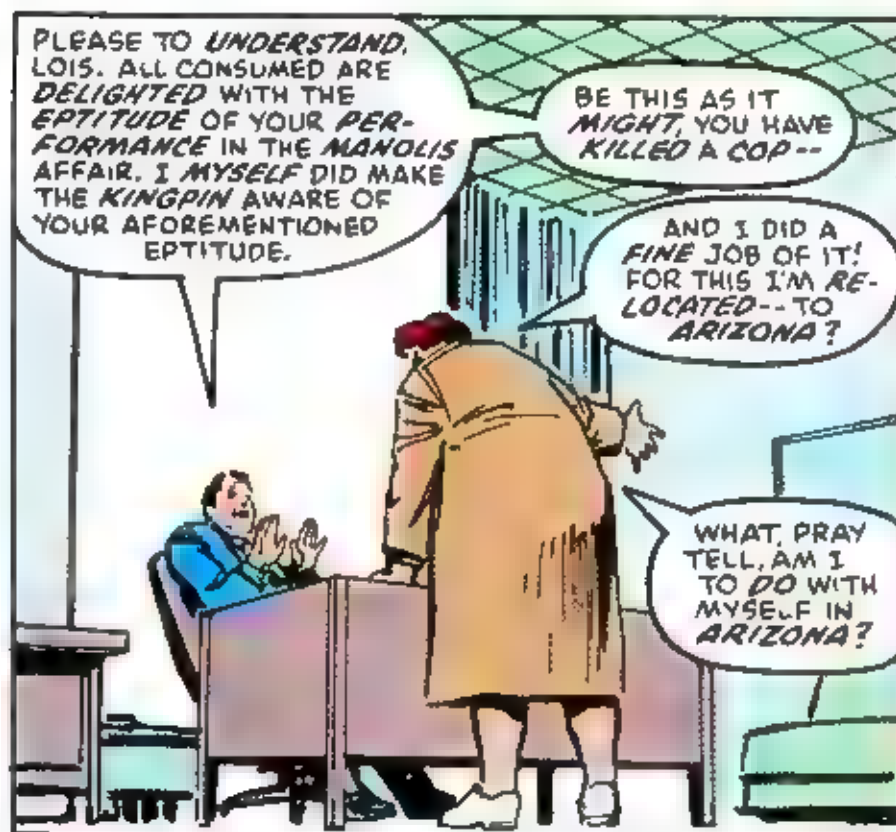
It's not like having YOU along. MATT Nothing is.



Knowing you're ALIVE-- that would help

The KINGPIN robbed you OF your CAREER, your HOME, everything you HAD. All this while you were teetering on the edge of a nervous BREAKDOWN

Nobody's SEEN you for WEEKS



PLEASE TO UNDERSTAND, LOIS. ALL CONSUMED ARE DELIGHTED WITH THE EPTITUDE OF YOUR PERFORMANCE IN THE MANOLIS AFFAIR. I MYSELF DID MAKE THE KINGPIN AWARE OF YOUR AFOREMENTIONED EPTITUDE.

BE THIS AS IT MIGHT, YOU HAVE KILLED A COP--

AND I DID A FINE JOB OF IT! FOR THIS I'M RE-LOCATED-- TO ARIZONA?

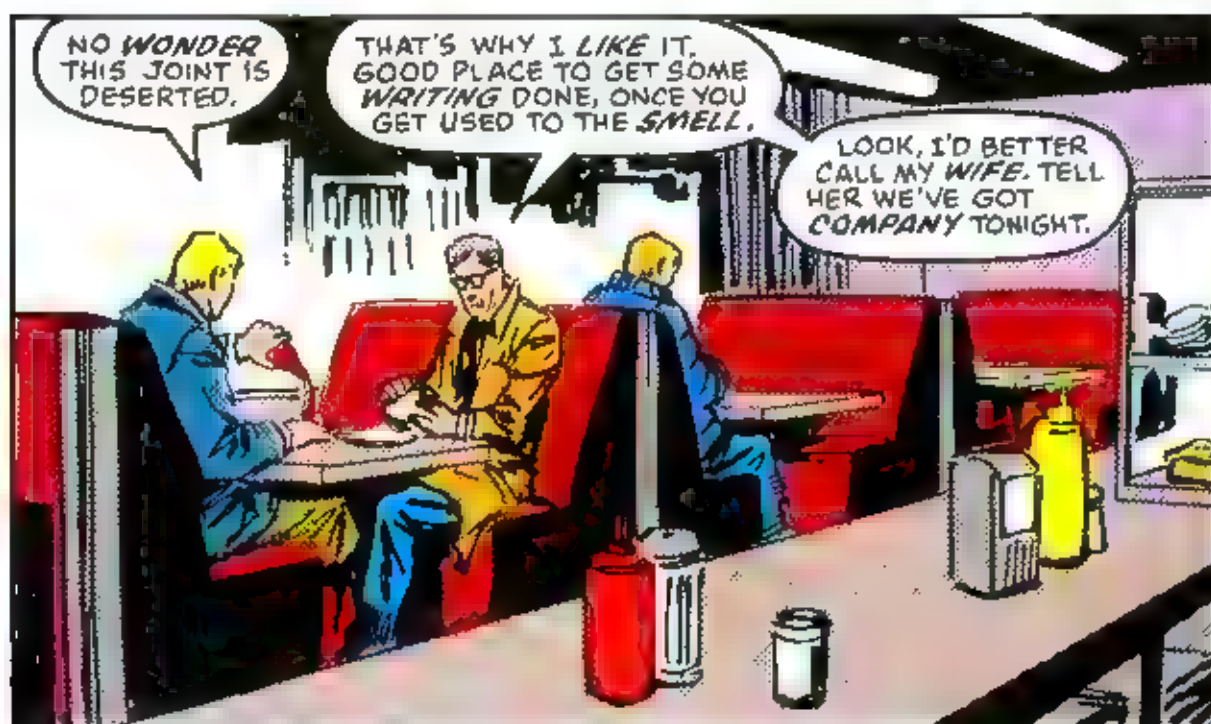
WHAT, PRAY TELL, AM I TO DO WITH MYSELF IN ARIZONA?



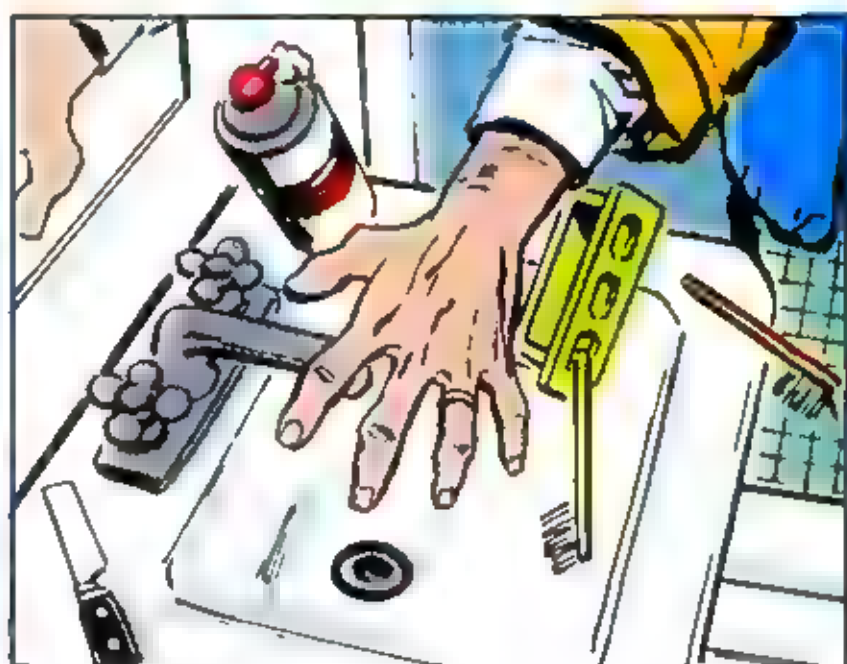
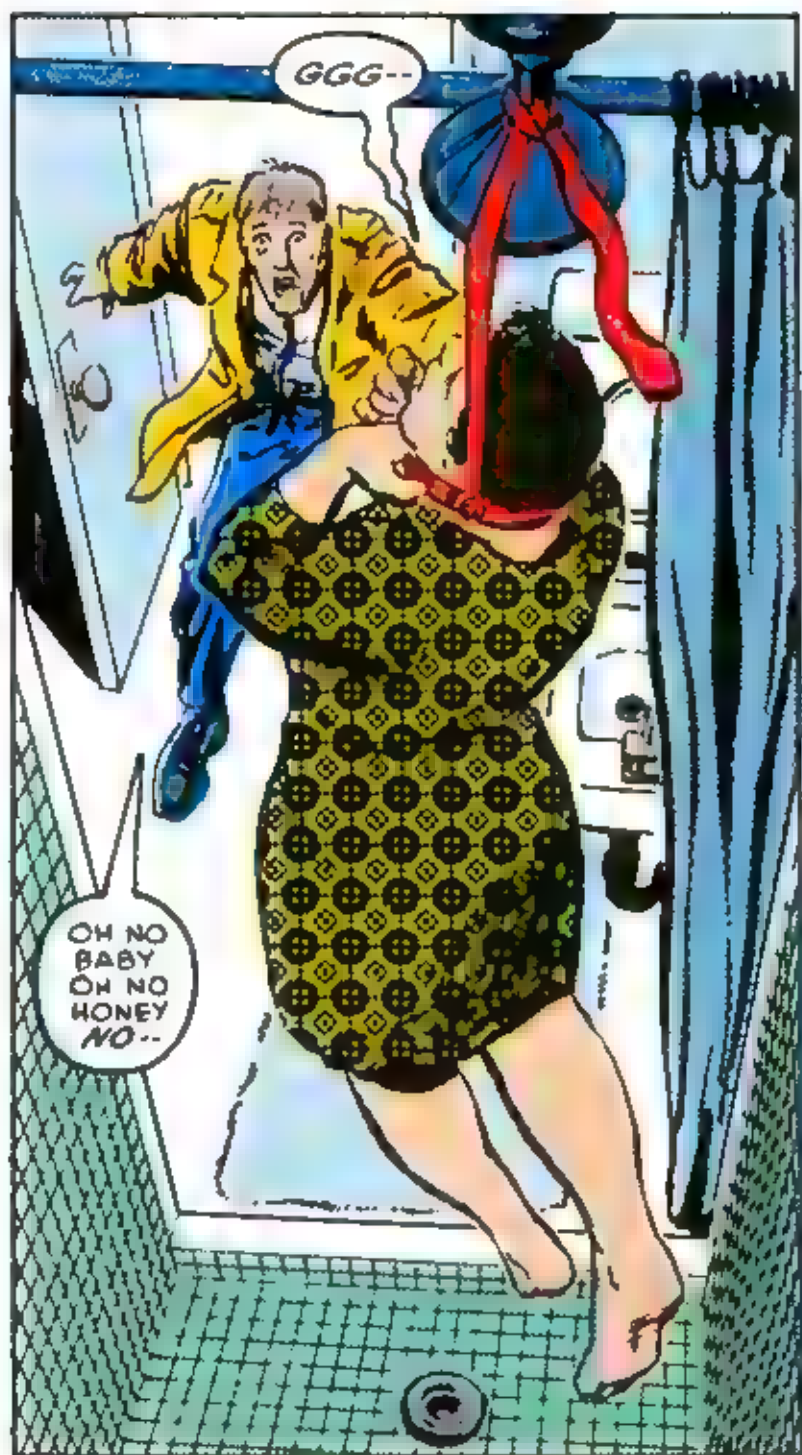
I ASSURE YOU THIS DISPLACEMENT IS OF A TEMPORARY NATURE. URICH'S SUDDEN ACQUISITION OF GUTS IS CAUSE FOR ORGANIZATION-WIDE CONCERN--

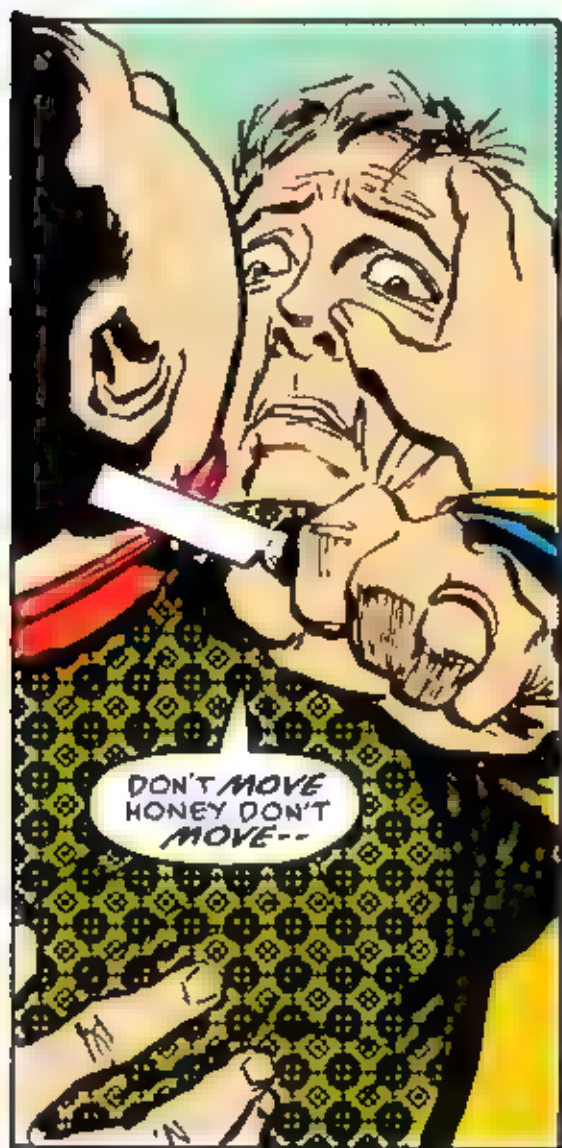
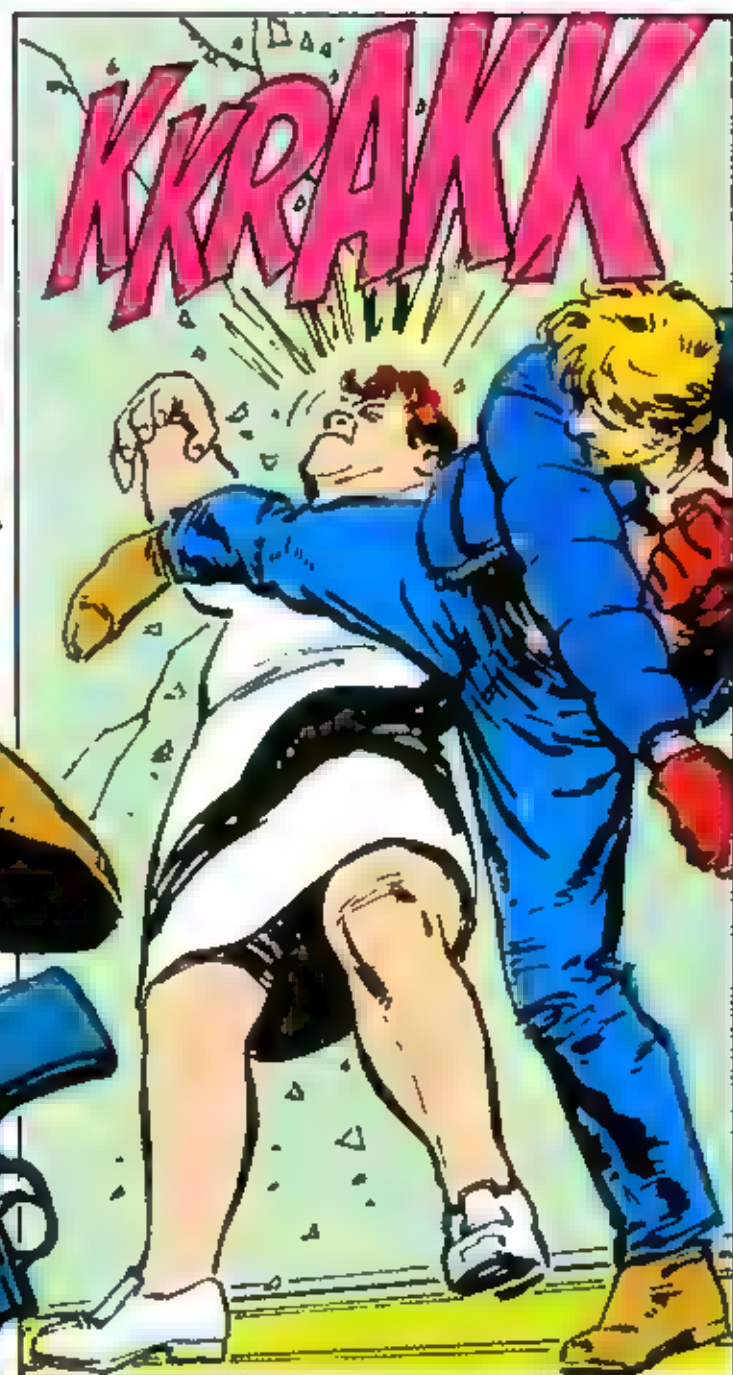
IF MR. URICH IS THE PROBLEM--

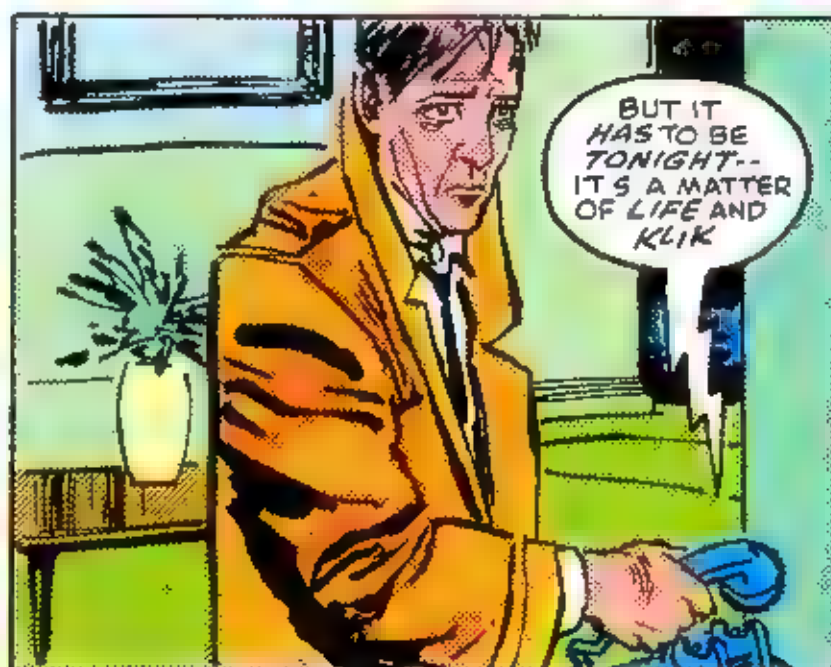
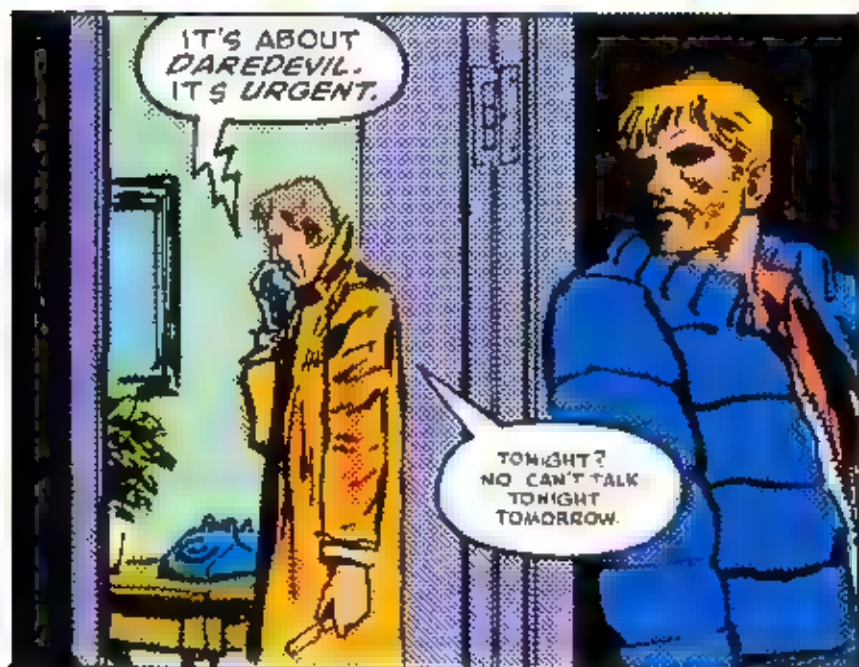
--LET ME RELOCATE HIM.













Right in my own HOME.



THIS ONE HAS A THING FOR FAMILIES.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU AN EXACT BODY COUNT--HIS LAWYER GOT HIS RECORD SEALED-- BUT IT'S RESPECTABLE.



GOES FOR KNIVES, MOSTLY. BUT I'M SURE HE COULD BE TALKED INTO USING A CLUB.

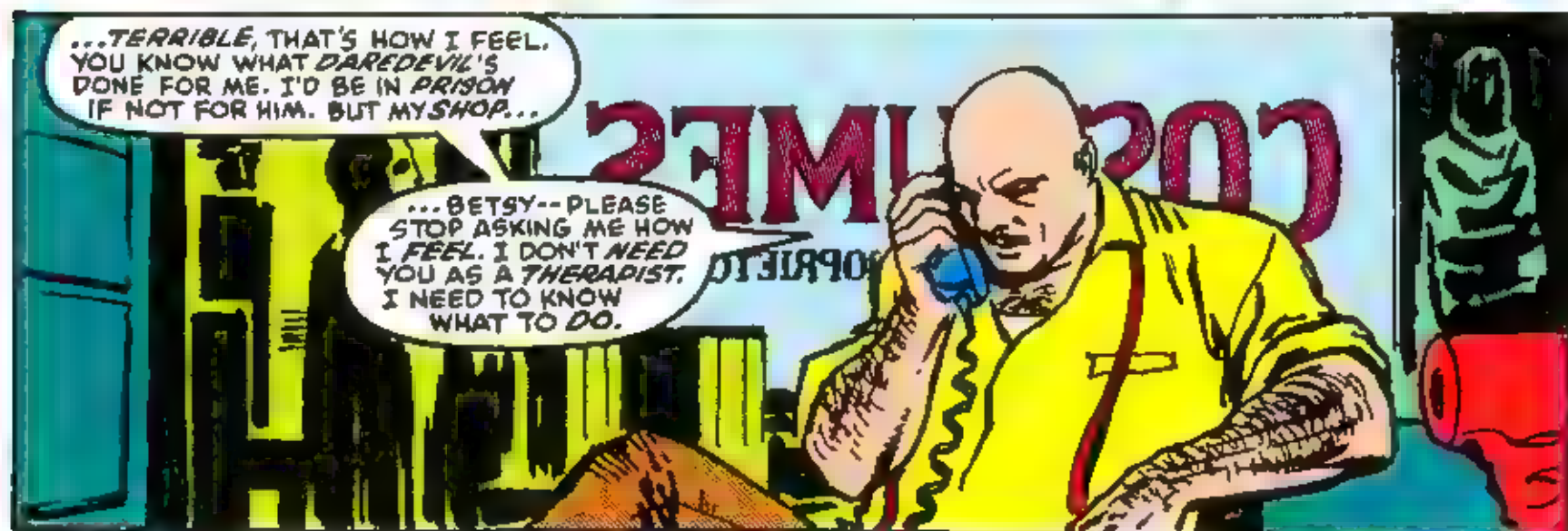
I SHOULD WARN YOU--HE'S UNPREDICTABLE.

HE WILL DO. ARRANGE FOR HIS RELEASE.



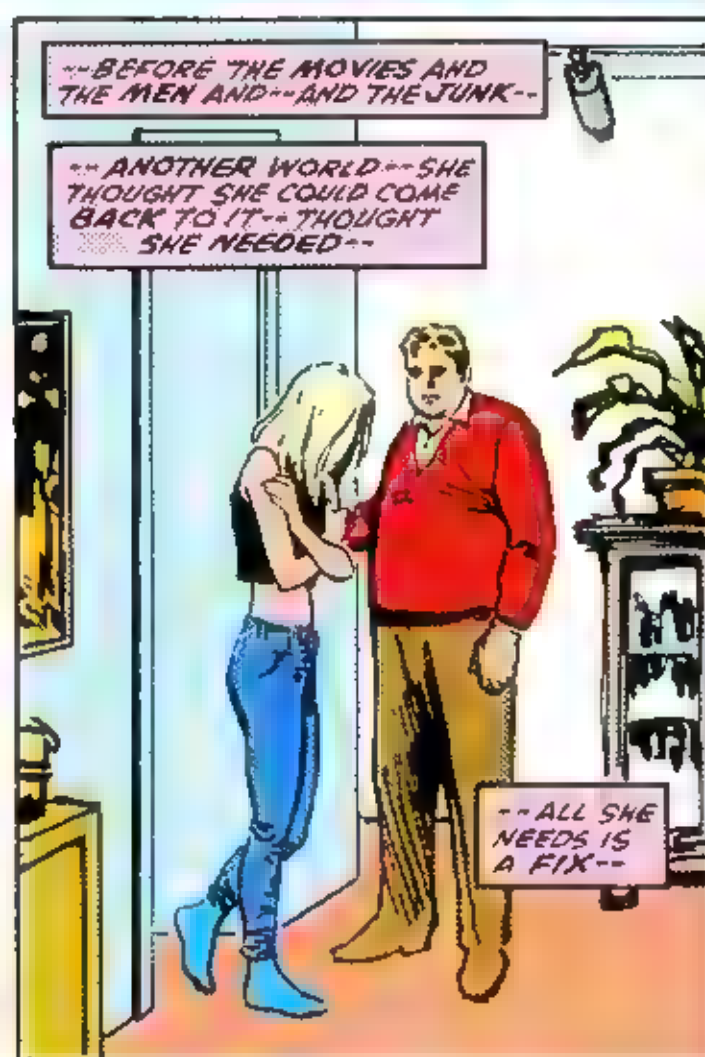
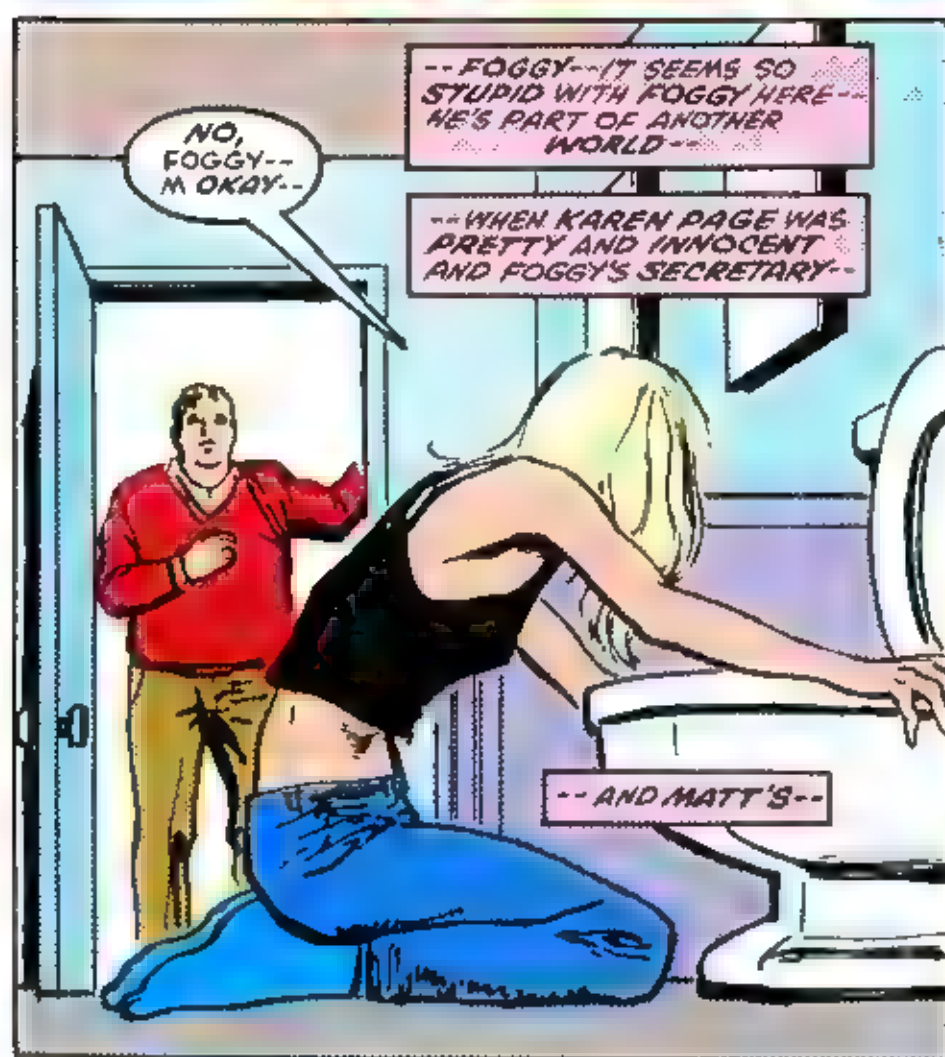
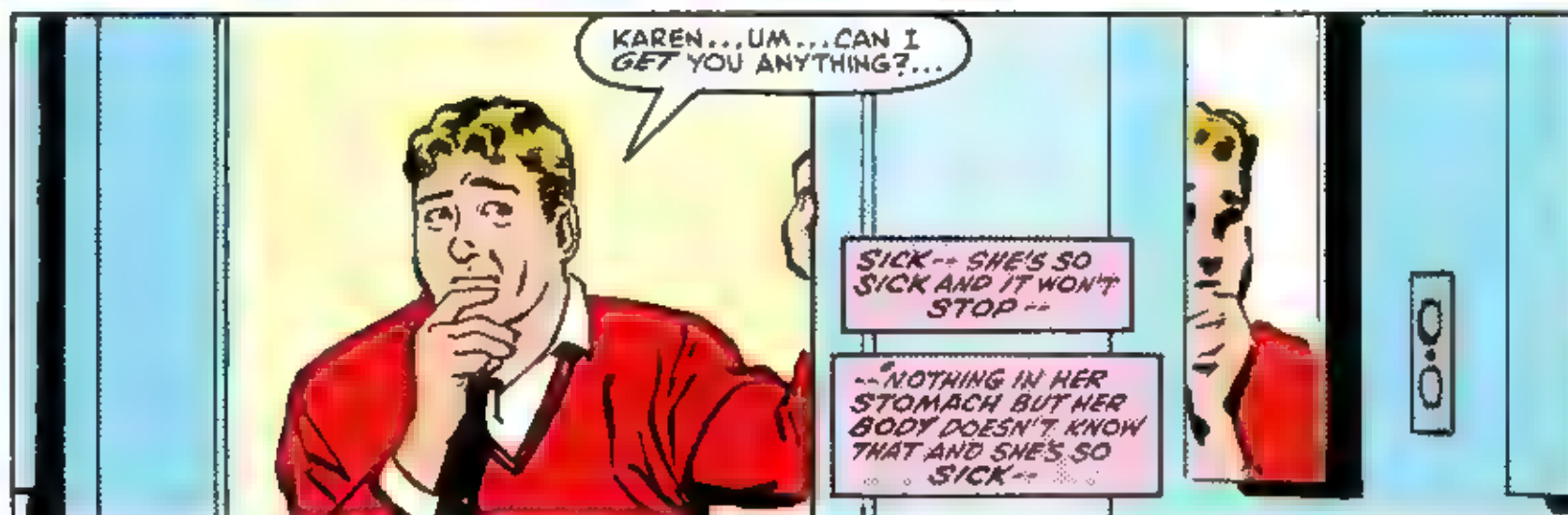
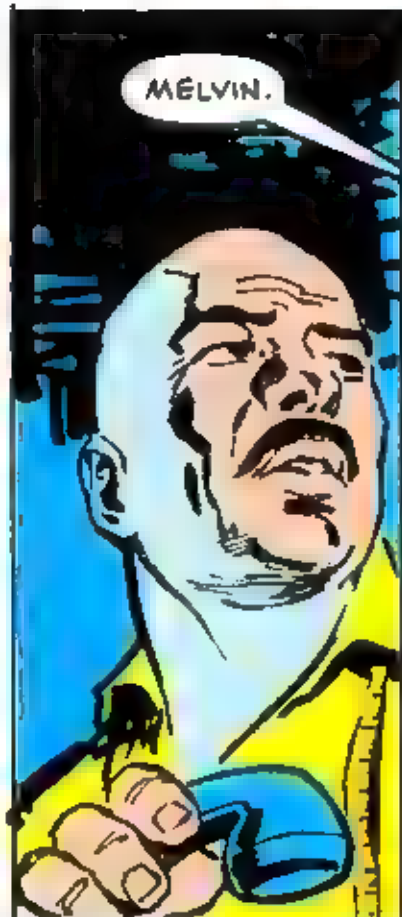
... SAID THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE SHOP AND KILL ME, BETSY-- UNLESS I MAKE THIS DAREDEVIL COSTUME.

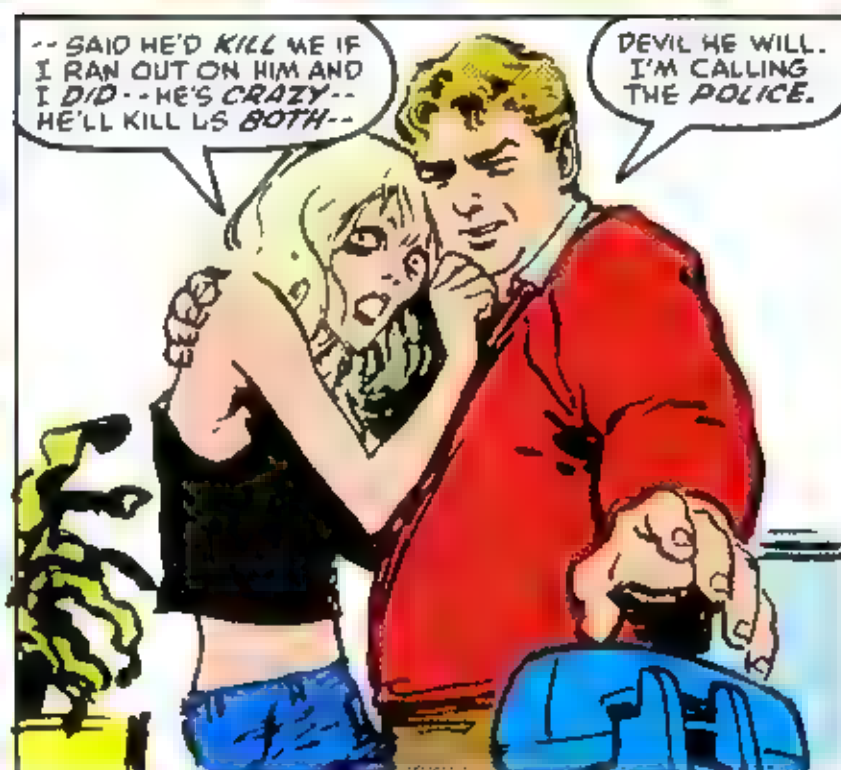
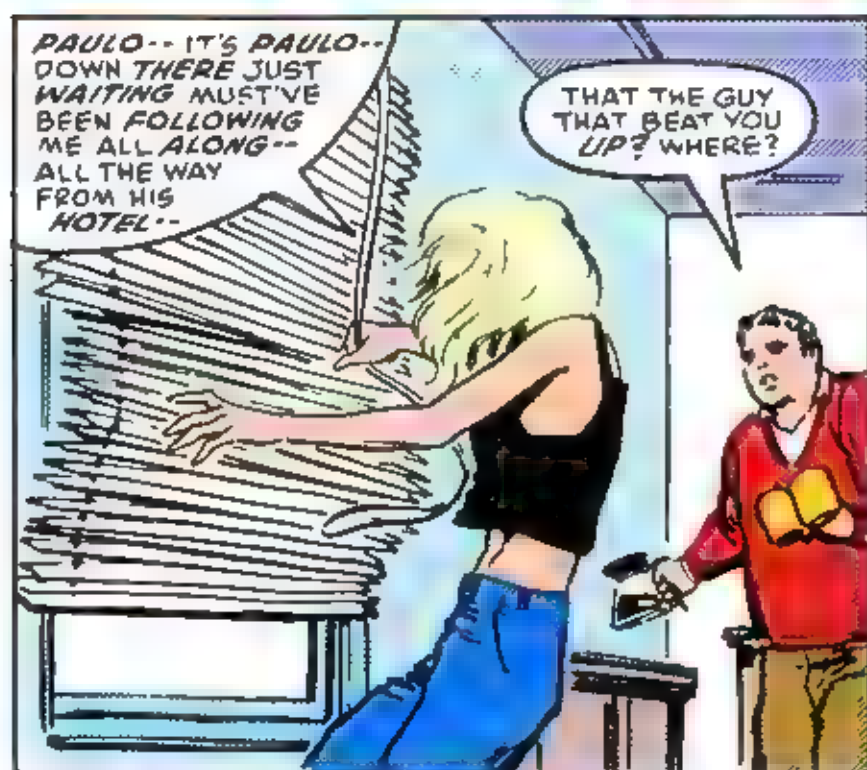
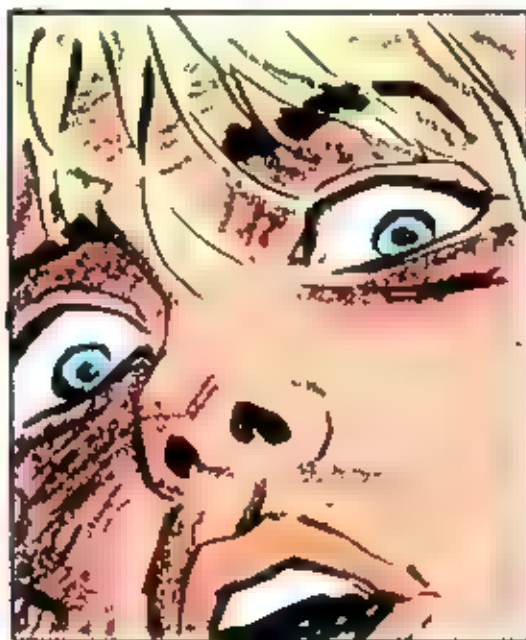
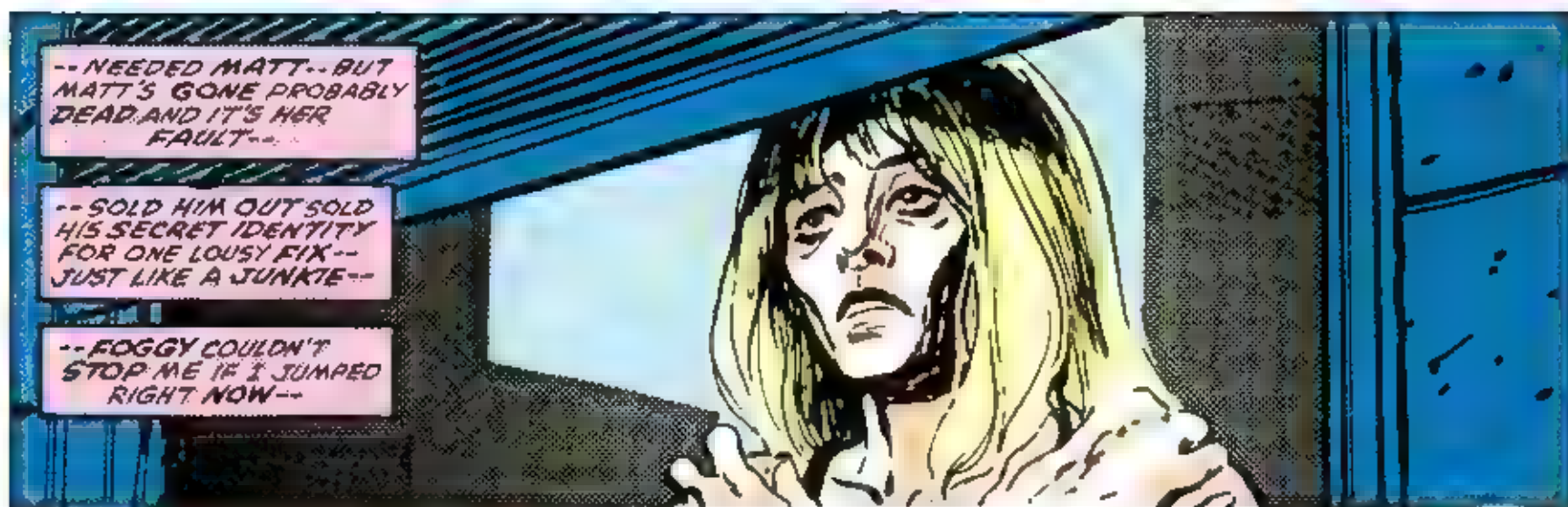
I KNOW THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING ROTTEN. THEY WANT IT TONIGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

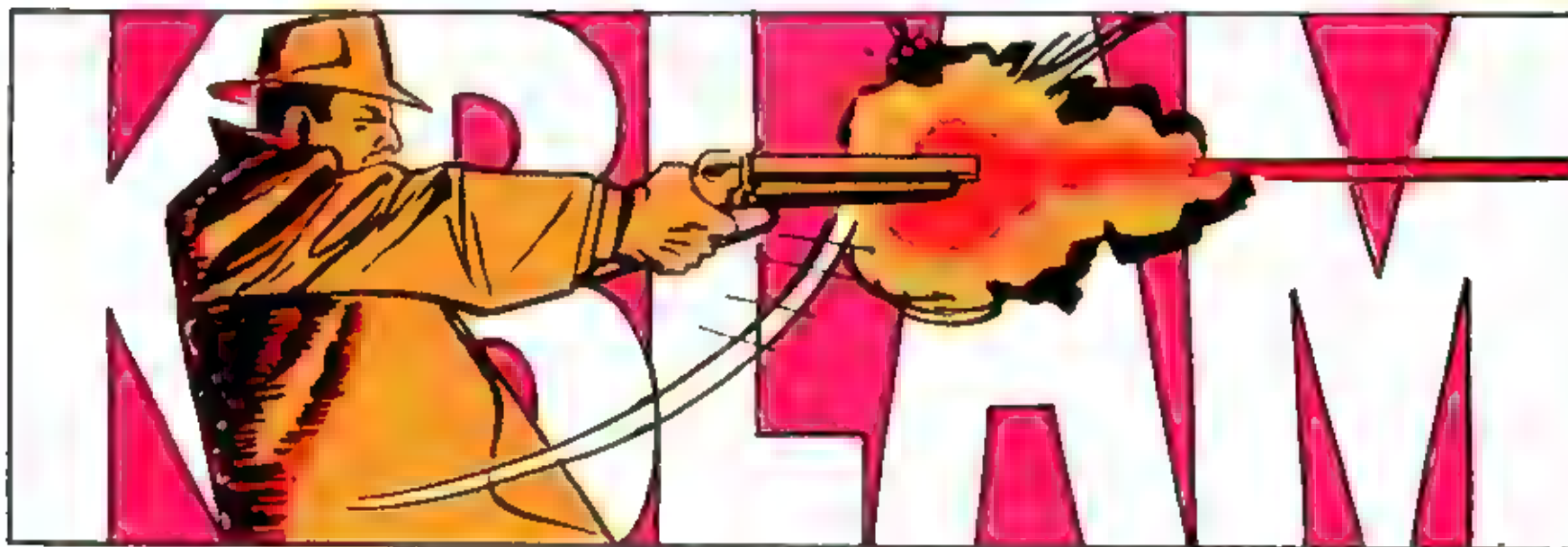
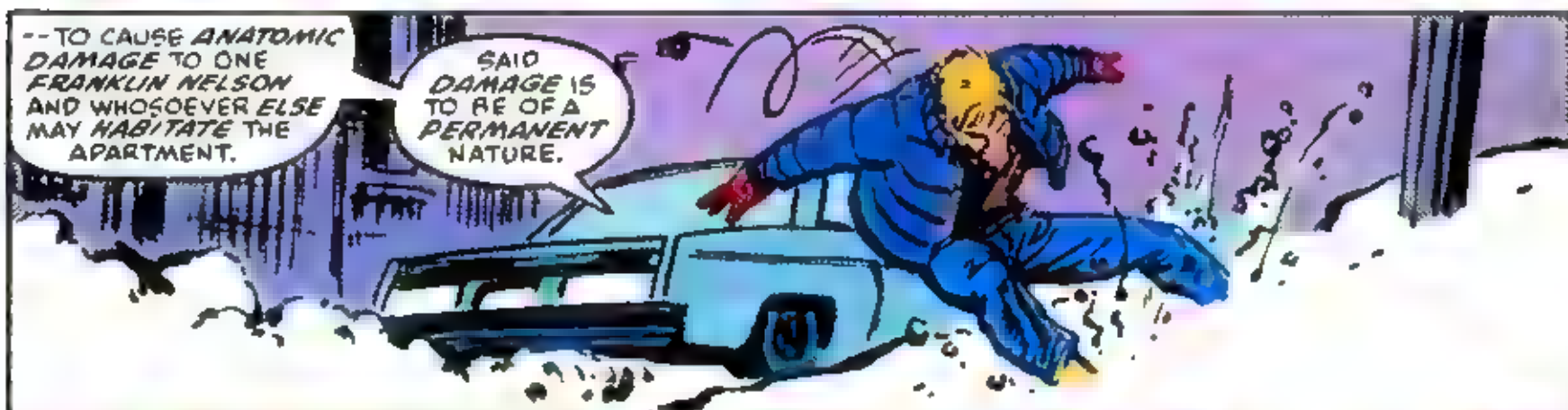
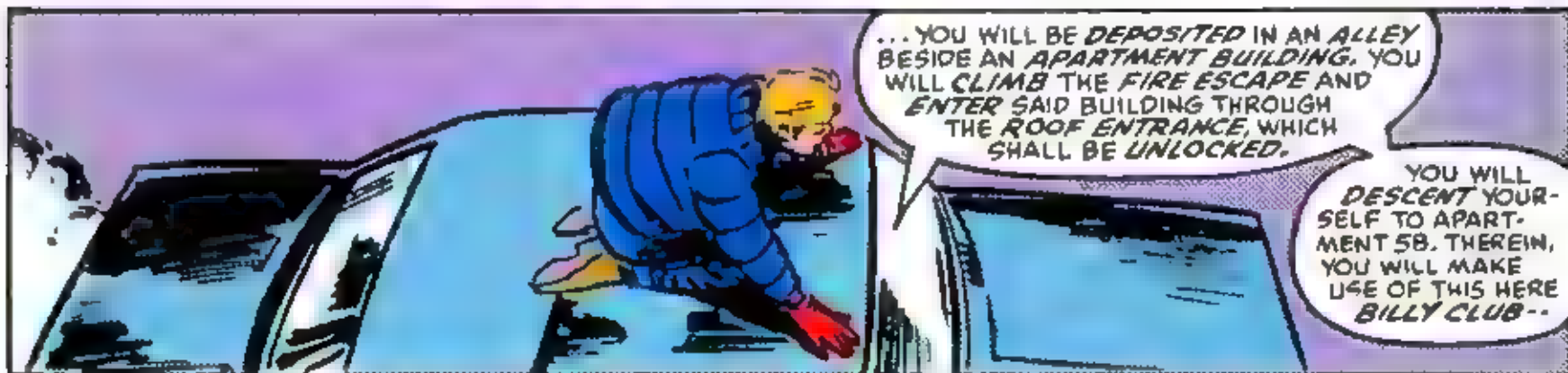


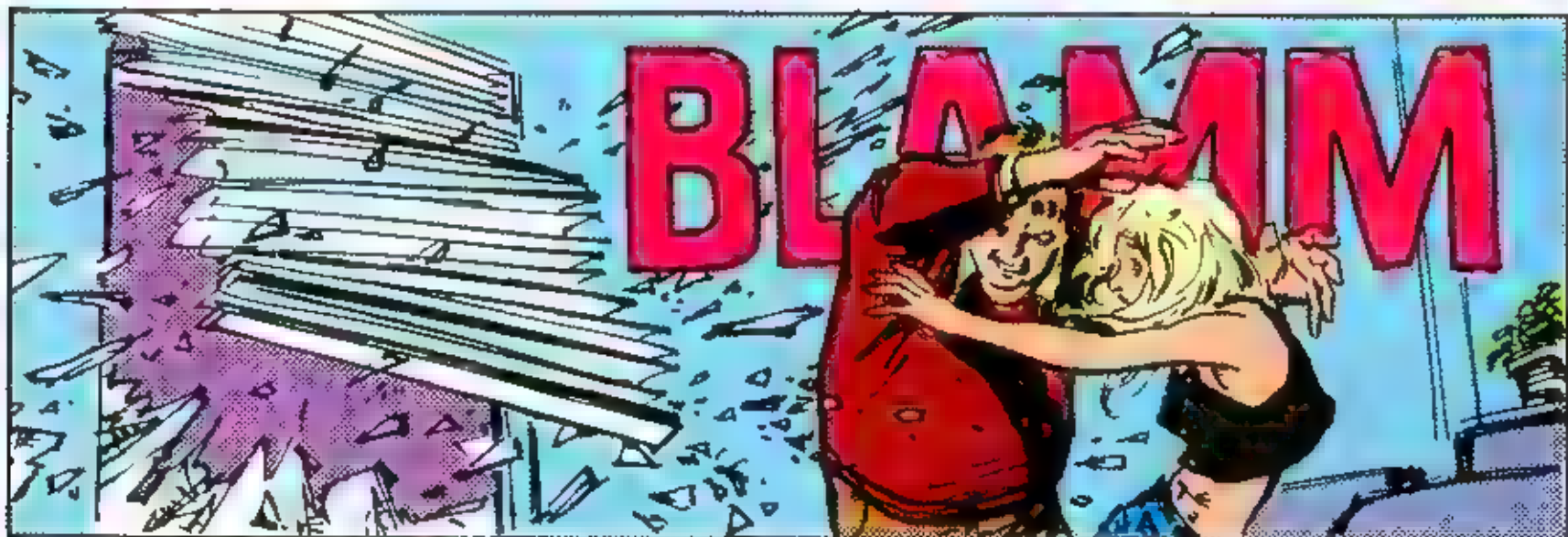
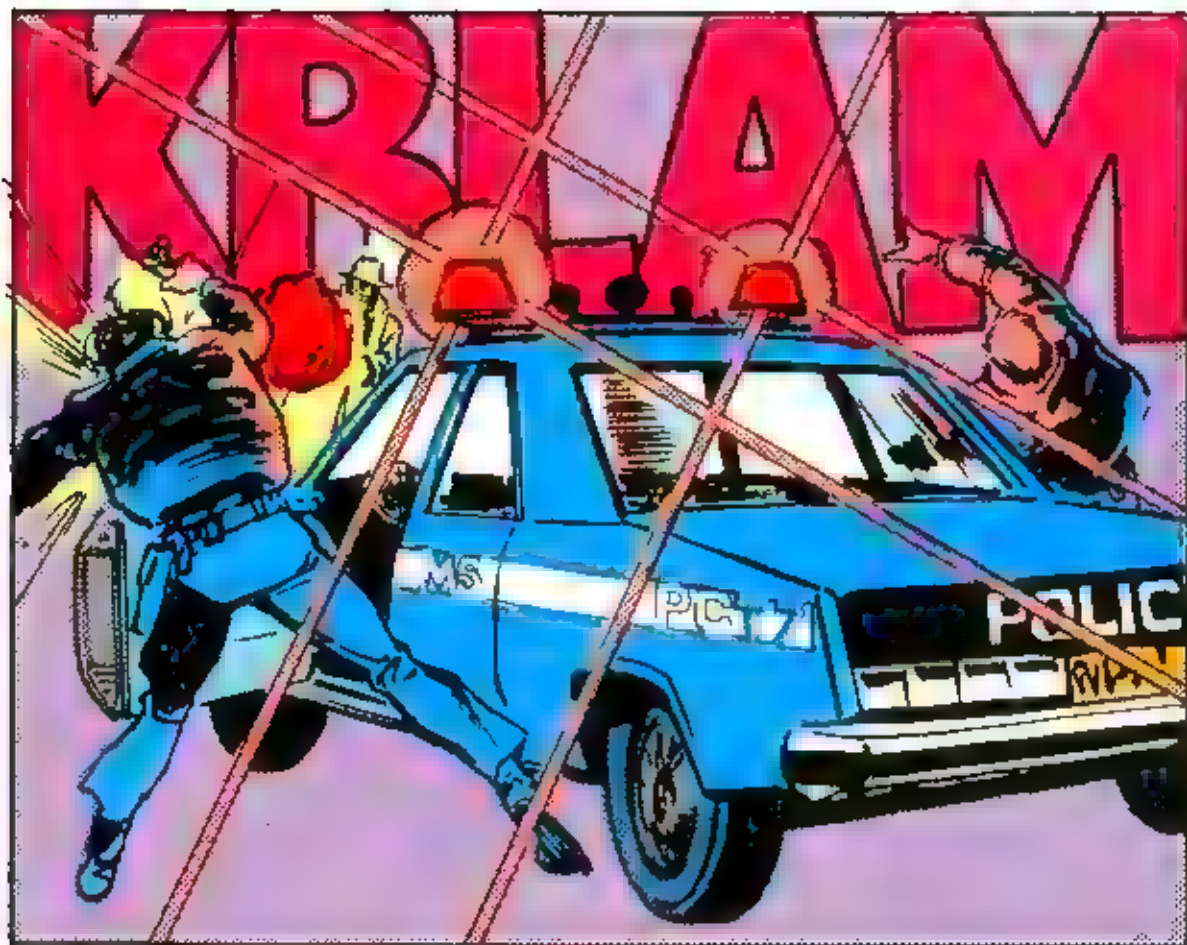
... TERRIBLE, THAT'S HOW I FEEL. YOU KNOW WHAT DAREDEVIL'S DONE FOR ME. I'D BE IN PRISON IF NOT FOR HIM. BUT MY SHOP...

... BETSY-- PLEASE STOP ASKING ME HOW I FEEL. I DON'T NEED YOU AS A THERAPIST. I NEED TO KNOW WHAT TO DO.



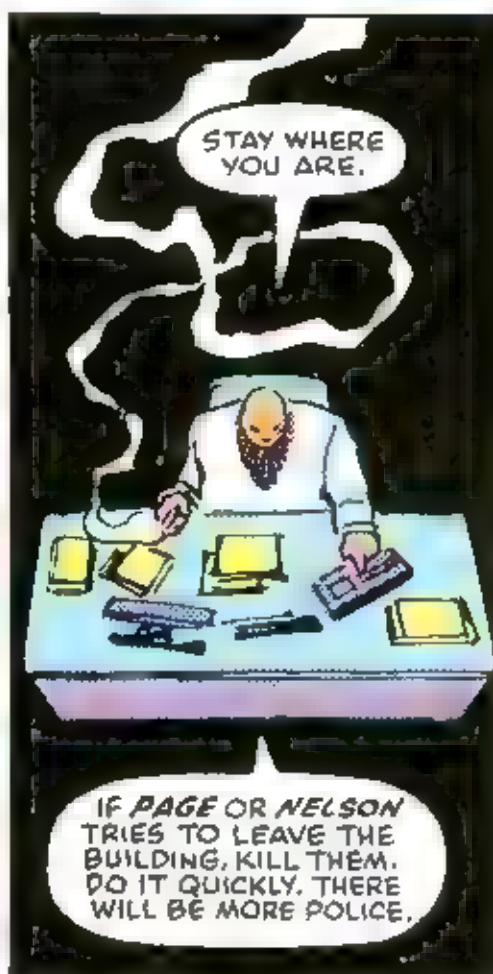






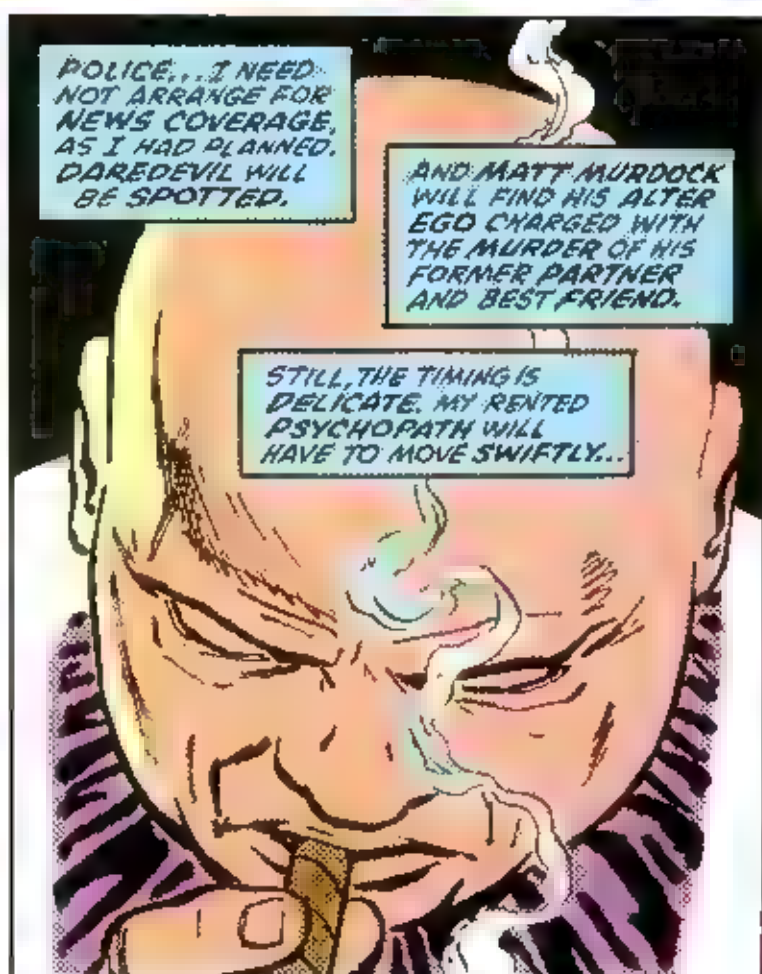
BEEN SOME ACTION, BOSS. FREAK WITH A SHOTGUN ACED TWO COPS.

PAGE IS STILL UP THERE. DO WE MOVE IN?



STAY WHERE YOU ARE.

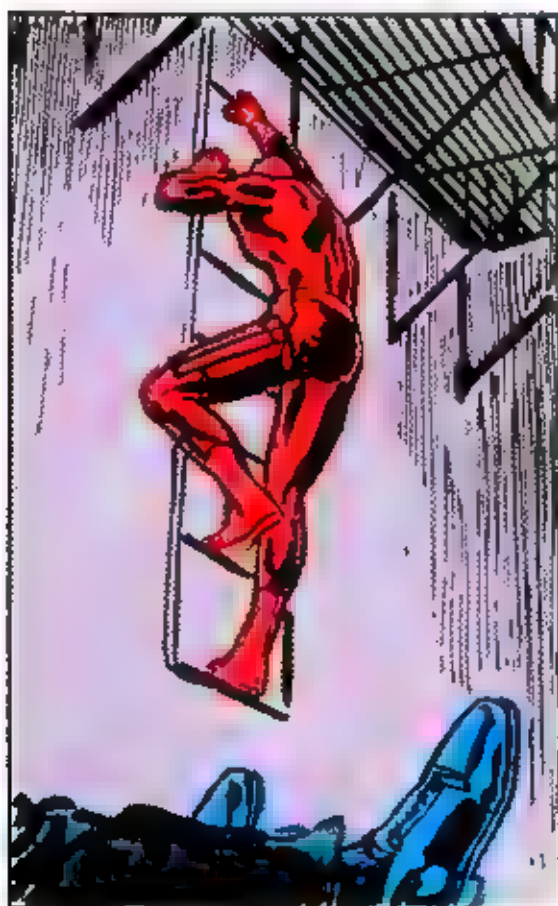
IF PAGE OR NELSON TRIES TO LEAVE THE BUILDING, KILL THEM. DO IT QUICKLY. THERE WILL BE MORE POLICE.

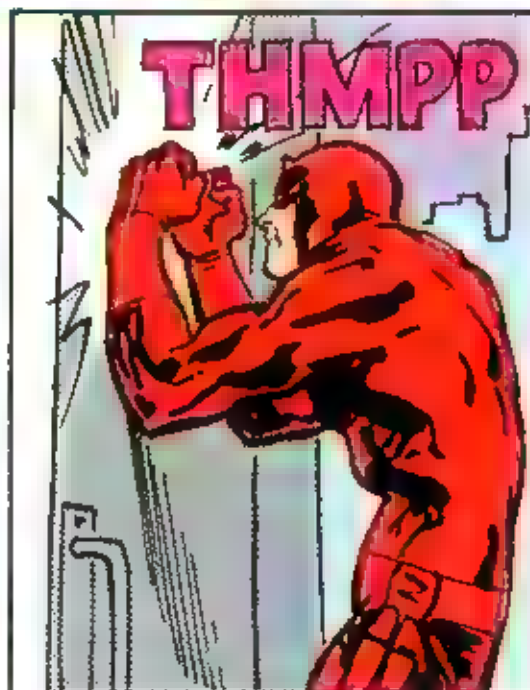
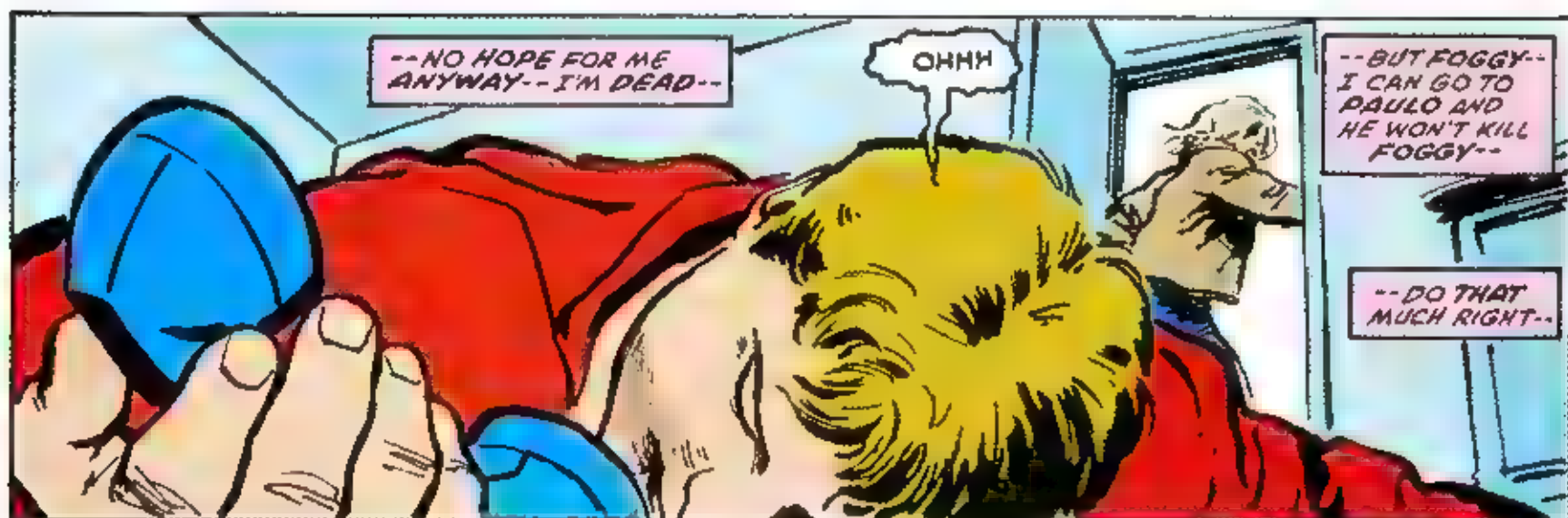


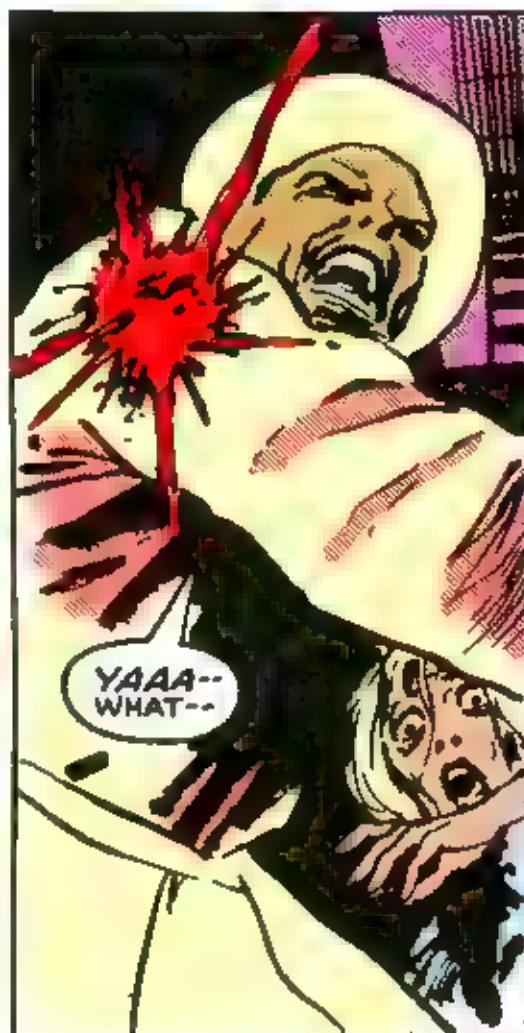
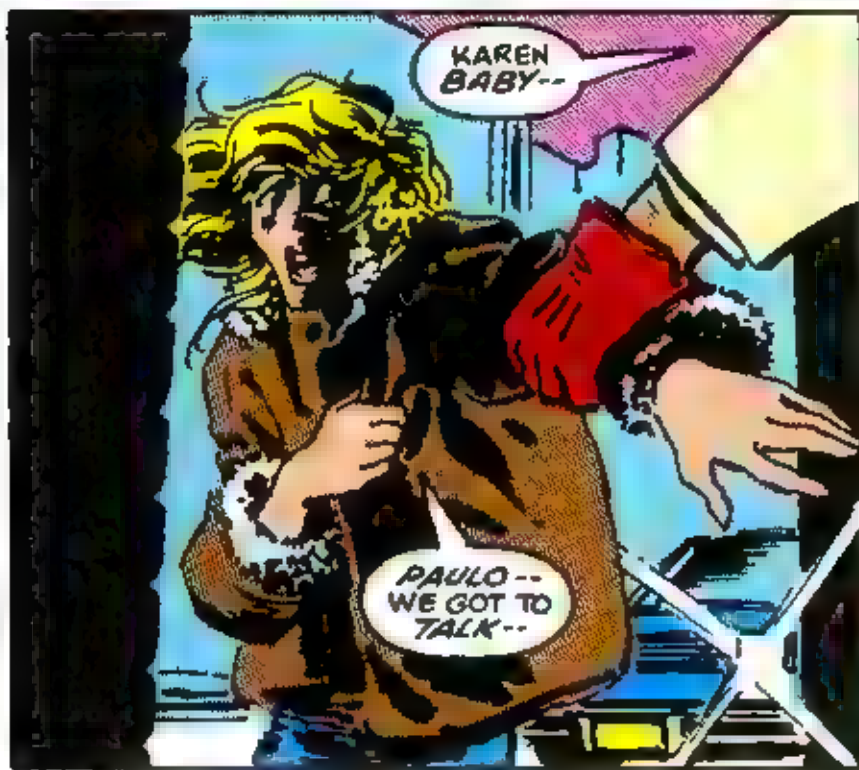
POLICE... I NEED NOT ARRANGE FOR NEWS COVERAGE, AS I HAD PLANNED. DAREDEVIL WILL BE SPOTTED.

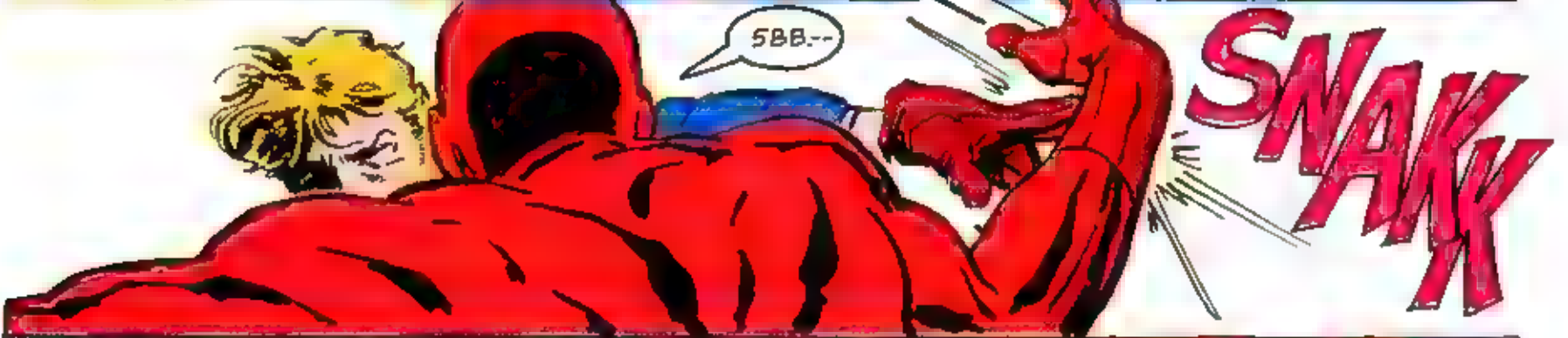
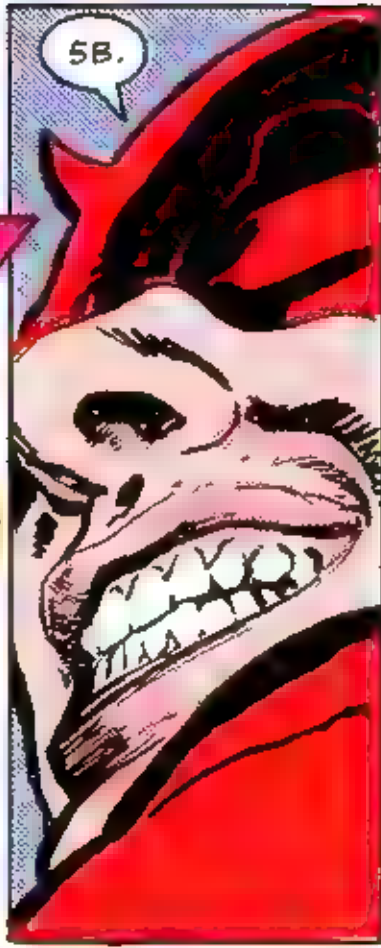
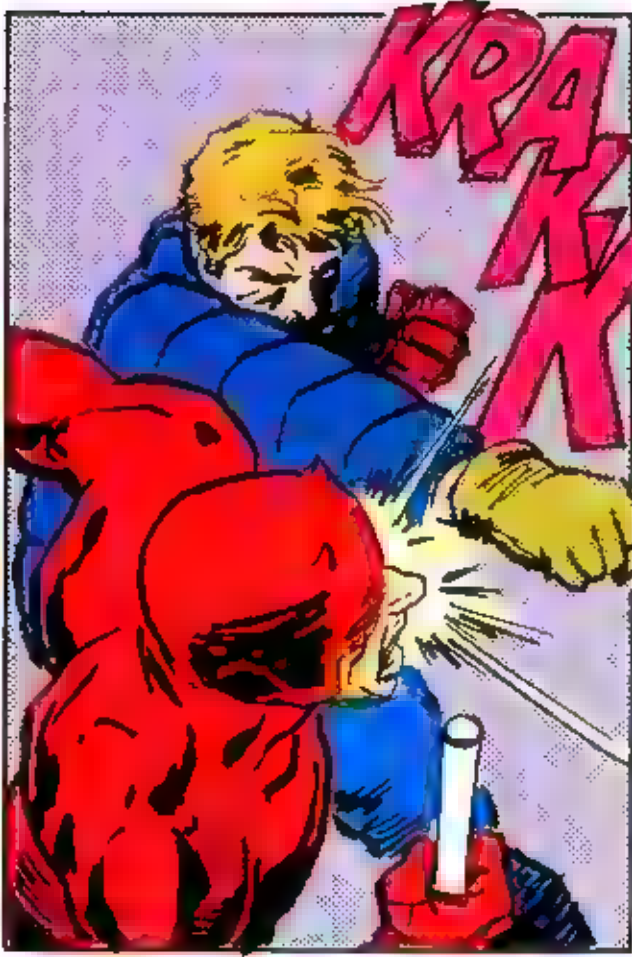
AND MATT MURDOCK WILL FIND HIS ALTER EGO CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HIS FORMER PARTNER AND BEST FRIEND.

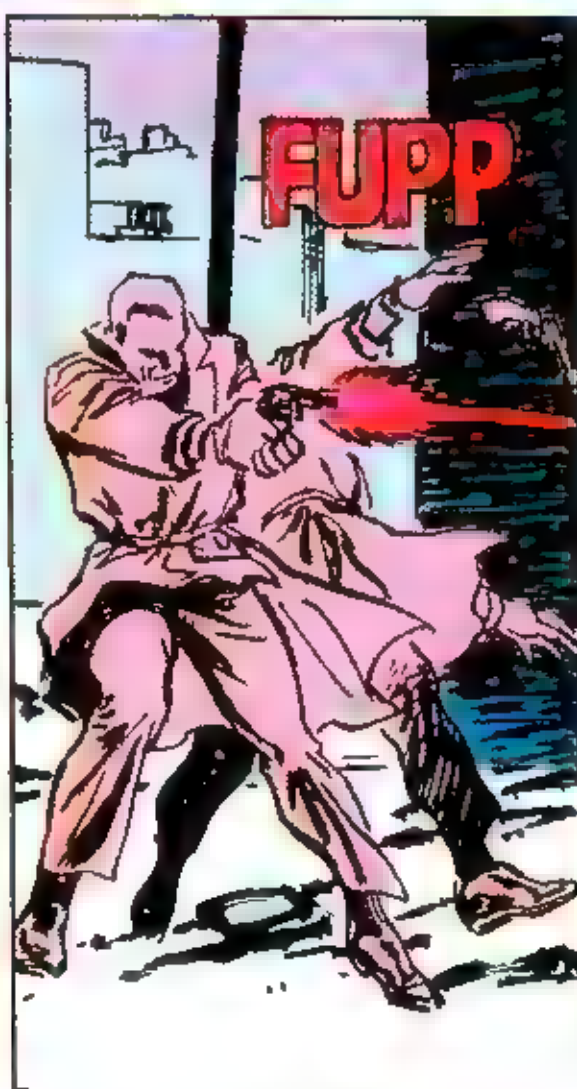
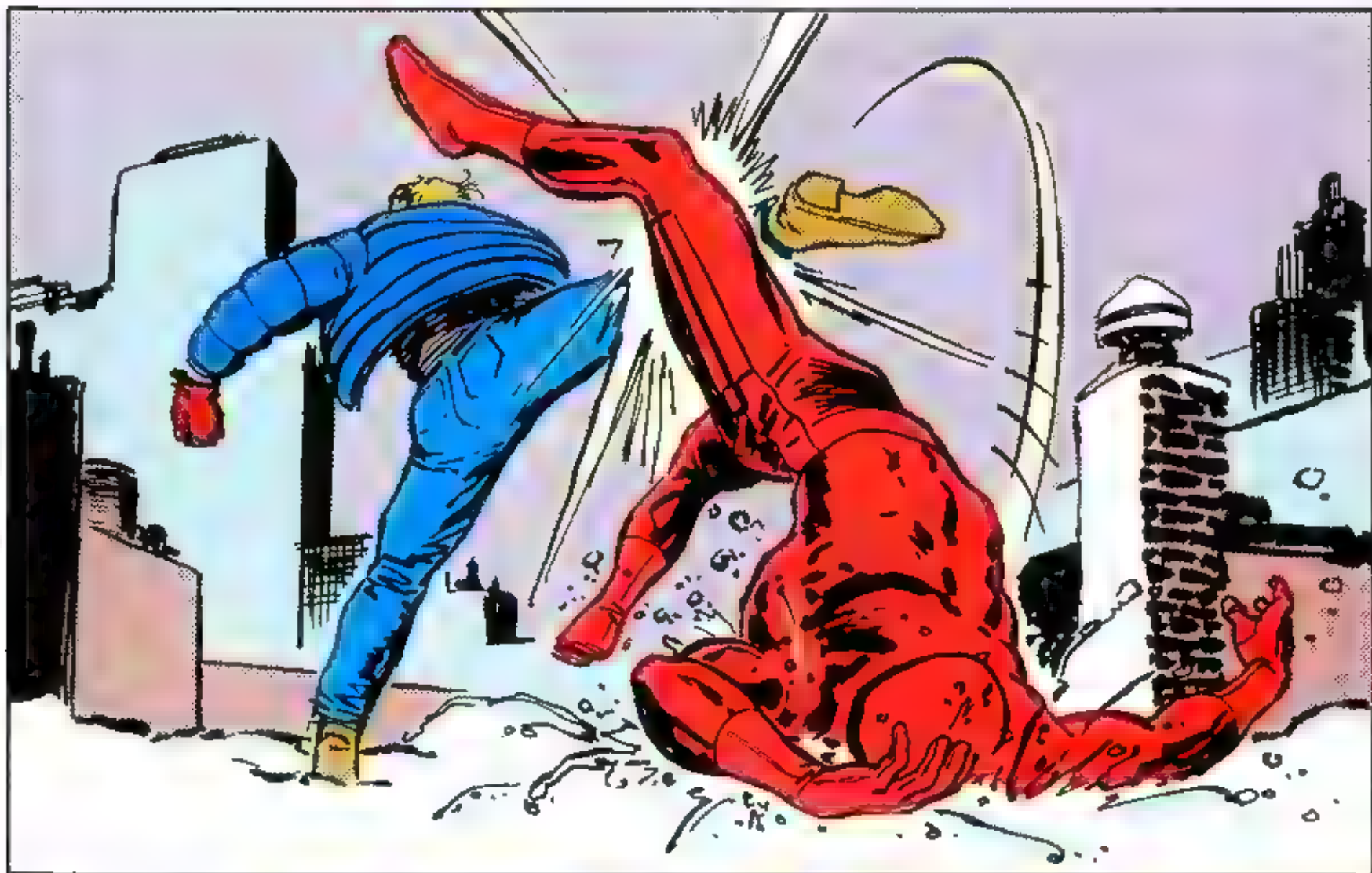
STILL, THE TIMING IS DELICATE. MY RENTED PSYCHOPATH WILL HAVE TO MOVE SWIFTLY...

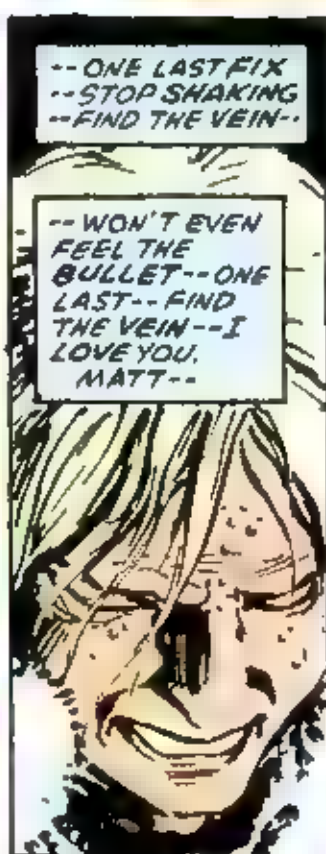


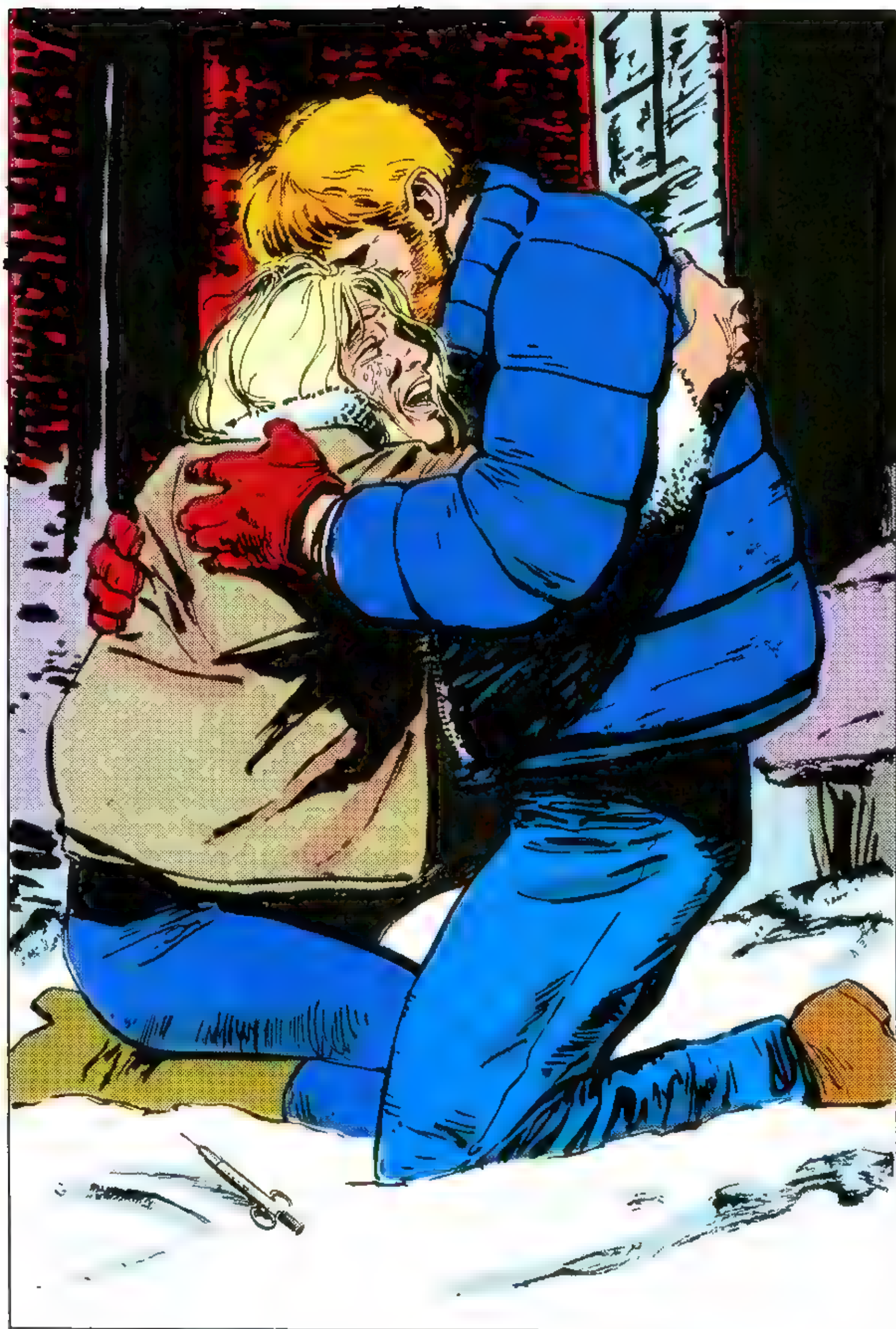












In case you're too LAZY to read the NEWSPAPER--or WORSE, you get it from TELEVISION--a LOT has happened.

FIVE BODIES were found by POLICE on and around a West Side APARTMENT BUILDING. The LIVE one was on the ROOF, stripped NAKED and suffering from multiple CONTUSIONS.

Turns out he's a certified LUNATIC.

The DOCTOR who arranged for his RELEASE is now working in FLORIDA

As a GARDENER.

Two of the DEAD ones were known CRIMINALS. Both had previously served PRISON terms. One, in fact, FELIX MANNING by name, was still on PAROLE.

Their CORPSES and their EMPLOYMENT RECORDS have sparked an INVESTIGATION that will keep the Kingpin's ATTORNEYS busy for MONTHS.

The other two were officers SPANNER and TRUMBULL of the New York City POLICE. They leave a husband, a wife, and four kids behind to wonder WHY.

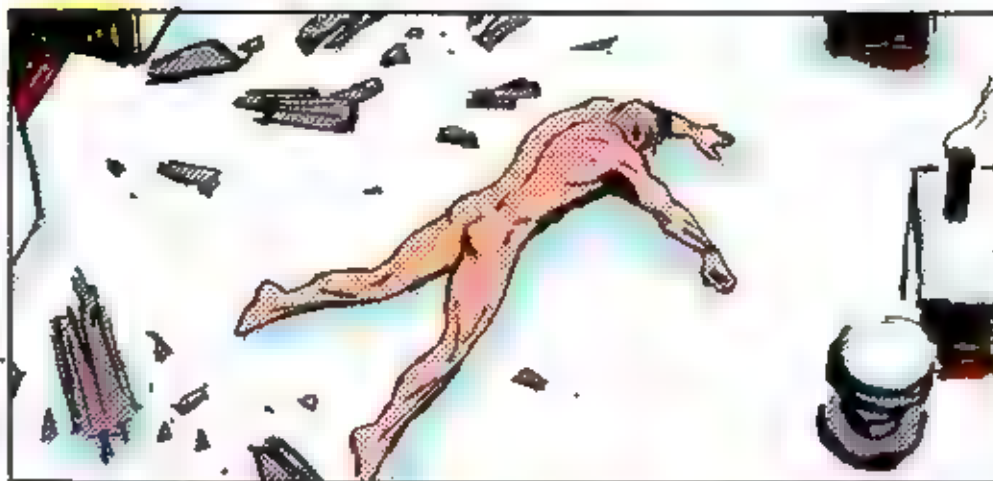
Two MORE were apprehended FLEEING the scene. One was MICHAEL KEMP, a three time LOSER. The other, PAULO SCORCESE, faces several LIFE SENTENCES for outstanding convictions of ARMED ROBBERY, DRUG TRAFFICKING, and MURDER.

Doris? Well, her NECK still hurts and she's taken to wearing a SCARF to hide the BRUISE. But she can TALK again and even LAUGHS when I say she sounds like BRENDA VACCARO.

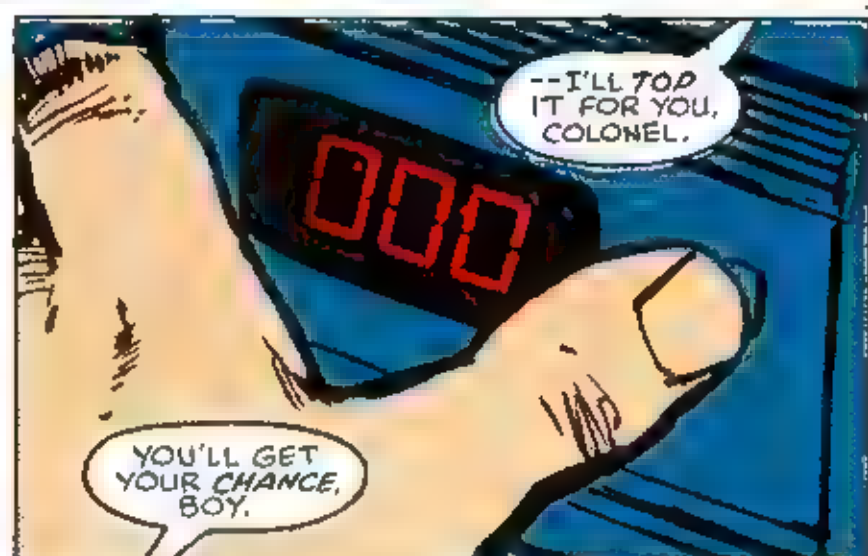
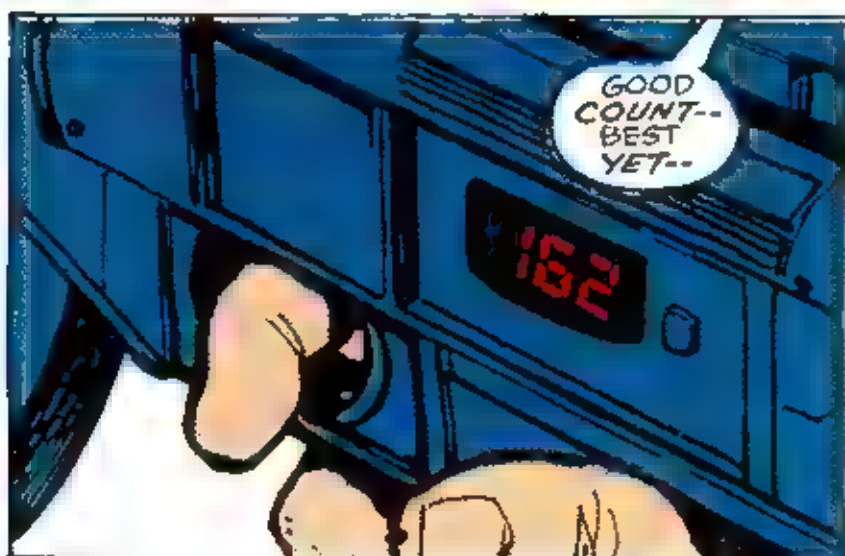
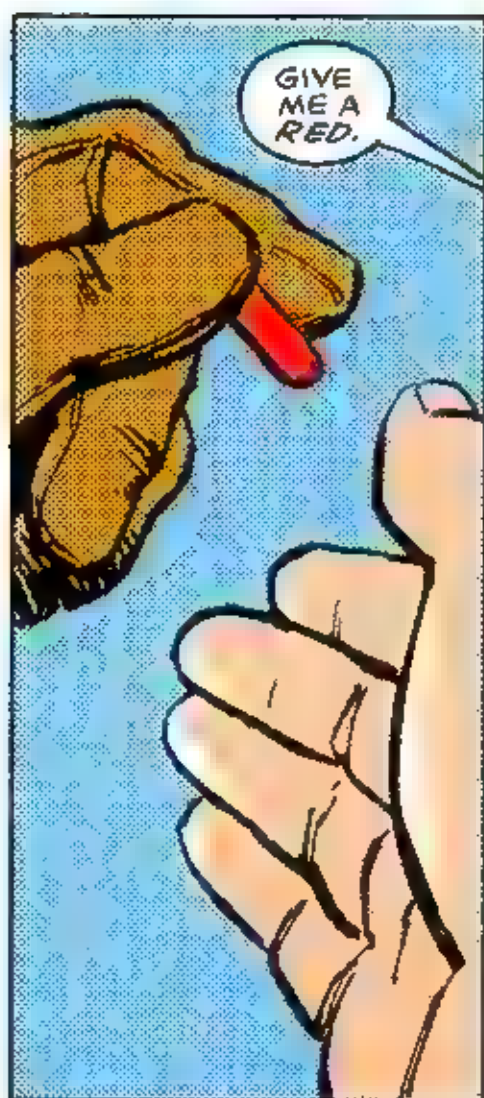
As for ME -- like I TOLD you, I'm a REPORTER.

I'm going to find out where MATT MURDOCK is--

-- and what he has BECOME.









BETSY HUMS AS THE RED STARTS COMING IN AROUND THE EDGES AND THE COLONEL'S VOICE STOPS SLOWING THINGS DOWN.

--OUR BOYS--

BETSY, SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO. THE PROGRAM'S ALL SET.

STAGE ONE.



NAPALM.



SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO



SHE KEEPS THE COUNT

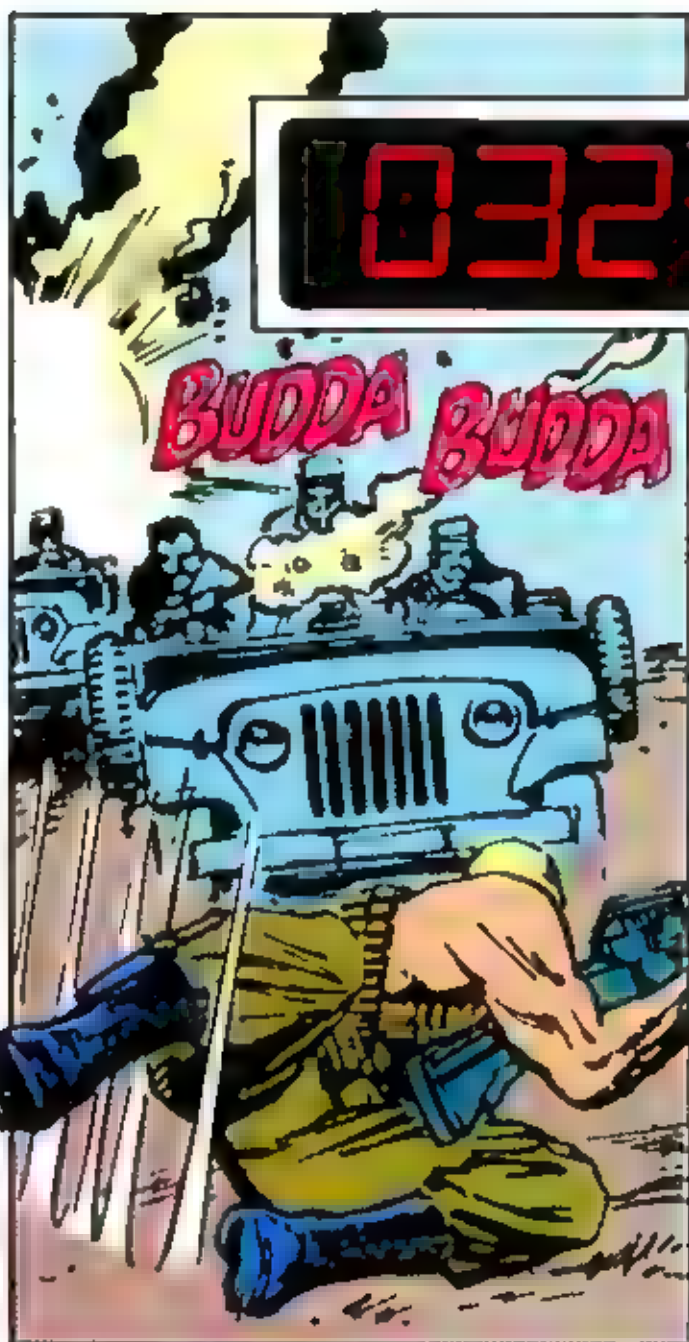
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RED'S KICKING IN BUT GOOD NOW-- ADRENALIN RUSH LIKE A ROCKET BLAST--

RAKABRAK

BE



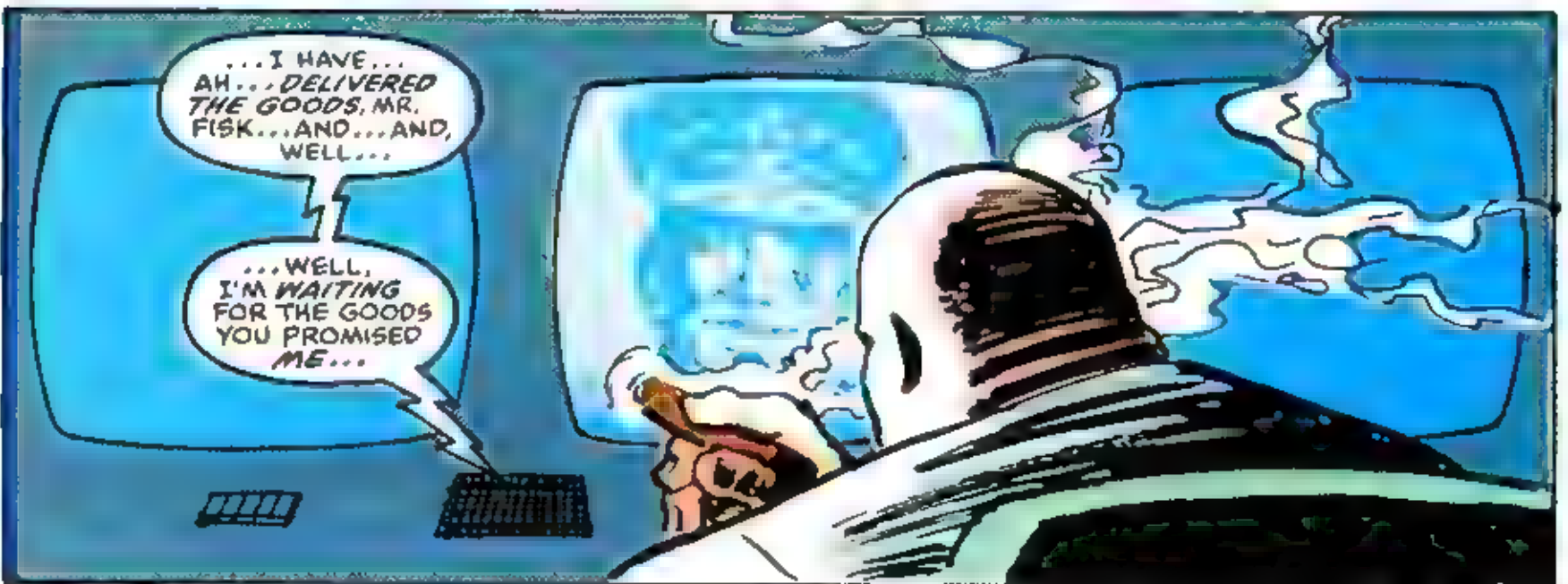
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088





NUKE.

SUCH A SIMPLE TERM, SO DIRECT.

AND NOW THE KING-PIN OF CRIME WILL AIM THIS NUKE AT THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO HATE

THE MAN HE IS LEARNING TO FEAR.

MURDOCK.

KAREN PAGE TRIES TO SCREAM BUT THE ONLY SOUND SHE CAN MAKE IS A DRY SUCKING--

--SUCKING. SHE THINKS OF WHAT SHE LEARNED IN COLLEGE --IN SCIENCE CLASS--WHAT SHE LEARNED ABOUT BLACK HOLES--

--STARS THAT COLLAPSE IN ON THEMSELVES AND STOP SHINING-- COLLAPSE UNTIL THERE'S NOTHING LEFT LESS THAN NOTHING--

--JUST A HOLE THAT SUCKS EVERYTHING IN AND TAKES IT NOWHERE-- JUST SUCKS AND SUCKS--

--AND SHE'D GO SHE'D DISAPPEAR AND IT WOULDN'T MATTER-- BUT HIS ARMS ARE STRONG AND HE HOLDS HER HERE ON EARTH--

--THINK OF HIM--THINK OF MATT MURDOCK--

--MATT--THEY ALMOST GOT MARRIED ONCE BEFORE SHE WENT FOR THE MOVIES--BEFORE SHE LEFT HIM TO BECOME A STAR--

--AND THE MOVIES GOT WORSE AND WORSE AND PIECE BY PIECE KAREN PAGE SOLD HER SOUL--

--THE LAST PIECE SHE SOLD FOR A SHOT OF HEROIN-- A LOUSY FIX FOR THE LOUSY JUNKIE SHE'D BECOME--

--THE LAST PIECE OF HER-- MATT-- SHE SOLD MATT OUT-- TOLD A PUSHER THAT MATT IS DAREDEVIL--

--AND THE PUSHER SOLD THAT TO MATT'S ENEMIES--AND THEY TOOK MATT'S HOME AND CAREER AND EVERYTHING--

--NO-- NOT EVERYTHING--



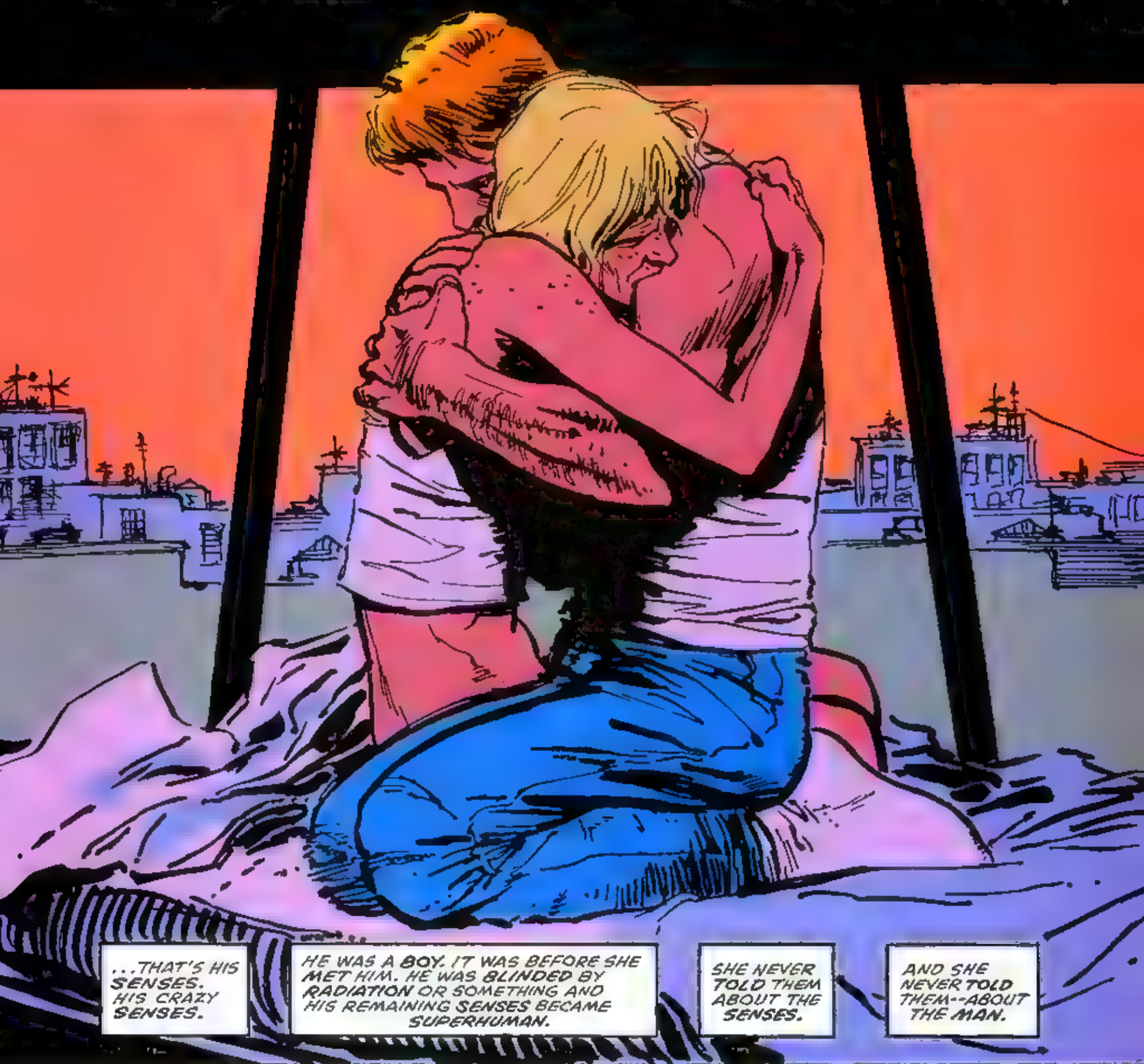
--"NOTHING," HE'D SAID, MATT DID, WHEN SHE TOLD HIM WHAT SHE'D DONE--

--"I'VE LOST NOTHING," MATT SAID, AND LAUGHED LIKE A BOY--

--AND KAREN DIDN'T UNDERSTAND--AND MATT KISSED HER--

--AND HELD HER...

... AND KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO SAY AND WHEN TO MAKE HER EAT AND HOW TO TOUCH THE MUSCLES IN HER BACK TO MAKE HER SLEEP...



...THAT'S HIS SENSES. HIS CRAZY SENSES.

HE WAS A BOY. IT WAS BEFORE SHE MET HIM. HE WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION OR SOMETHING AND HIS REMAINING SENSES BECAME SUPERHUMAN.

SHE NEVER TOLD THEM ABOUT THE SENSES.

AND SHE NEVER TOLD THEM--ABOUT THE MAN.

STAN LEE presents

GOD AND COUNTRY

by FRANK MILLER and DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

MAX SCHEELE
COLORS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERS

RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR

J M SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF



From the length of my ENTOURAGE, you'd think I'm a VISIONARY! TALK OF A KING

I'm NOT! MY name is BEN URRICH. I'm a REPORTER.

These days, I'm a reporter in the HOT SEAT--investigating the city's top CRIMINAL--the KINGPIN--and trying to stay ALIVE all the while

Staying ALIVE involves finding the Kingpin's ENEMY--and my FRIEND. A man named MATT MURDOCK who has a LOT OF SECRETS and seems to have grown MORE.

Like what he's

YOU'VE BEEN CLOSE TO MURDOCK SINCE COLLEGE, HAVEN'T YOU, MR. NELSON?

CLOSE AS ANYBODY I GUESS.

LOOK, I'LL ONLY TALK IF IT'S GOING TO HELP MATT, MR. URICH. I MEAN, SUPPOSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND...



YOU THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA FOR A BLIND MAN TO WANDER OFF ALONE?

NO BUT



BUT MATT IS NO ORDINARY MAN. I KNOW THAT NELSON. DO YOU?

OKAY, MR. URICH, I'LL TRUST YOU. MATT ALWAYS SPOKE WELL OF YOU AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

ALL OF THOSE CHARGES AGAINST HIM ARE FALSE AND YOU CAN BET I'LL HAVE HIS APPEAL READY JUST AS FAST AS THE WHILE WE GET IT UNTANGLED BUT WELL

...WELL, EVER SINCE OUR LAW FIRM WENT UNDER -- AND EVEN BEFORE--MATT'S BEEN...



IT'S NOT LIKE SHE'S SOME FINE ART GALLERY FLIRT LOOKING TO COURT THE WINE AND CHEESE CROWD AND TALK ABOUT HER CHILDHOOD AS IF IT WERE WORTH THE TELLING.



SHE'S JUST GOT EYES, IS ALL, AND THINGS KEEP LEAPING OUT AT HER.

LIKE THAT MAN THERE SO BIG AND TOUGH AND JUST THE SAME HOLDING ONTO THAT JACKHAMMER FOR DEAR LIFE--



--JUST LEAPED OUT AND BEGGED TO BE TAKEN.

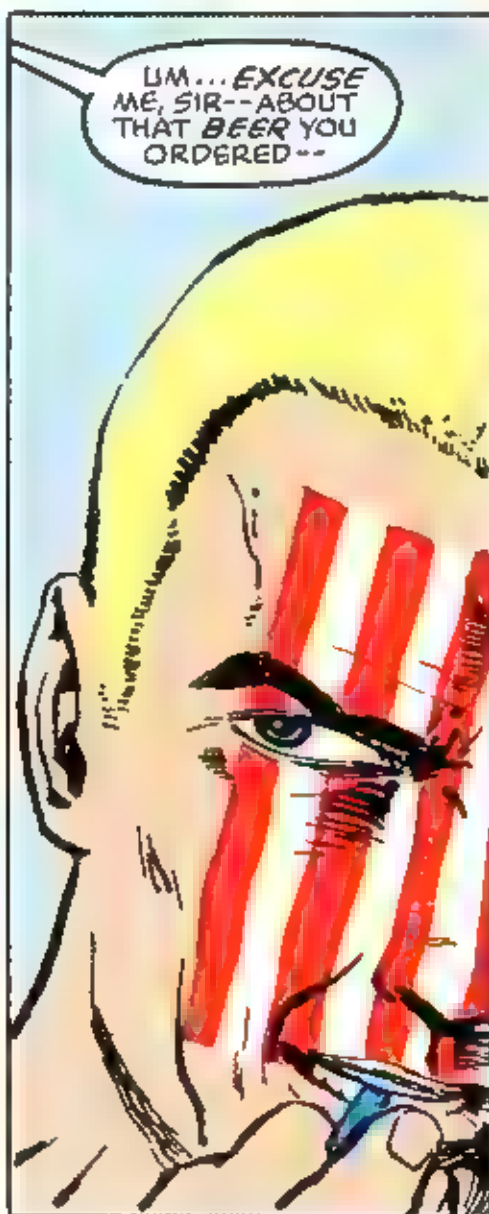


IT'S ALMOST ROBBERY, THINKS GLORIANNA O'BREEN.

GIVE ME A BLUE.



UM...EXCUSE ME, SIR--ABOUT THAT BEER YOU ORDERED--



--WE DON'T HAVE THE BRAND YOU ASKED FOR-- IT ISN'T MADE ANYMORE-- SO WE SUBSTITUTED--

AAAA--

THIS BRAND-- WHERE WAS IT BREWED?



M--MILWAUKEE.

DON'T WORRY, BOY, IT'S AMERICAN.

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT.





TROUBLE, MR. FISK. IT'S YOUR GIRL LOIS.

SINCE SHE WAS APPREHENDED TRYING TO MURDER BEN URICH'S WIFE-- SHE'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT YOU.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS AGREED TO REDUCED CHARGES IN EXCHANGE FOR HER TURNING STATE'S EVIDENCE.



I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT ALL. EVER SINCE URICH GOT ON YOUR CASE, HE'S BEEN COZY WITH THE D.A.--

--AND NOW HE'S LANDED AN INTERVIEW WITH LOIS.



COMMISSIONER... YOU WILL SEE TO IT THAT OFFICER COOGAN IS ON DUTY AT THE TIME OF THE INTERVIEW.

THAT IS ALL.

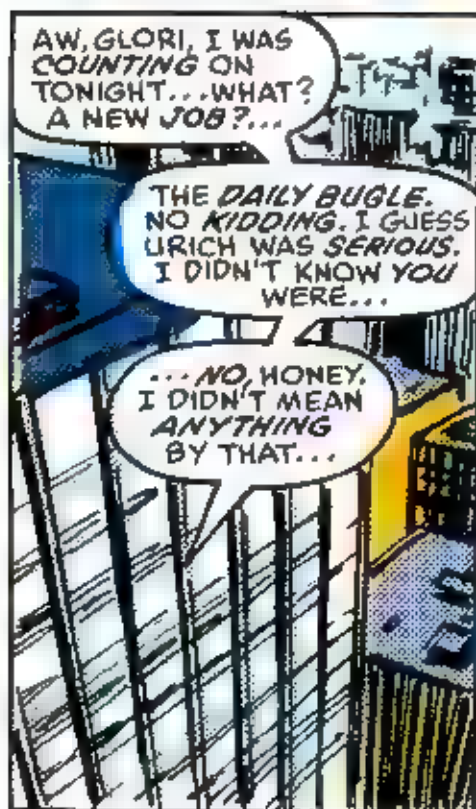
MR. FISK-- ABOUT THOSE PICTURES...



EMBARRASSING, AREN'T THEY, COMMISSIONER? SUCH AN ORDINARY COCKTAIL WAITRESS. YOUR WIFE WOULD BE INSULTED.

YOU NEED NOT WORRY, MY FRIEND. I WILL KEEP THE PHOTOS SAFE.

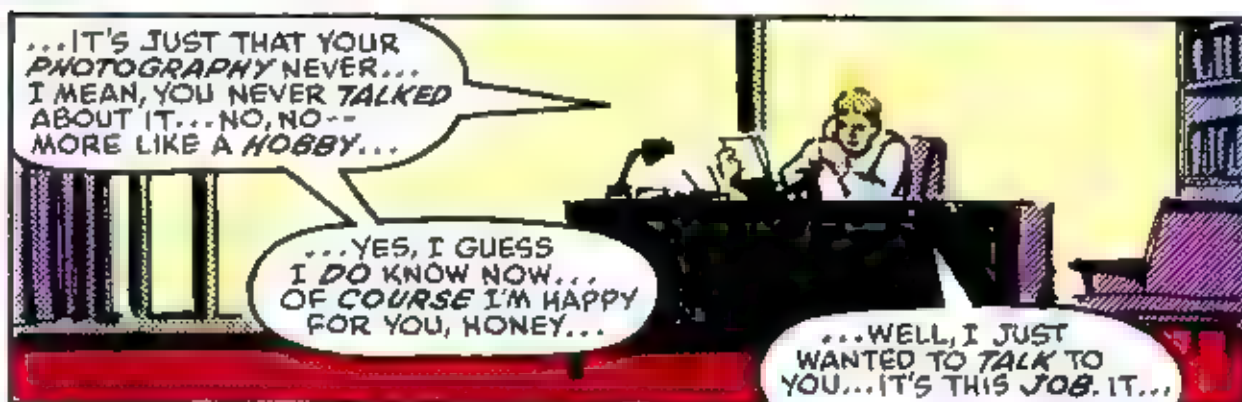
QUITE SAFE.



AW, GLORI, I WAS COUNTING ON TONIGHT... WHAT? A NEW JOB?...

THE DAILY BUGLE. NO KIDDING. I GUESS URICH WAS SERIOUS. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE...

...NO, HONEY. I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING BY THAT...



...IT'S JUST THAT YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY NEVER... I MEAN, YOU NEVER TALKED ABOUT IT... NO, NO-- MORE LIKE A HOBBY...

...YES, I GUESS I DO KNOW NOW... OF COURSE I'M HAPPY FOR YOU, HONEY...

...WELL, I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU... IT'S THIS JOB. IT...



...OH, FOR CORPORATE WORK IT'S OKAY... AND THE PAY IS GREAT... BUT...

...BUT SOME OF THE WORK THEY DO HERE... I'M NOT SURE IT'S LEGITIMATE...

HE'D BEEN UP ALL NIGHT WITH HER.



IT WAS EARLY IN THE MORNING AND HE BOUGHT A RAZOR AND WAS SHAVING. HE WAS ABOUT TO GO TO WORK--



--HE ACTUALLY LIKES THAT JOB HE FOUND--



--WHEN KAREN FELL ASLEEP.



SHE WOKE ALONE BUT THAT'S OKAY NOW. THE WORST IS OVER. FOR ME IT'S OVER, SHE THINKS--

--BUT MATT--WHAT'S HE GOING THROUGH?

AND WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR?

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE KEEPS TOUCHING THE COSTUME AND PACING AND FROWNING LIKE A LITTLE KID WHO HAS TO STAY AFTER CLASS. WHY DOESN'T HE JUST PUT THE THING ON AND DANCE ACROSS THE BUILDINGS--HE'S LIKE A GOD WHEN HE DOES THAT--HE'S ACHING FOR IT...

WE'VE BOTH CHANGED, MATT. I USED TO WORRY WHEN YOU DID PUT IT ON. BUT NOW...

...YOU'RE WARM AND SWEET AND STRONG BUT THERE'S SOMETHING... SOMETHING NEW...

... SOMETHING COLD AND HARD. SOMETHING WAITING.

SOMETHING FRIGHTENING.

HE'S STILL MATT, SHE THINKS, AND SLEEPS.



It's the city JAIL
They call it the
TOMBS. They have
their REASONS

SAVE YOUR FILM,
GLORI. LOCATION
SHOTS YOU CAN SELL
TO TOURISTS. GET
THE PEOPLE--AND
GET THE ACTION.
THAT'S WHAT STORIES
ARE MADE OF.

YOU'VE
EXPLAINED
IT WELL
ENOUGH,
MR. URICH.

SHOULDN'T GET TESTY
WITH URICH, GLORI--
JAMESON MADE HIM
RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU
AND URICH HE'S A REAL
LOVER. DOESN'T EVEN
LIKE HAVING THE COP
ALONG.

KLIK

DRIVES HIM CRAZY HAVING
ME. BUT JAMESON SAID HE
NEEDS AN ASSOCIATE AND
I GOT JUST THE RIGHT
FRIENDS

SHUT UP,
BLANDERS.

I'M NO
LONER,
GLORI...

YOU'RE CLOSE
TO LOSING
THAT ARM.

BEN URICH.
DAILY BUGLE

HEGERFORS

COOGAN

KLAK
KLAK

KLIK

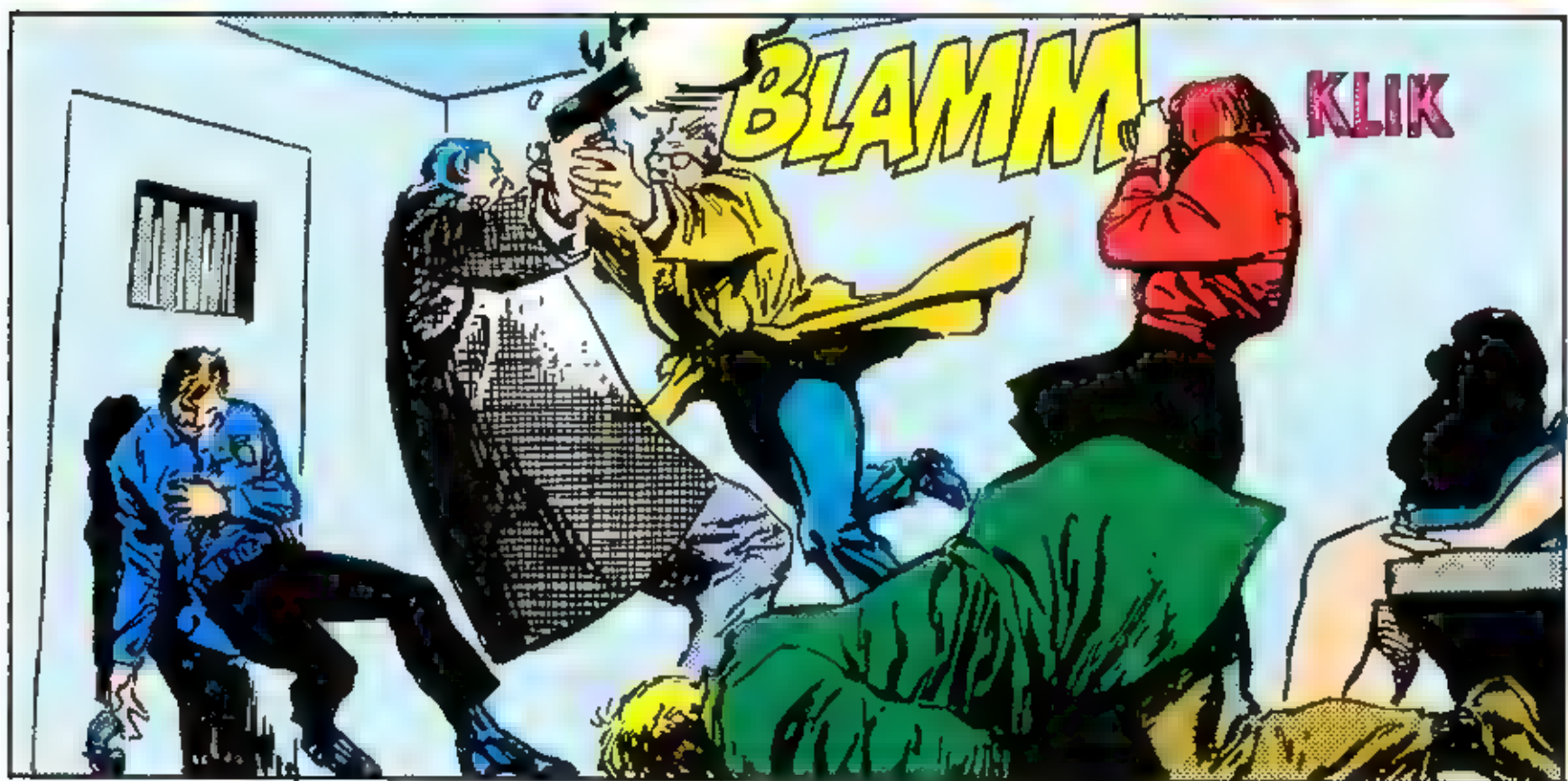
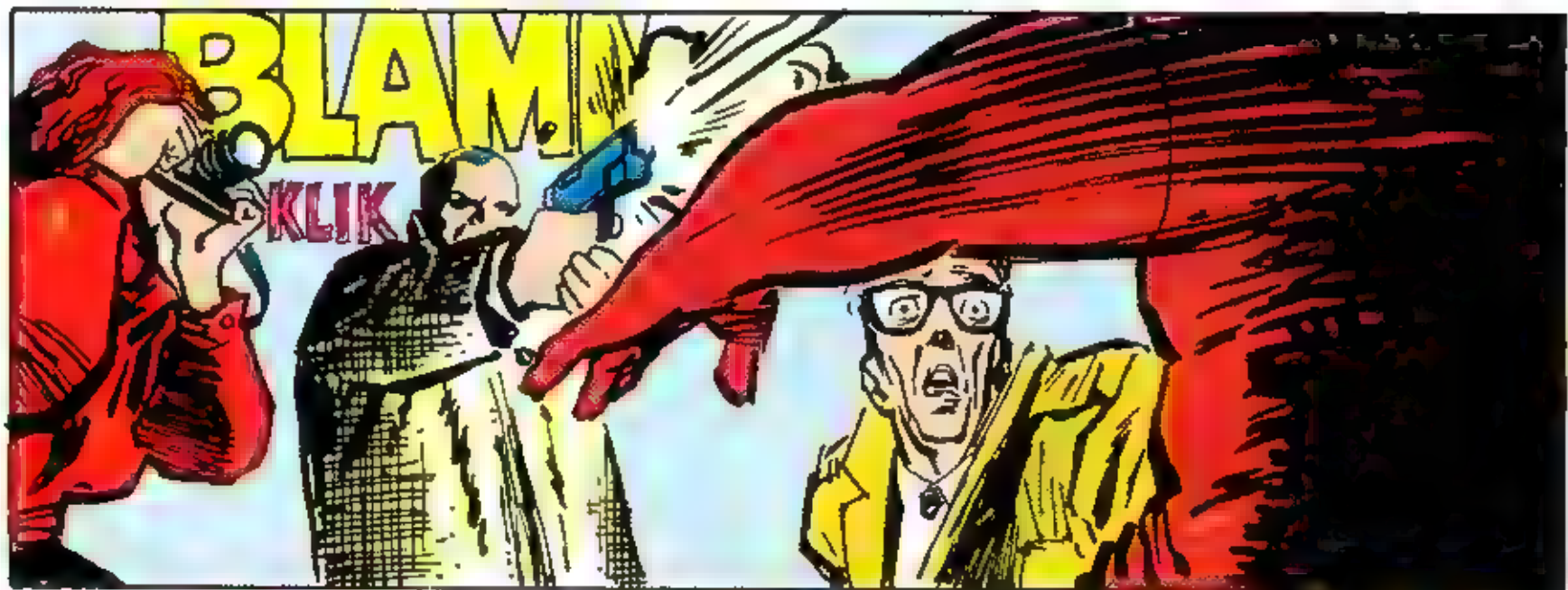
URICH.

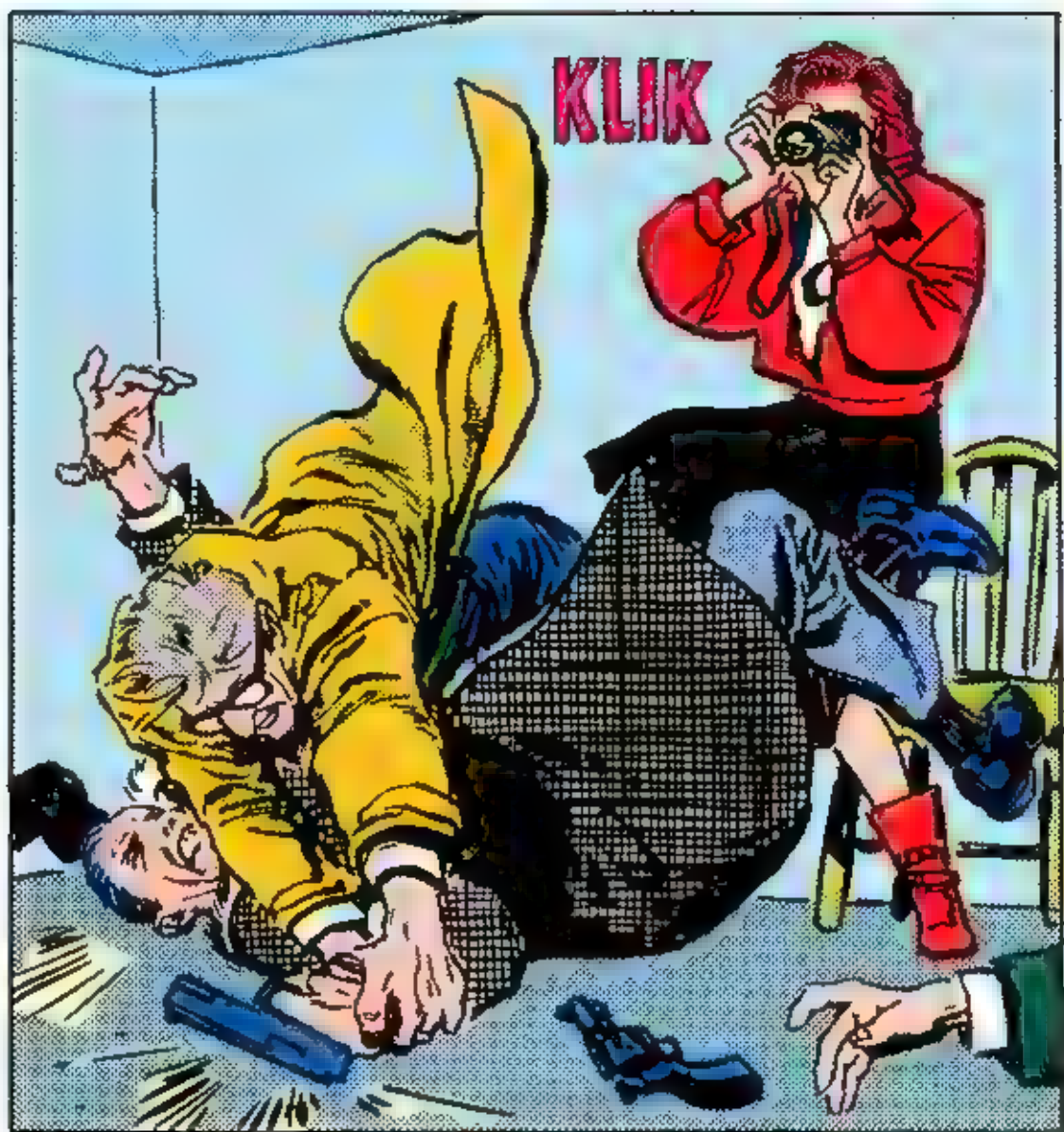
LOIS..

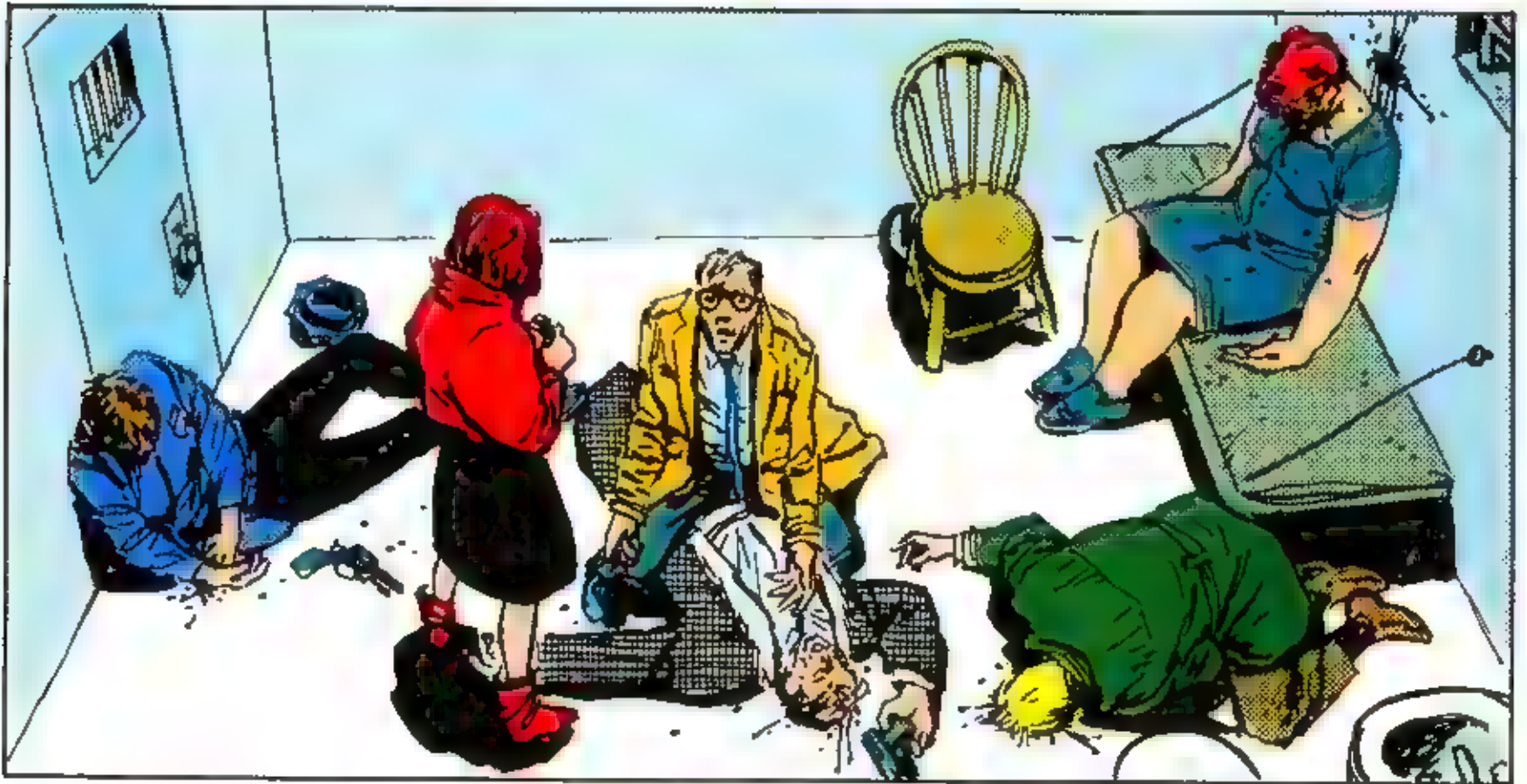
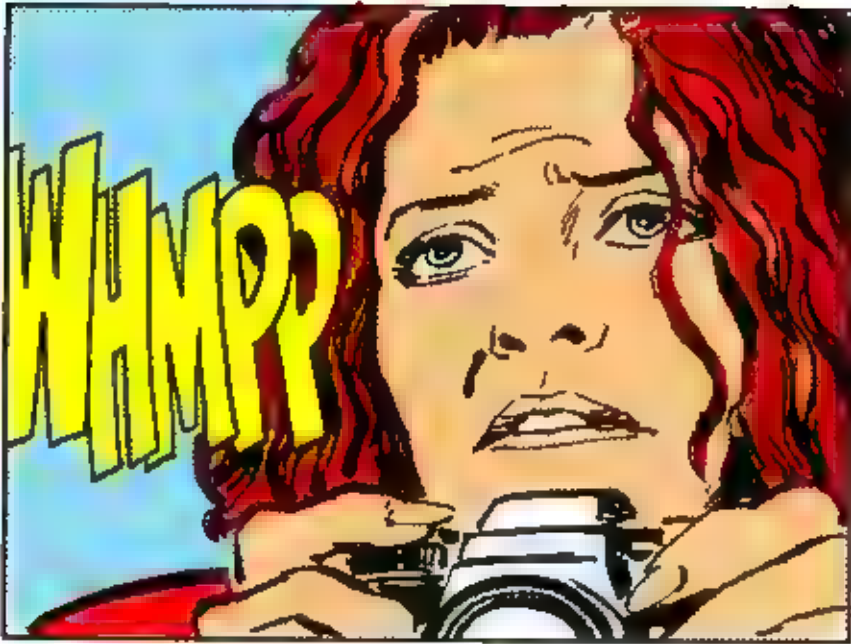
DON'T HAVE
TO LOCK IT,
COOGAN. THERE'S
PLENTY OF US...

COOGAN
--WHAT ARE
YOU--

WH--

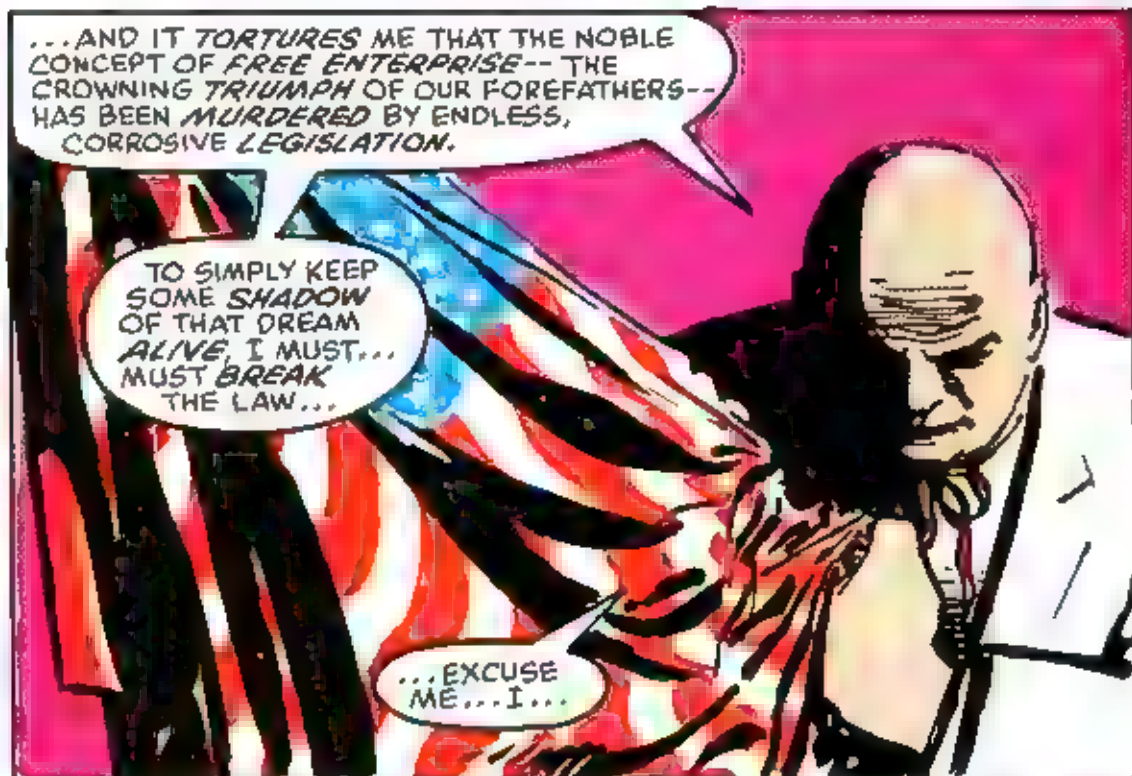








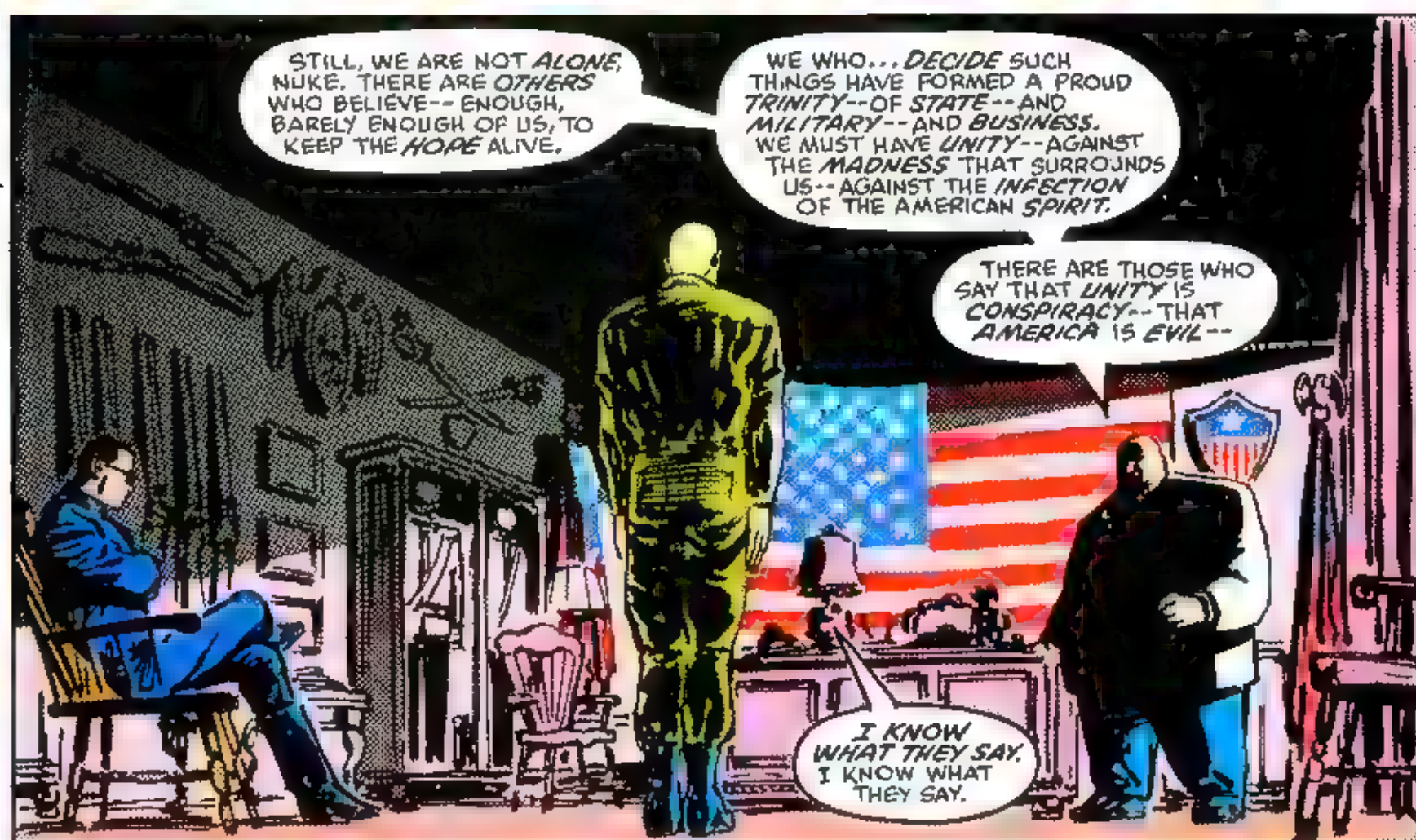
OUR BOYS...



...AND IT TORTURES ME THAT THE NOBLE CONCEPT OF *FREE ENTERPRISE*-- THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF OUR FOREFATHERS-- HAS BEEN *MURDERED* BY ENDLESS, CORROSIVE LEGISLATION.

TO SIMPLY KEEP SOME *SHADOW* OF THAT DREAM ALIVE, I MUST... MUST *BREAK* THE LAW...

...EXCUSE ME...I...

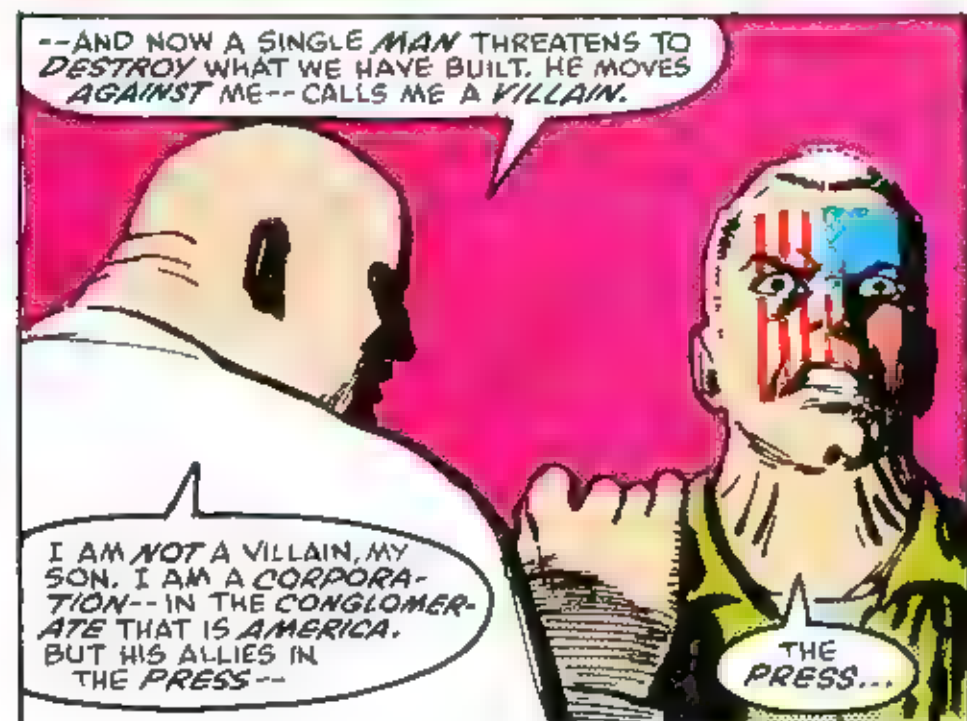


STILL, WE ARE NOT ALONE, NUKE. THERE ARE OTHERS WHO BELIEVE-- ENOUGH, BARELY ENOUGH OF US, TO KEEP THE *HOPE* ALIVE.

WE WHO... *DECIDE* SUCH THINGS HAVE FORMED A PROUD *TRINITY*--OF STATE--AND *MILITARY*--AND *BUSINESS*. WE MUST HAVE *UNITY*--AGAINST THE *MADNESS* THAT SURROUNDS US--AGAINST THE *INFECTION* OF THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY THAT *UNITY* IS *CONSPIRACY*--THAT AMERICA IS EVIL--

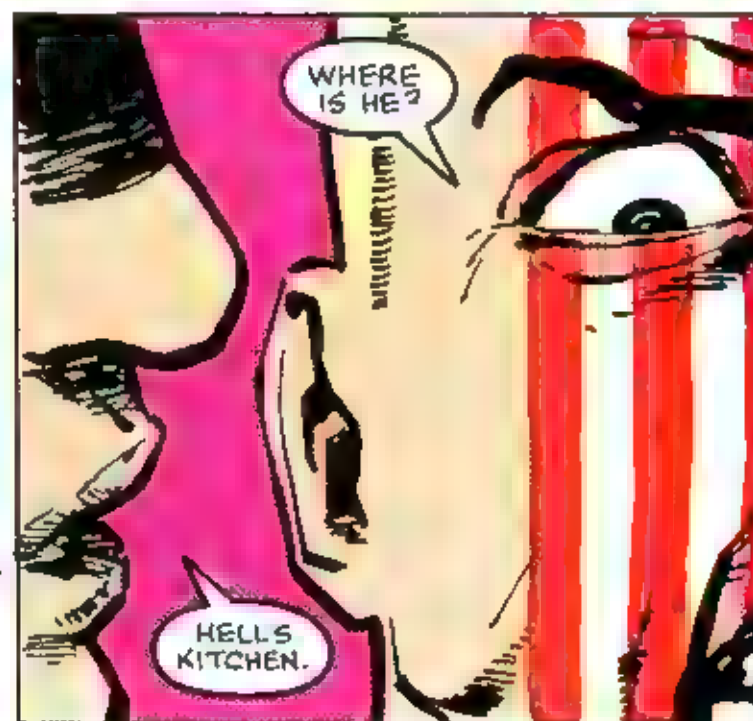
I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY. I KNOW WHAT THEY SAY.



--AND NOW A SINGLE MAN THREATENS TO DESTROY WHAT WE HAVE BUILT. HE MOVES AGAINST ME-- CALLS ME A VILLAIN.

I AM NOT A VILLAIN, MY SON. I AM A *CORPORATION*--IN THE CONGLOMERATE THAT IS AMERICA. BUT HIS ALLIES IN THE *PRESS*--

THE PRESS...



WHERE IS HE?

HELL'S KITCHEN.

HELL'S KITCHEN IS ACHING MUSCLES AND GROWLING STOMACHS-- CHILDREN'S FEET ON BROKEN GLASS-- HOPELESS LAUGHTER, ECHOING ACROSS AN EMPTY LOT.

HELL'S KITCHEN IS WHERE I WAS BORN-- AND BORN AGAIN.

THE BURGERS SIZZLE AND SNAP, THE BACON POPS ON THE GRIDDLE, NEARLY READY, THE EGGS-- THEY'RE THE BEST PART--

--OVER EASY-- HOT SECONDS TO GET THEM JUST SOLID ENOUGH-- THEN FLIP THEM-- NEATLY, QUICKLY--

-- THEN GET THEM OFF WHILE THE YOLK IS STILL QUIVERING, BARELY CONTAINED...

...ANOTHER DAY PASSES. ANOTHER DAY OF WAITING.

QUITTING TIME, RED. SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

GIVE THE BURGERS ABOUT TEN MORE SECONDS AND THEY'LL BE PERFECT.

GOOD CROWD TONIGHT--

-- THAT COUGH--

-- BEN...

...HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S IN SHOCK...

I COME HERE TO WRITE. FOOD'S TERRIBLE SO NOBODY'S EVER HERE.

LOOKS PRETTY CROWDED TO ME.

YOU LOOK THIN, RED. TAKE THIS HOME. YOU NEVER HAD SUCH COBBLER.

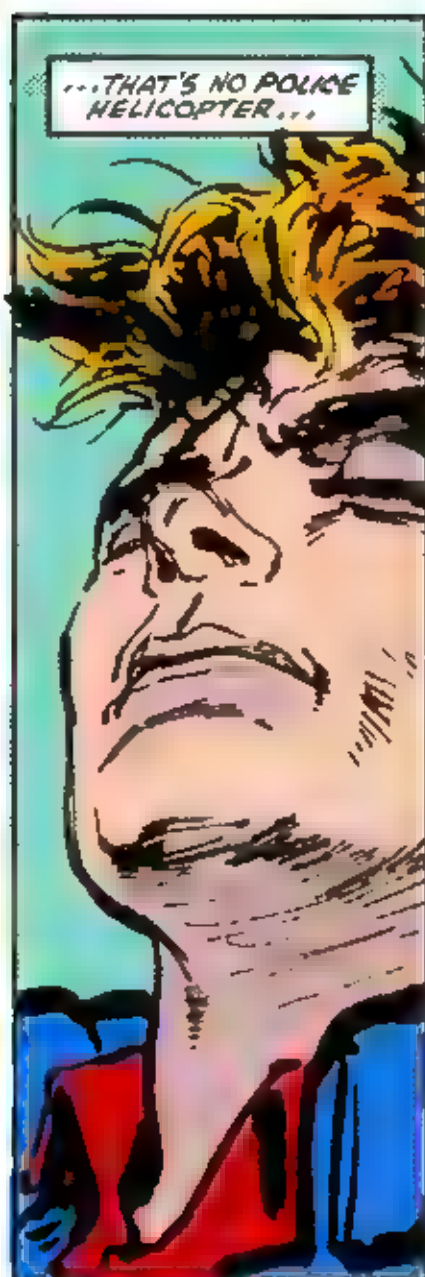
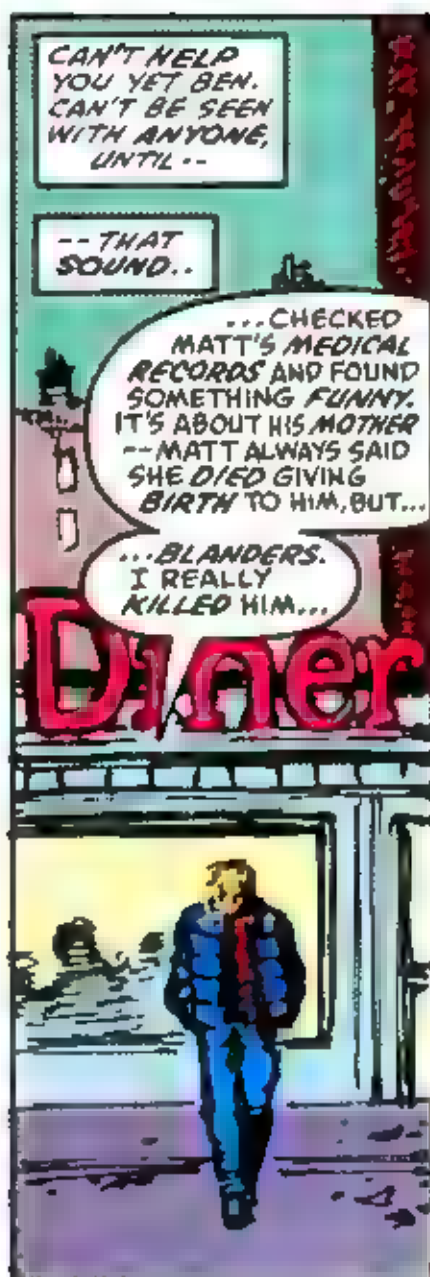
TERRIBLE NEIGHBORHOOD...

HELL'S KITCHEN. RIGHT LOUSY NEIGHBORHOOD. DANGEROUS. BUT MATT WAS BORN HERE AND I--

--DID I-- DID I REALLY KILL THAT MAN--

YOU SAVED OUR LIVES, BEN.

BEST BURGER I EVER HAD...

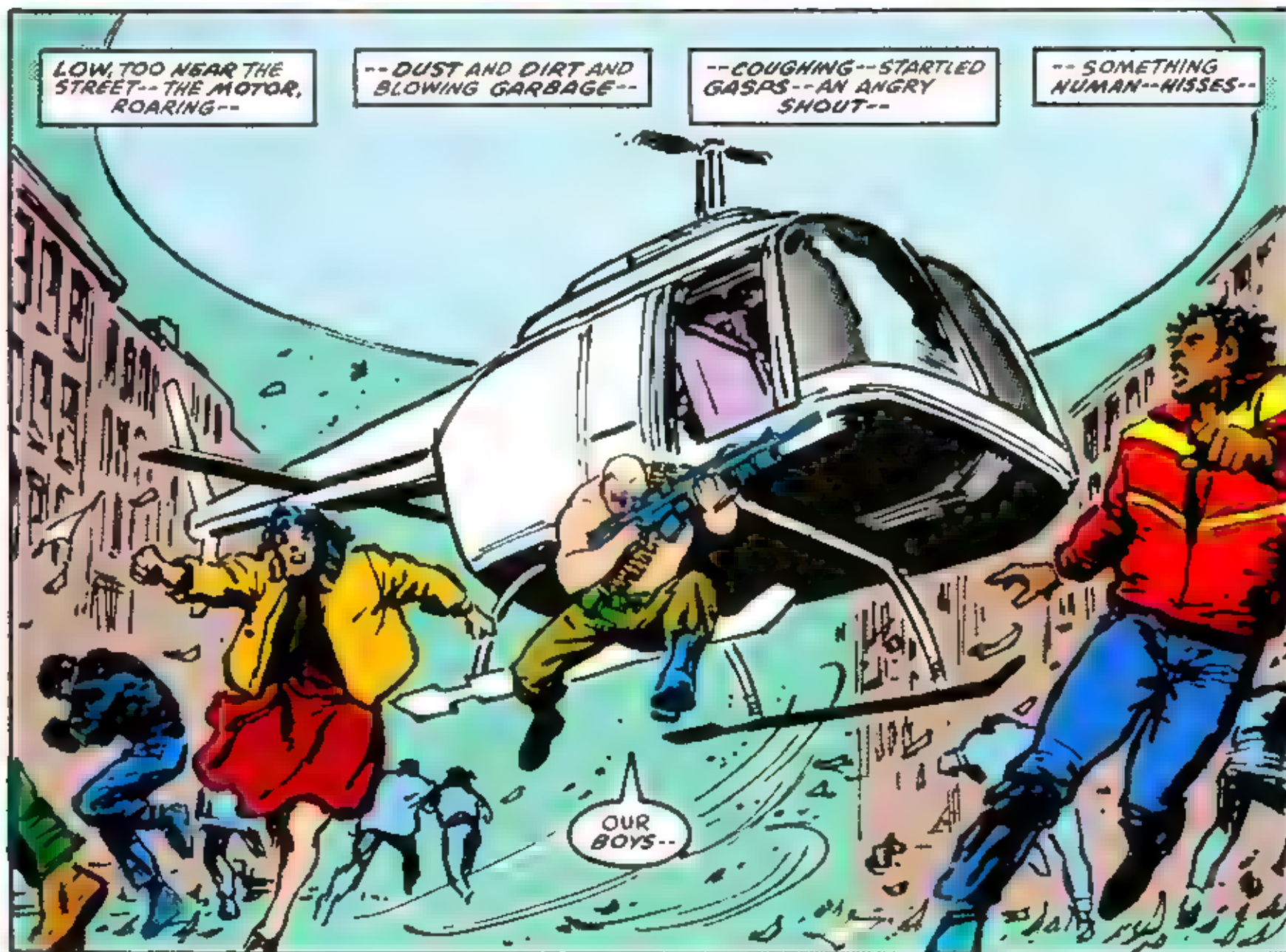


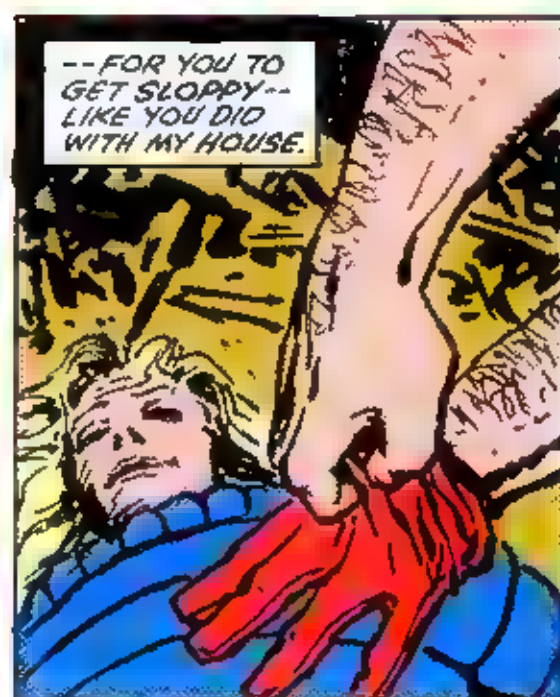
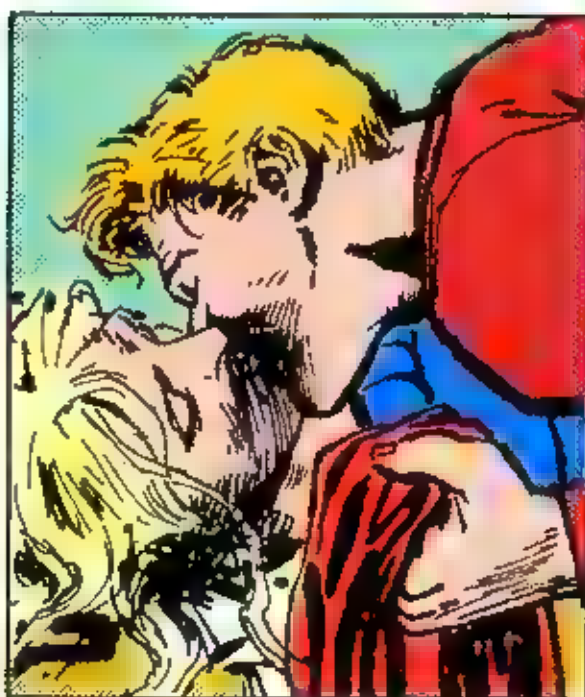
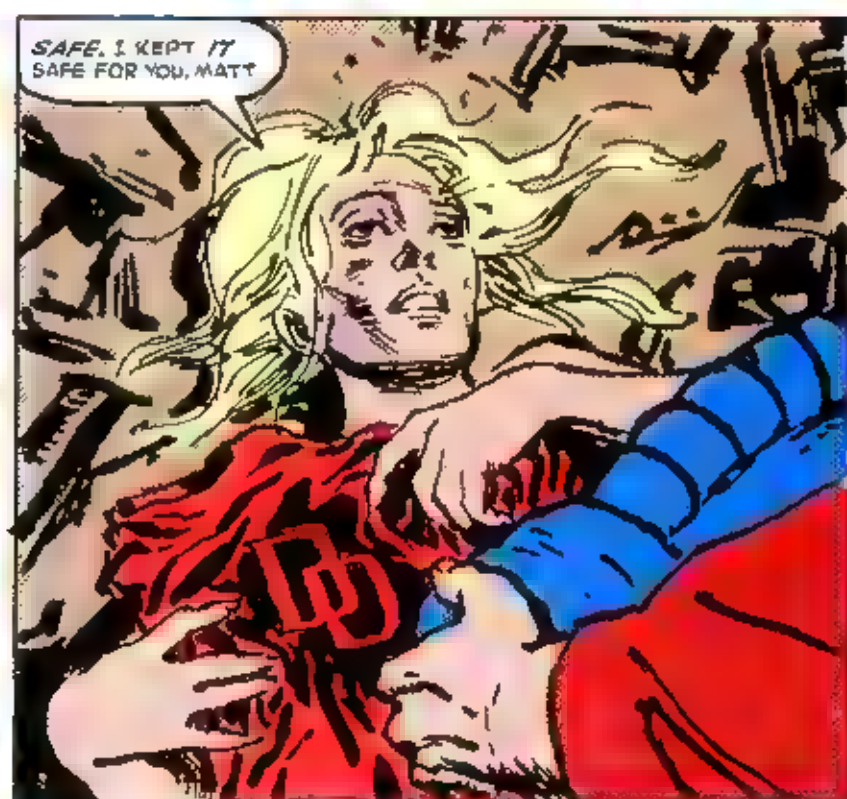
THE CLUE WAS SLIM INDEED -- THE WORDS OF A THIRD-RATE THUG WHO CLAIMS HE HAD THE PLEASURE OF STABBING MURDOCK SOME DAYS PAST.

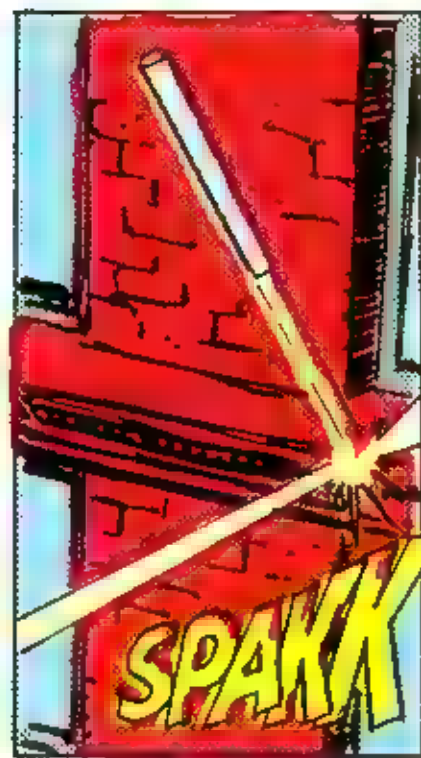
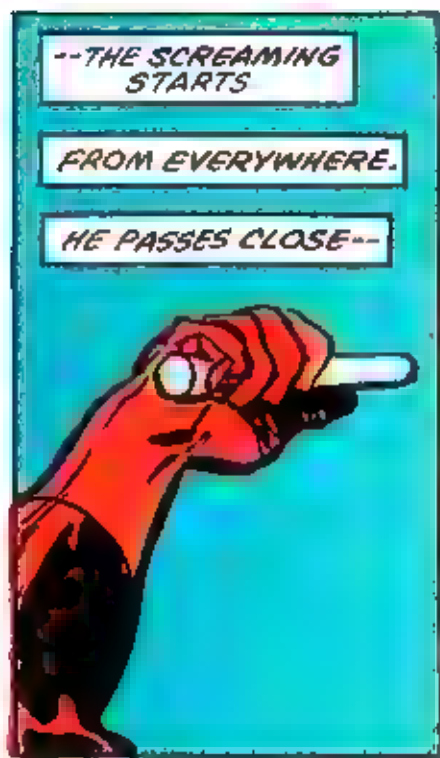
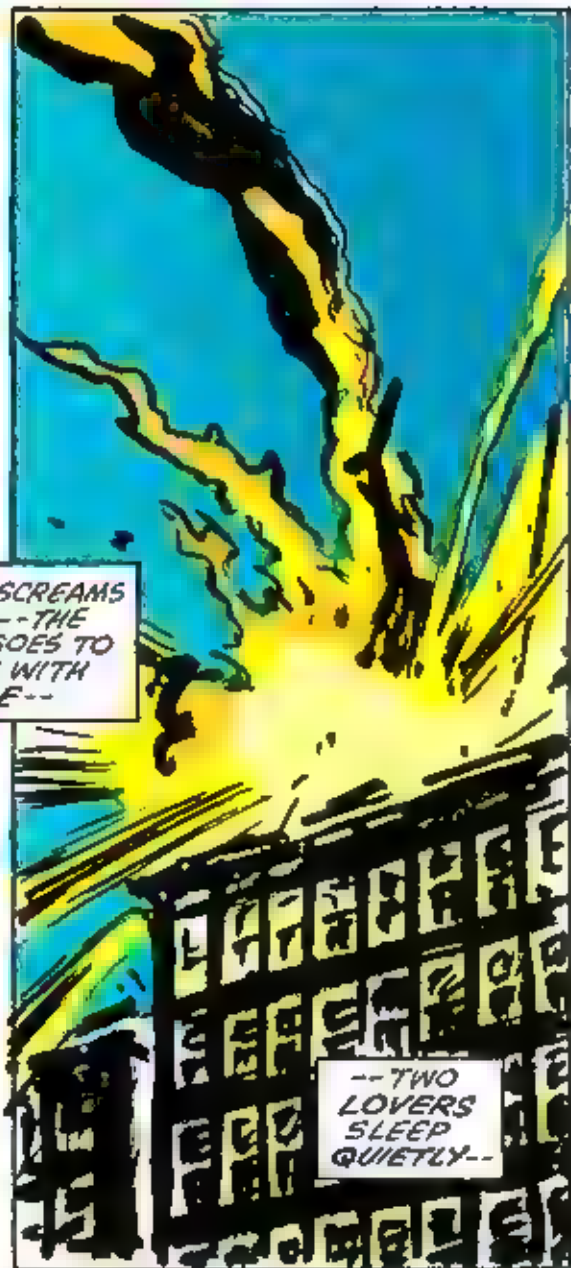
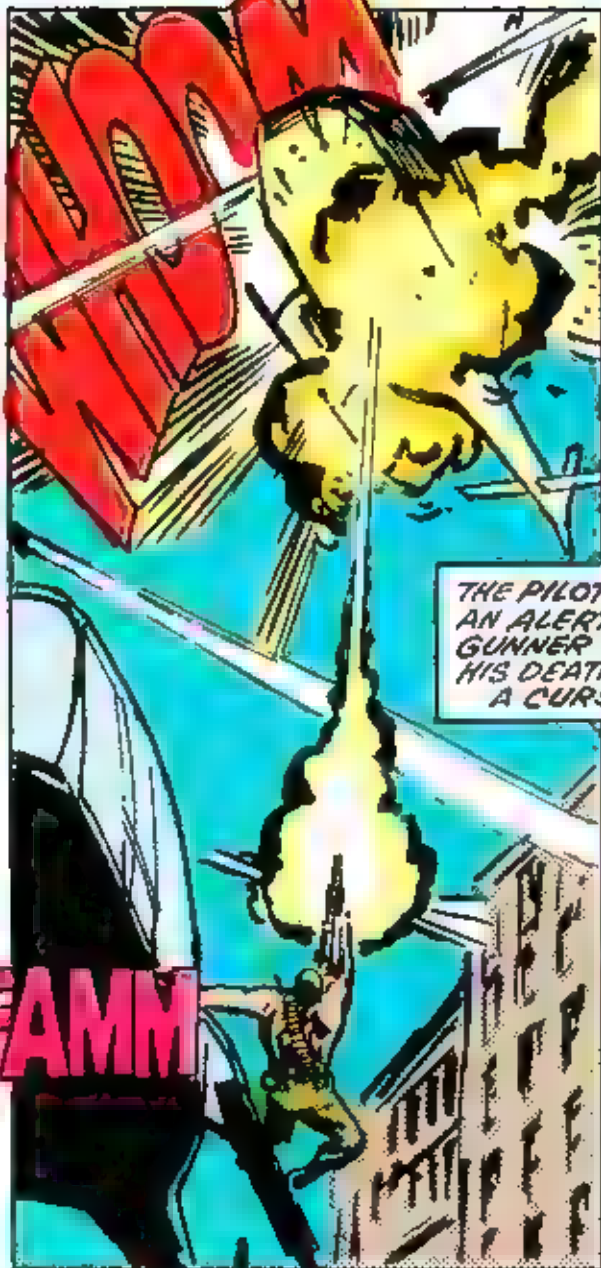
IT WOULD BE A LOGICAL HIDING PLACE. IT HOLDS MANY OF THE LOST AND NAMELESS. IT WAS HIS HOME, AS A BOY.



YES. MURDOCK WILL REVEAL HIMSELF -- WHEN HELL'S KITCHEN BURNS.









NEXT: ARMAGEDDON



STAN LEE PRESENTS

ARMAGEDDON



by

FRANK MILLER & DAVID MAZZUCHELLI

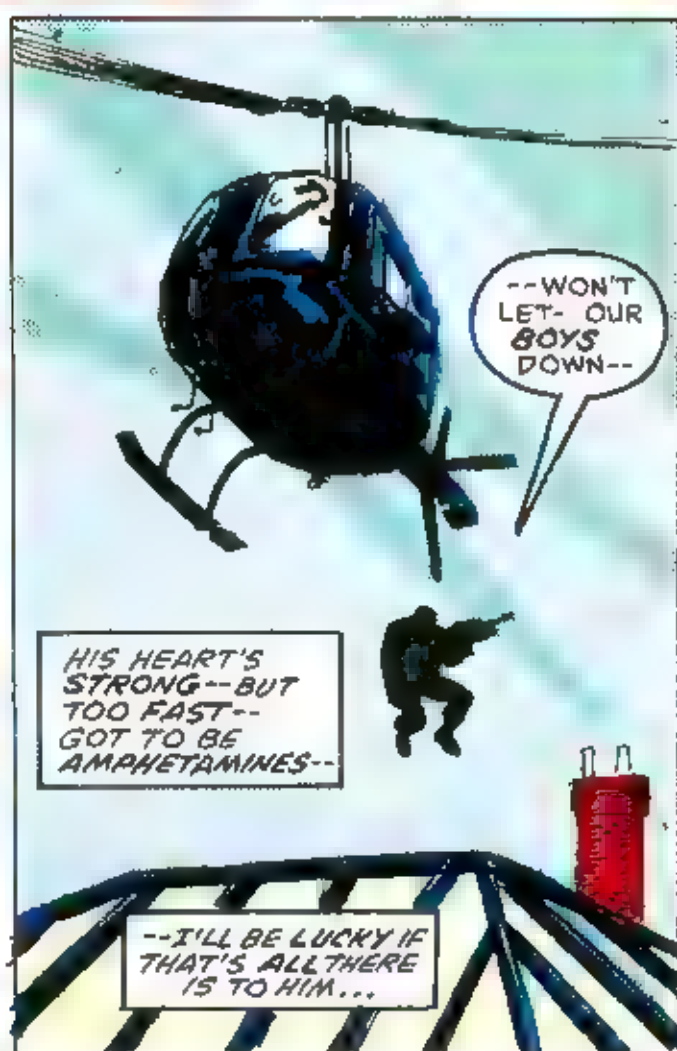
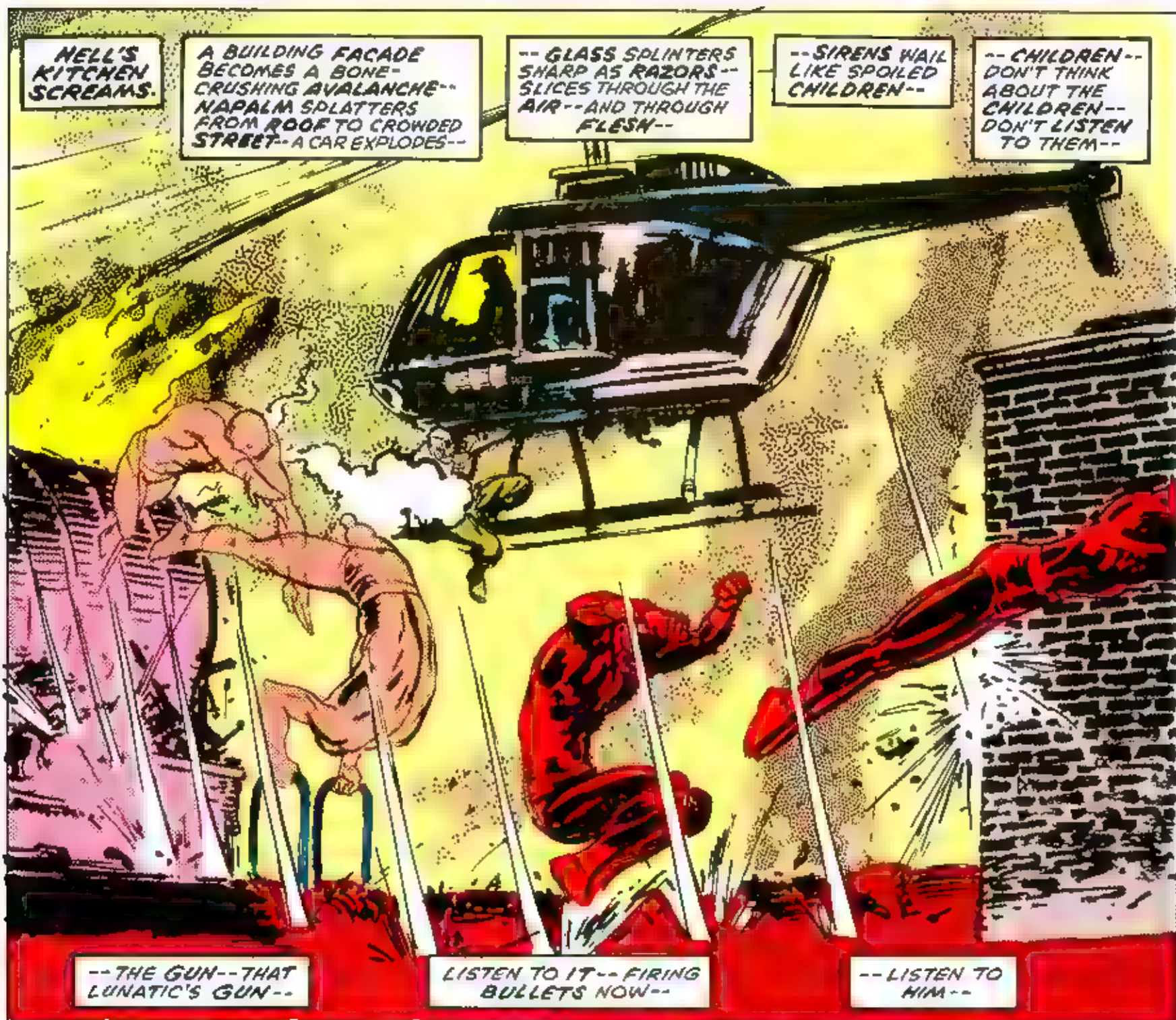
MAX SCHEELE COLORS

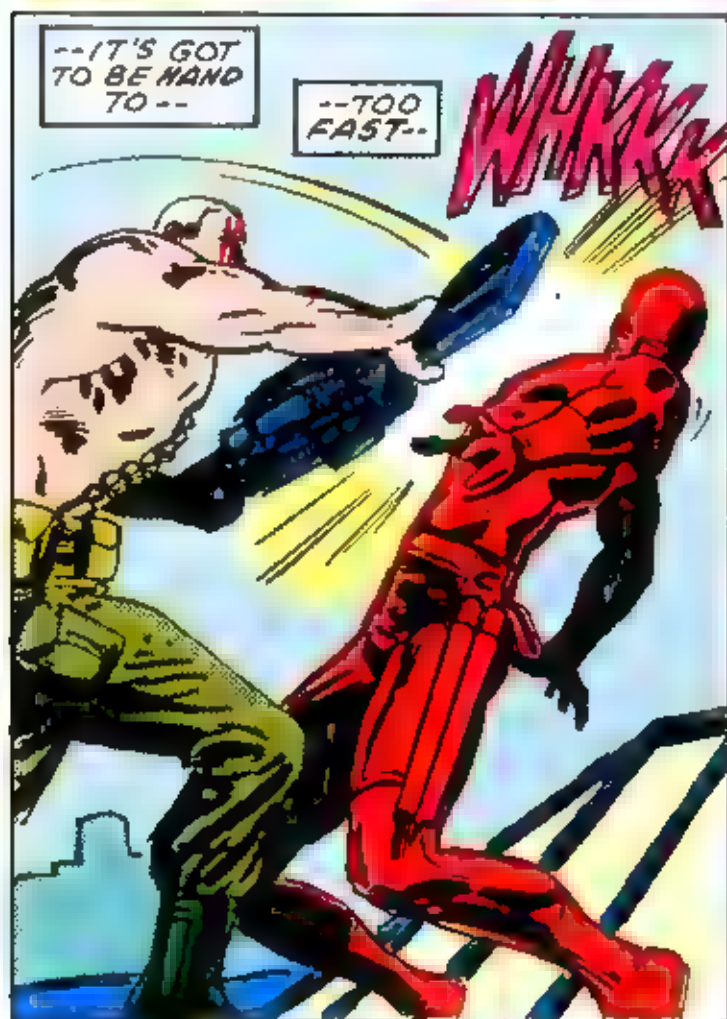
RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR

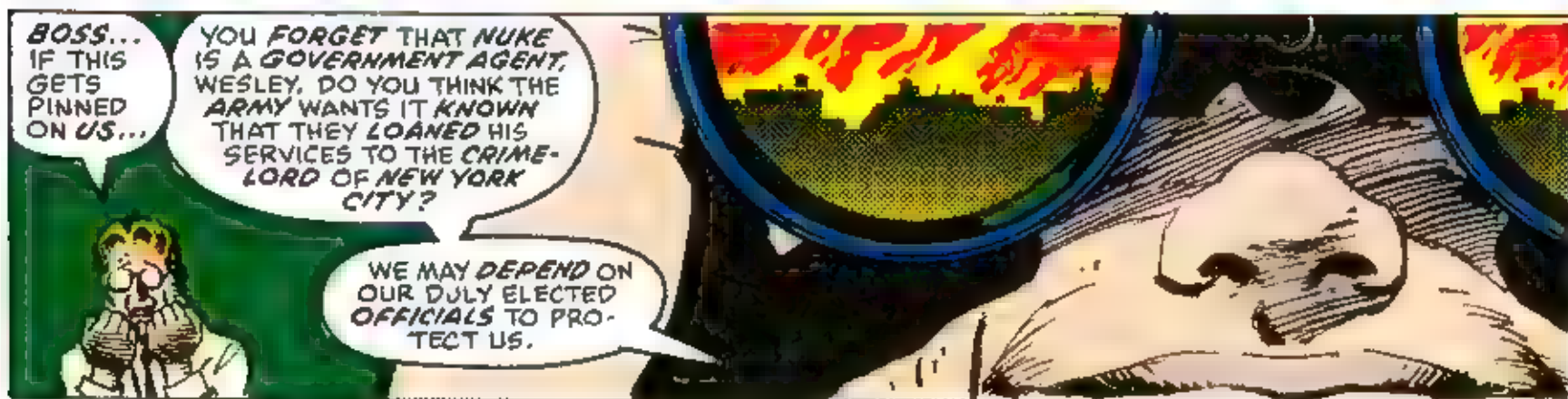
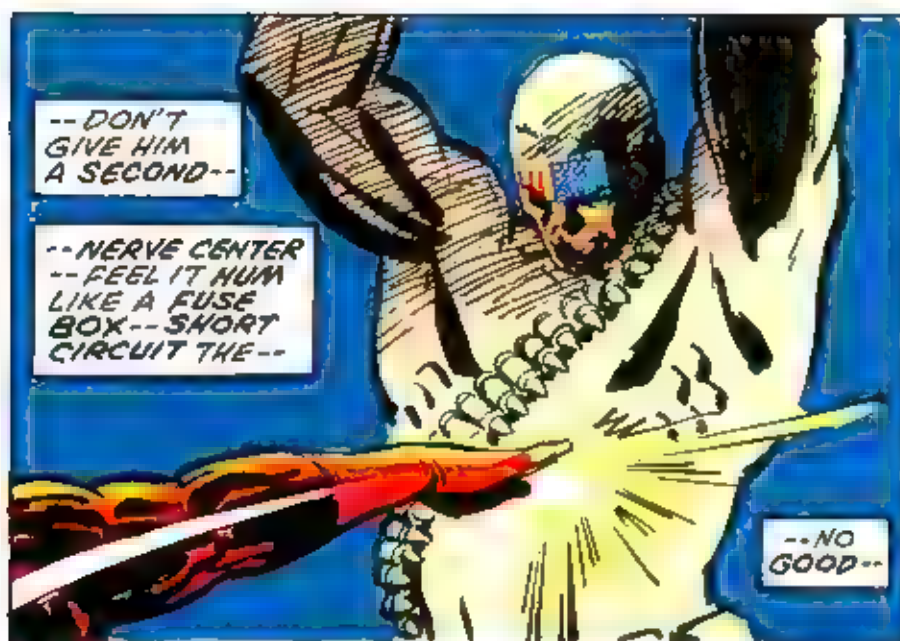
JOE ROSEN LETTERS

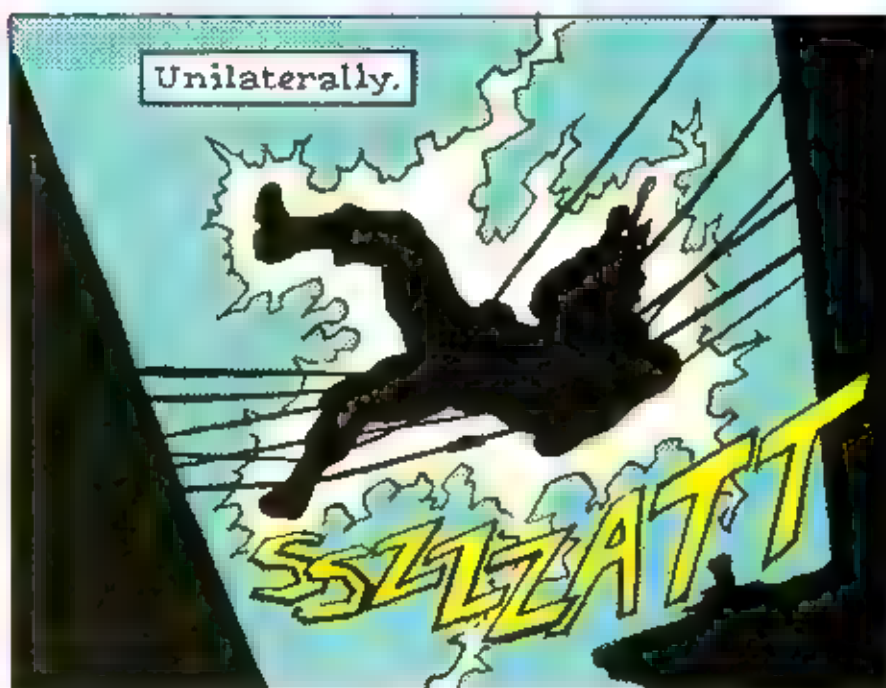
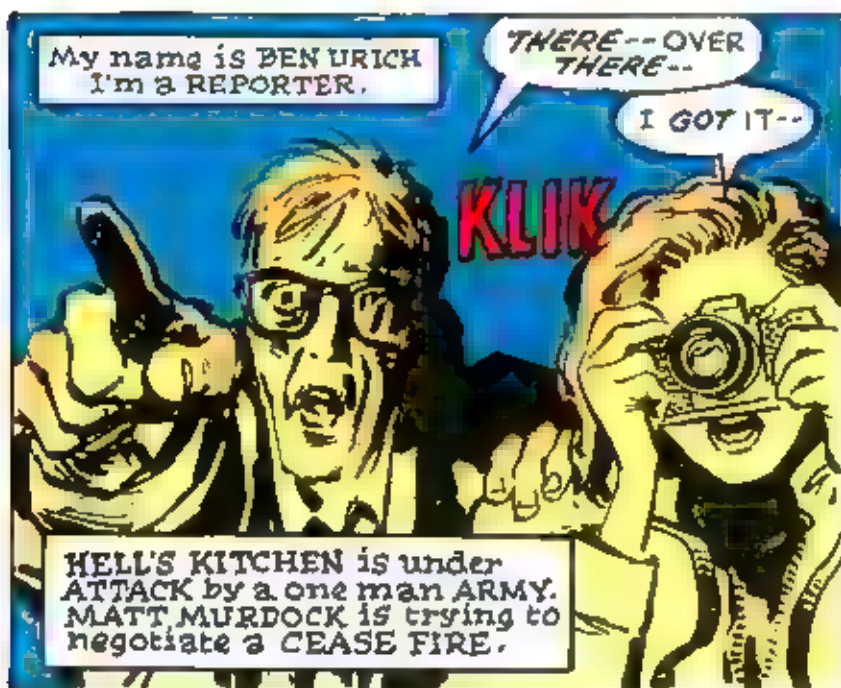
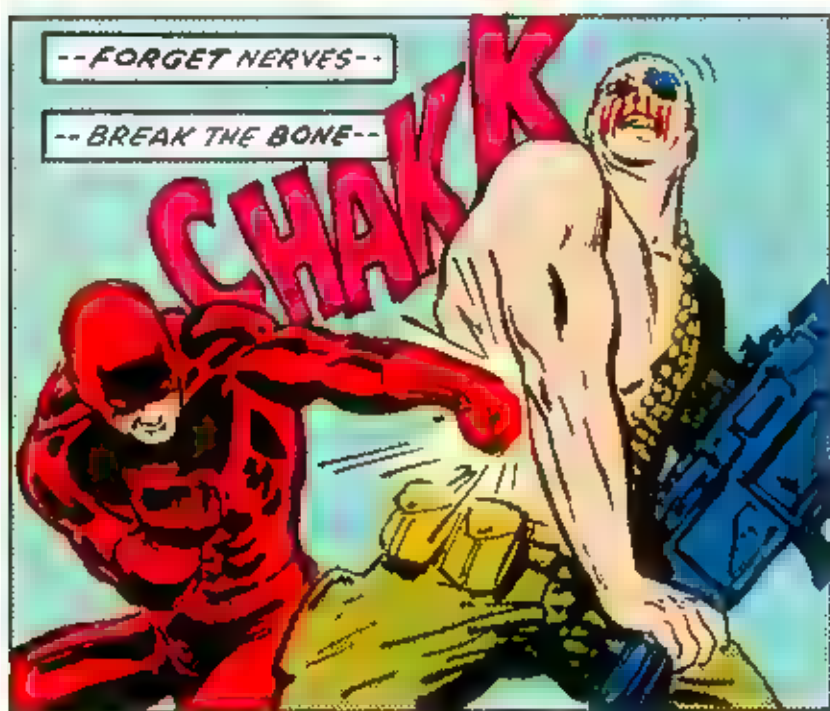
JIM SHOOTER ED.-IN-CHIEF

THIS ISSUE RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED TO
JACK KIRBY

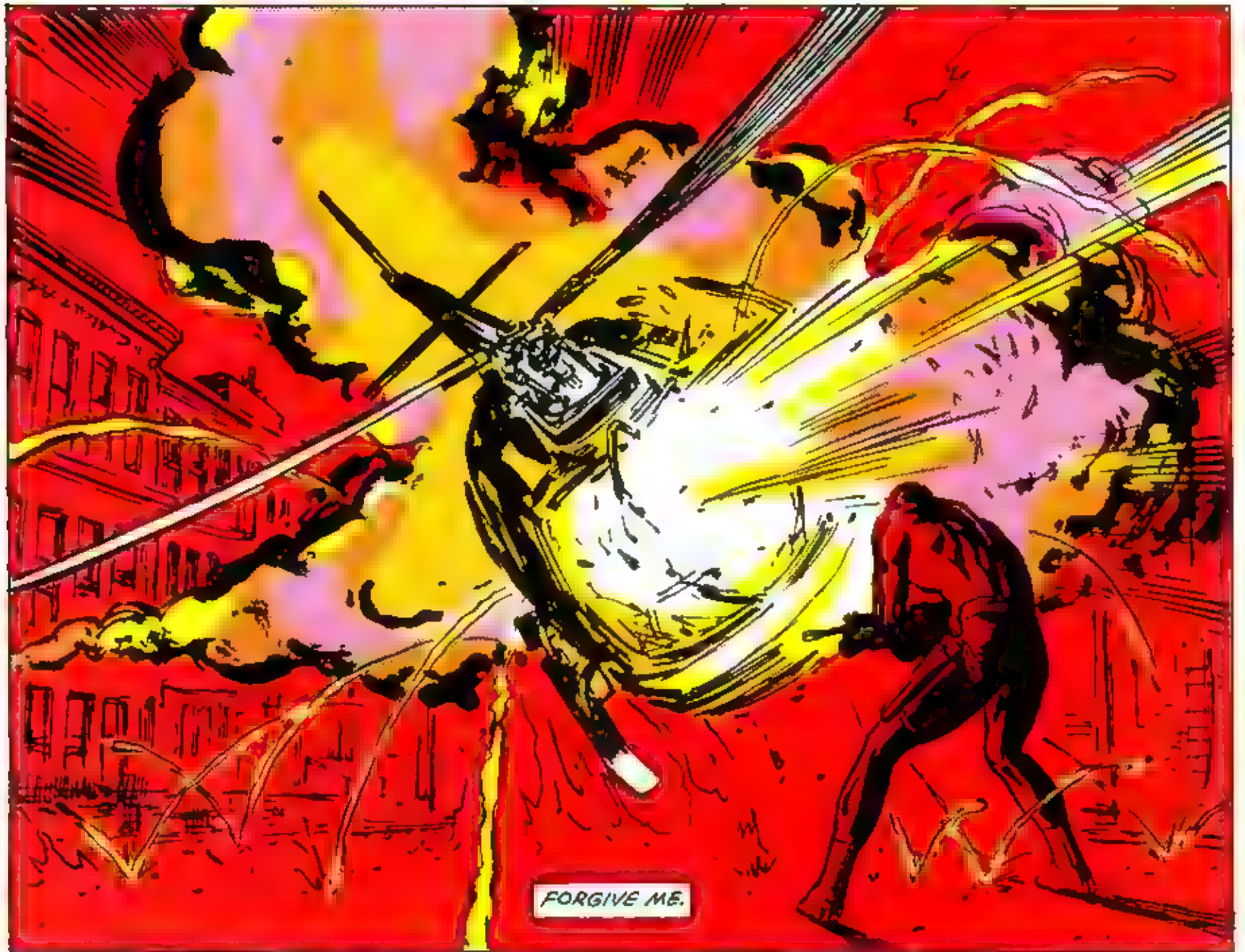
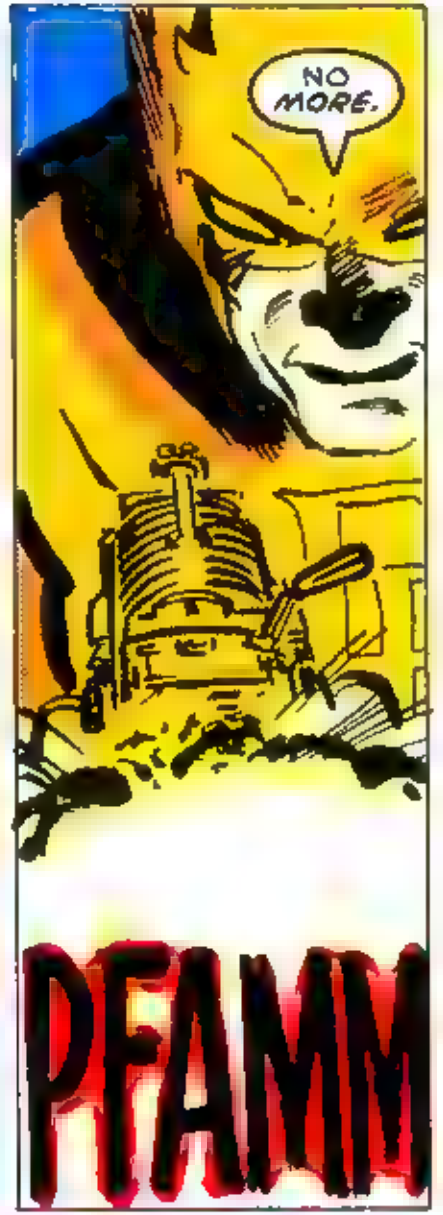
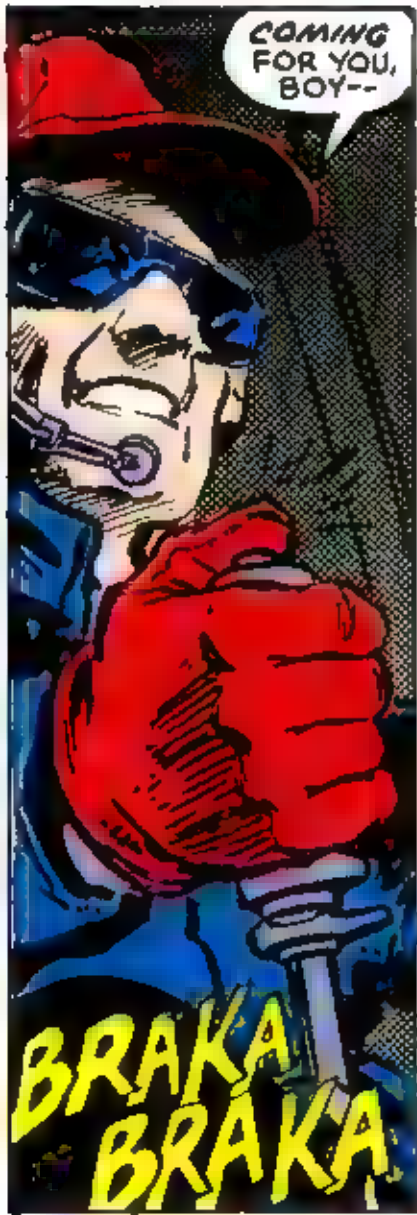


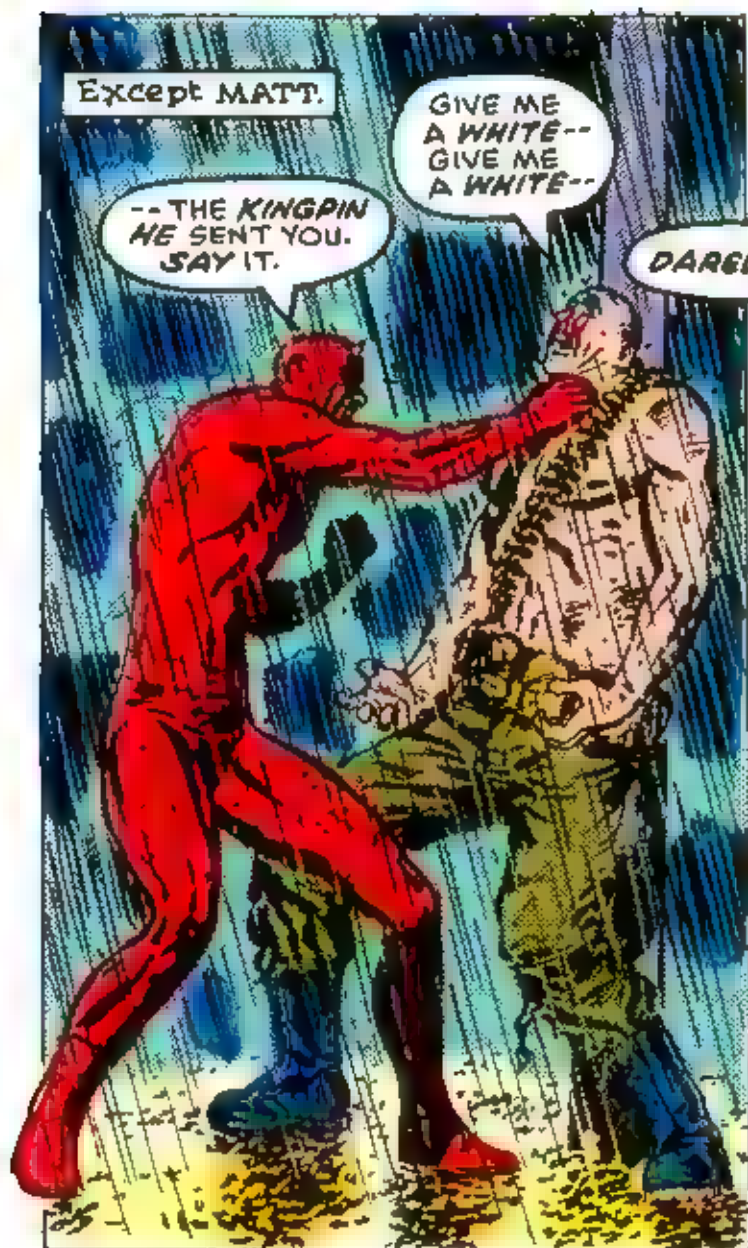
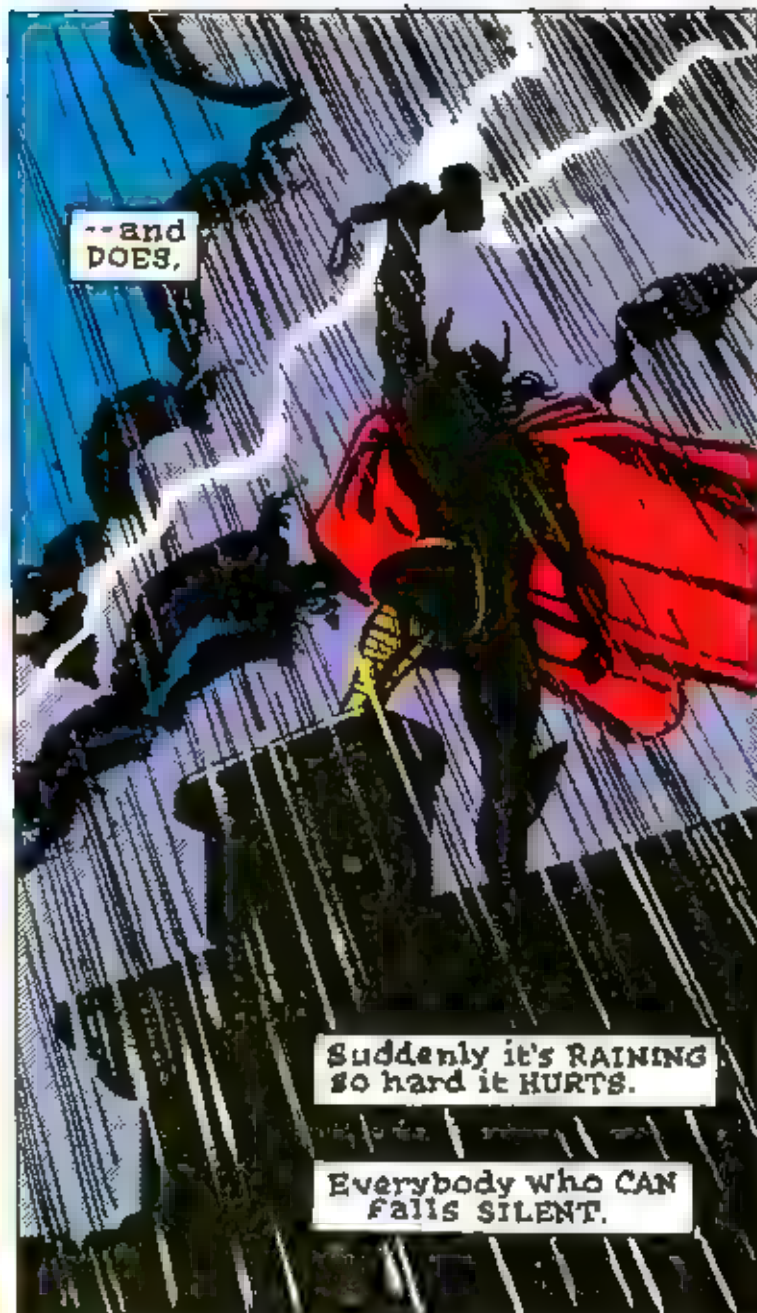
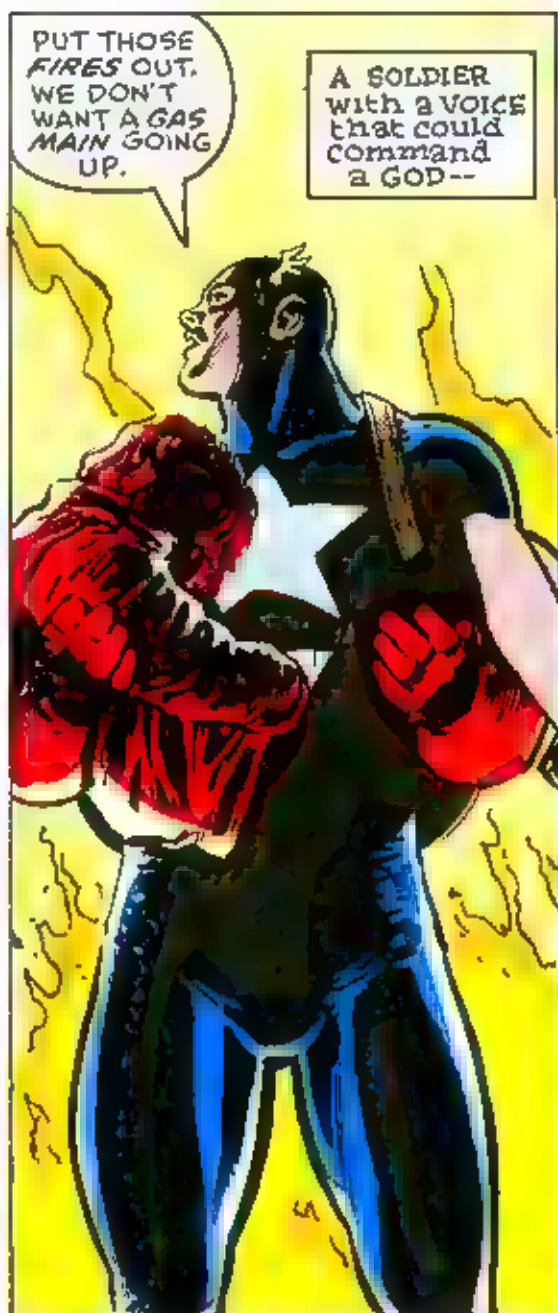














YOU HAVE FIVE SECONDS.

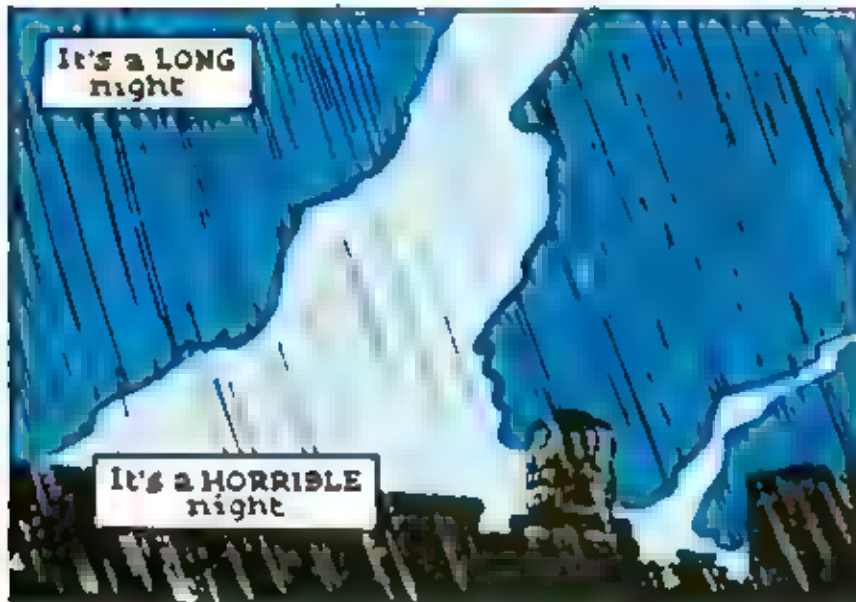
There's a soft HUM as computer CIRCUITRY generates enough POWER to level a BUILDING-- and HOLDS it, waiting.



Not being STUPID, Matt backs AWAY

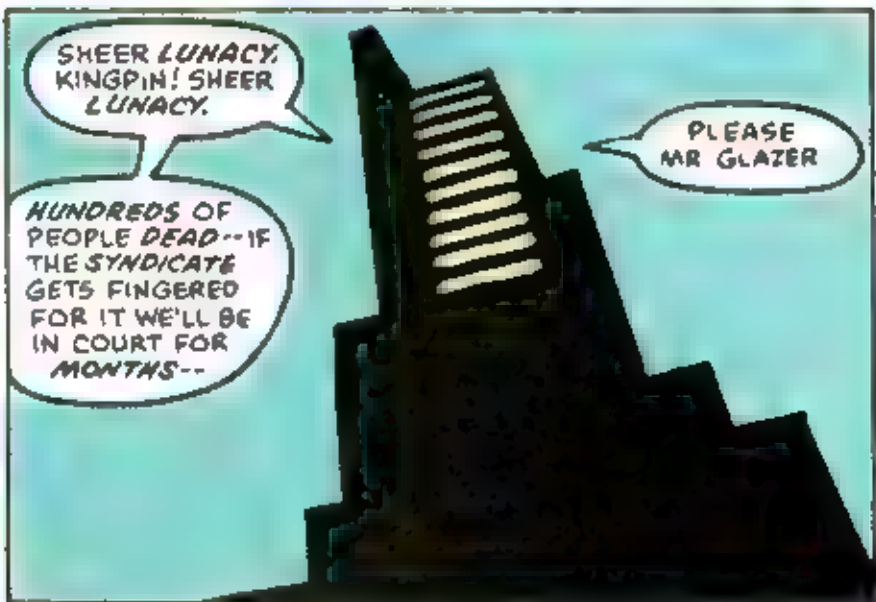


GIVE ME-- A WHITE--



It's a LONG night

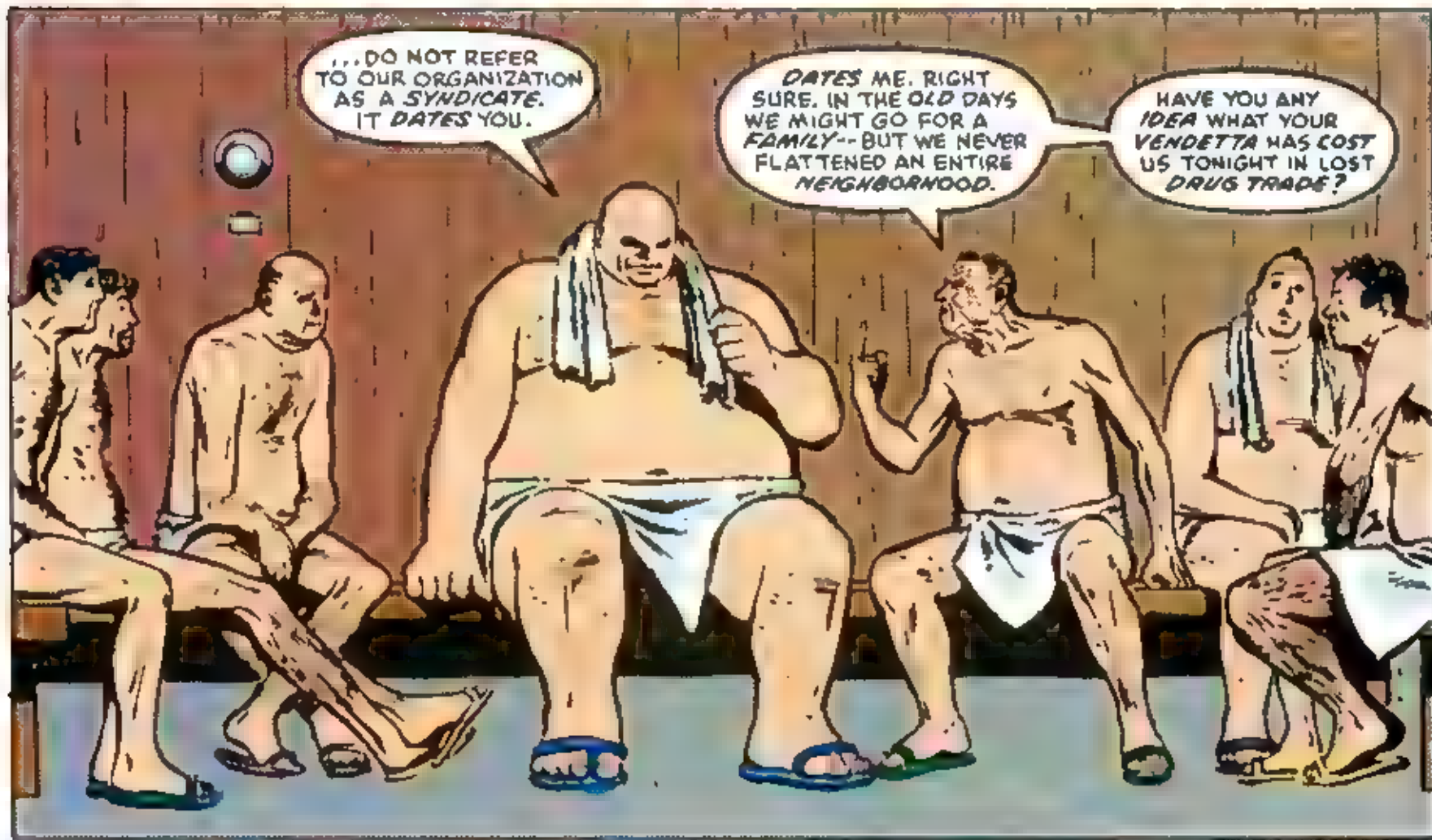
It's a HORRIBLE night



SHEER LUNACY, KINGPIN! SHEER LUNACY.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE DEAD--IF THE SYNDICATE GETS FINGERED FOR IT WE'LL BE IN COURT FOR MONTHS--

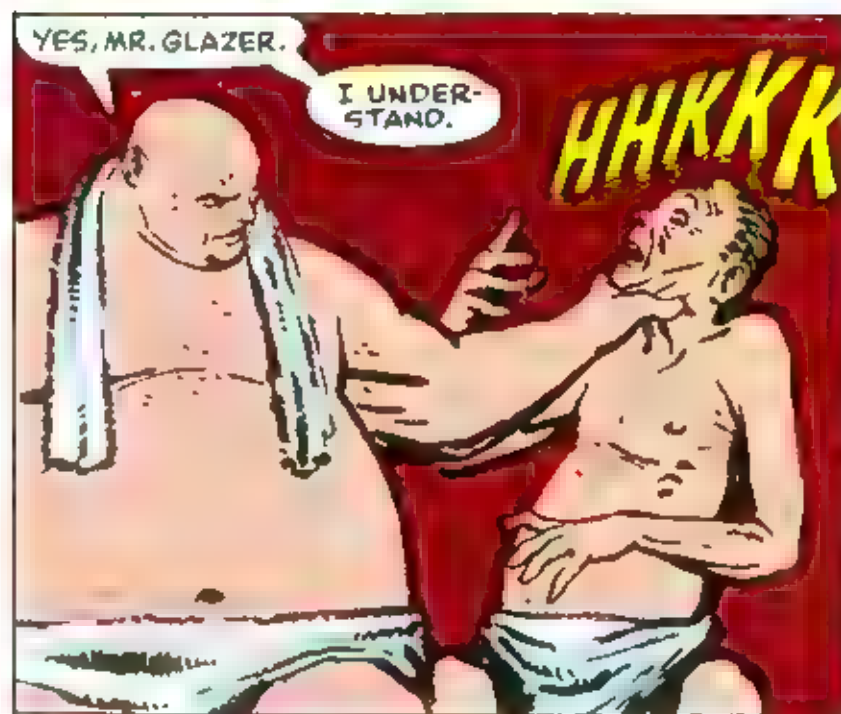
PLEASE MR GLAZER

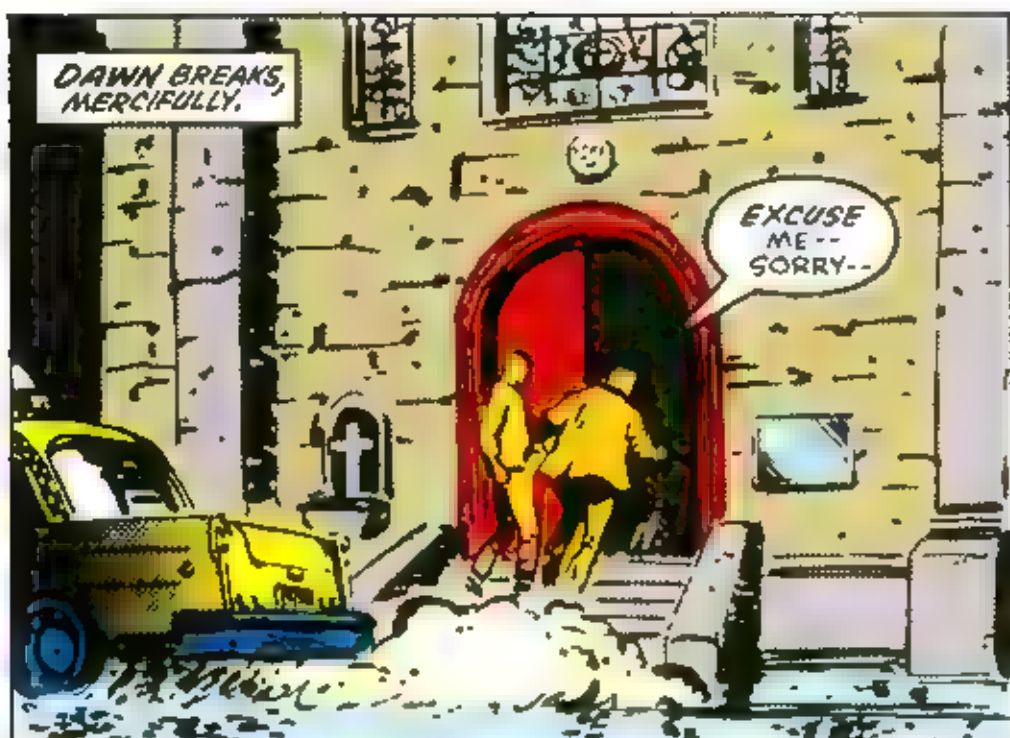


...DO NOT REFER TO OUR ORGANIZATION AS A SYNDICATE. IT DATES YOU.

DATES ME. RIGHT SURE. IN THE OLD DAYS WE MIGHT GO FOR A FAMILY--BUT WE NEVER FLATTENED AN ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT YOUR VENDETTA HAS COST US TONIGHT IN LOST DRUG TRADE?





DAWN BREAKS, MERCIFULLY.

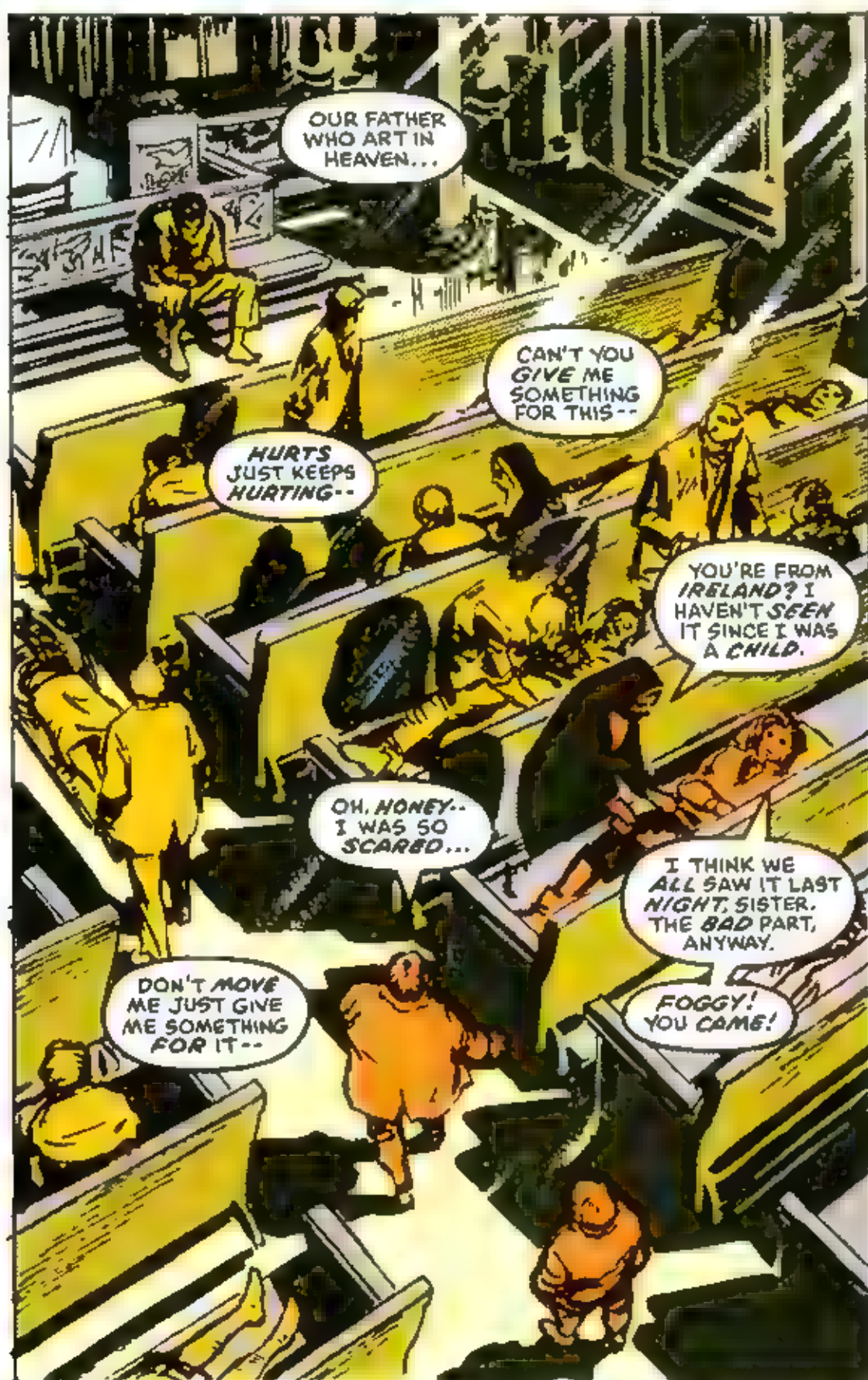
EXCUSE ME-- SORRY--

FOGGY. HE WAS MY PARTNER IN ANOTHER LIFE.

GOOD THING HE DIDN'T NOTICE ME



GLORI-- OH, GLORI...



OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN...

CAN'T YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THIS--

HURTS JUST KEEPS HURTING--

YOU'RE FROM IRELAND? I HAVEN'T SEEN IT SINCE I WAS A CHILD.

OH, HONEY-- I WAS SO SCARED...

I THINK WE ALL SAW IT LAST NIGHT, SISTER. THE BAD PART, ANYWAY.

FOGGY! YOU CAME!

DON'T MOVE ME JUST GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR IT--

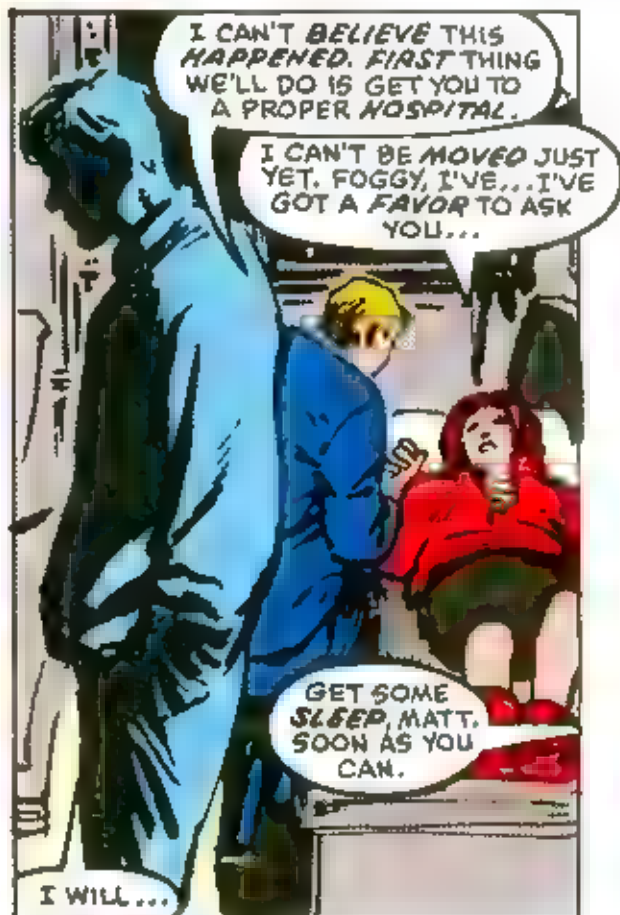


YOU NEED TO SLEEP.

I'M ALL RIGHT MAGGIE. REALLY I AM

OF COURSE I CAME, GLORI. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OKAY... YOU ARE OKAY?...

BULLET PASSED RIGHT THROUGH, FOGGY, THOUGH IT DID TAKE A CHUNK OF ME WITH IT.

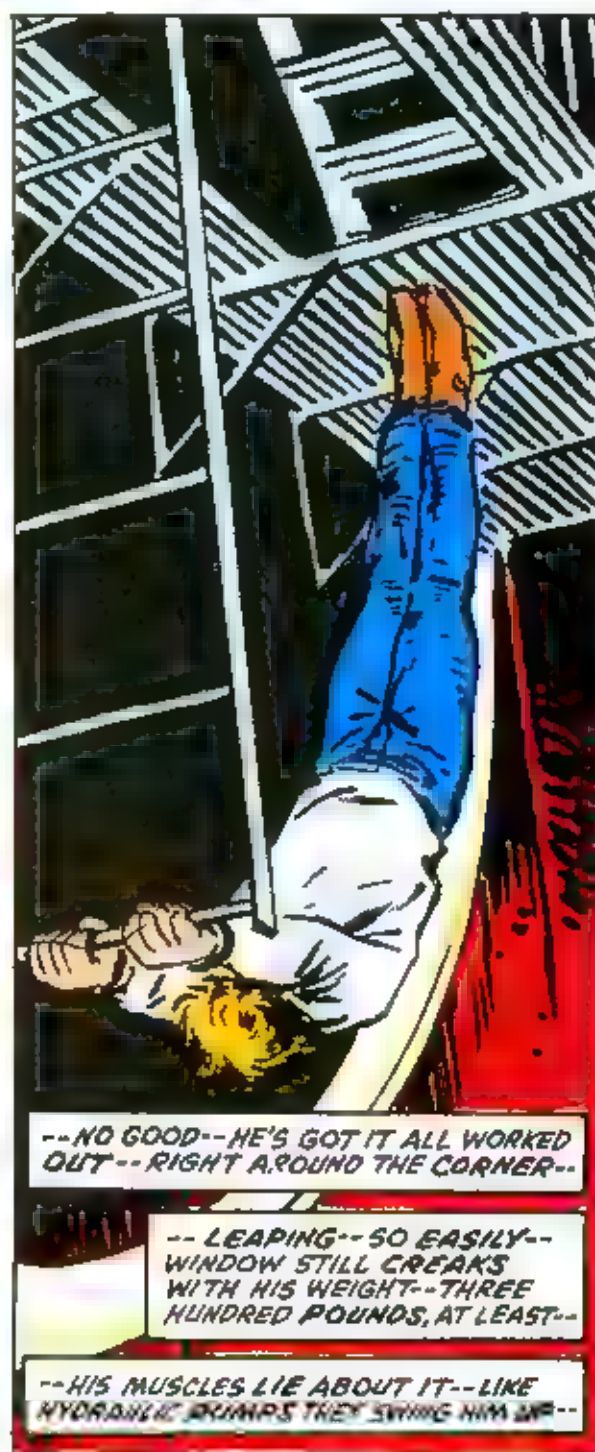
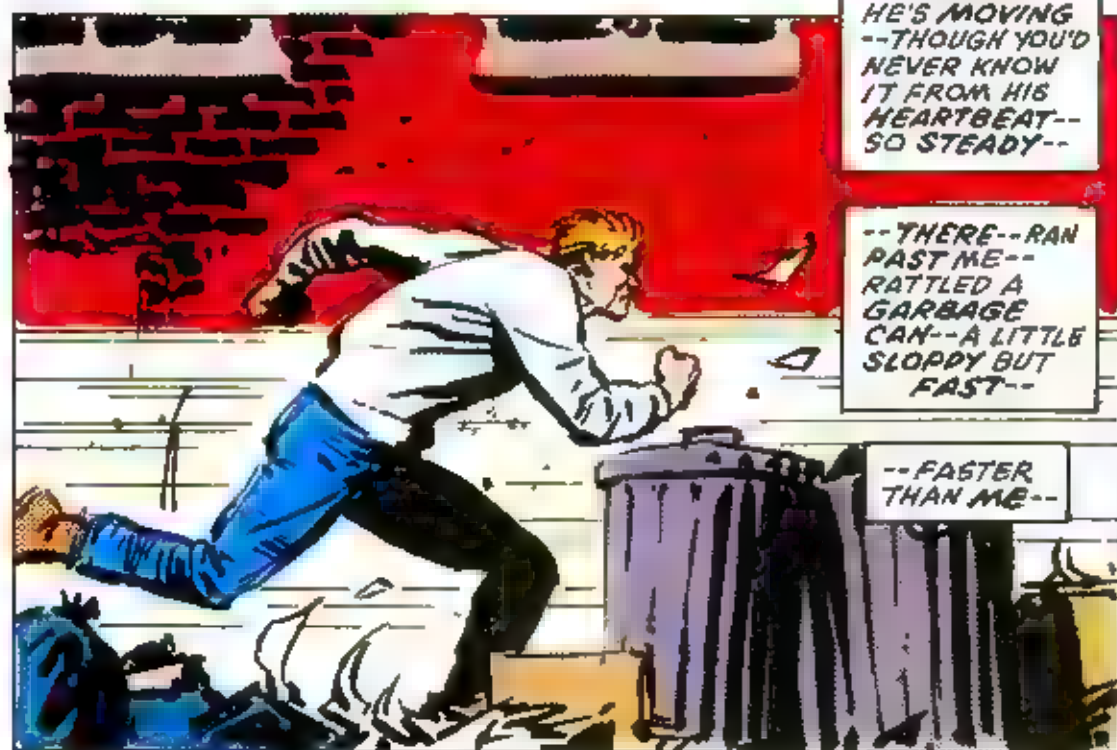
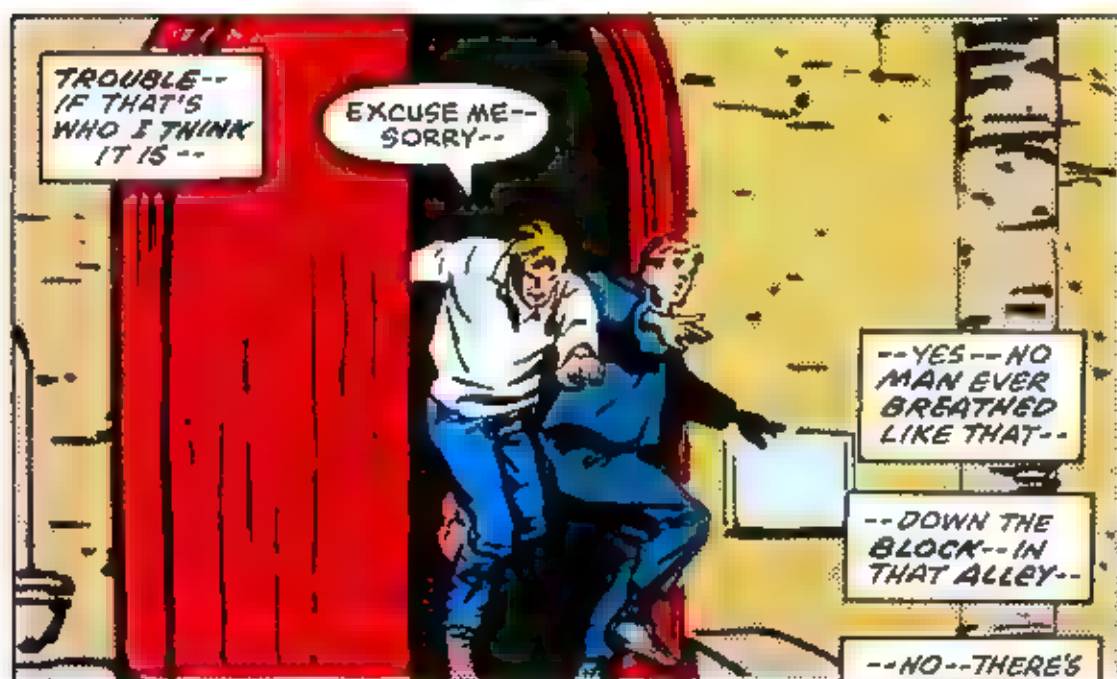
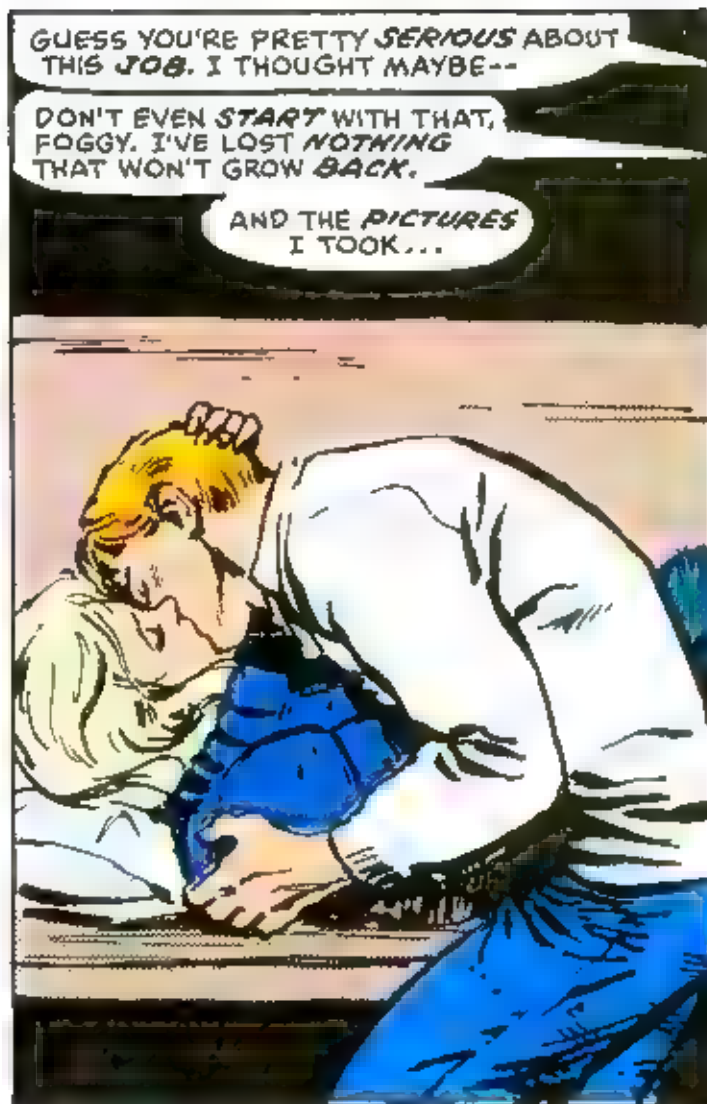


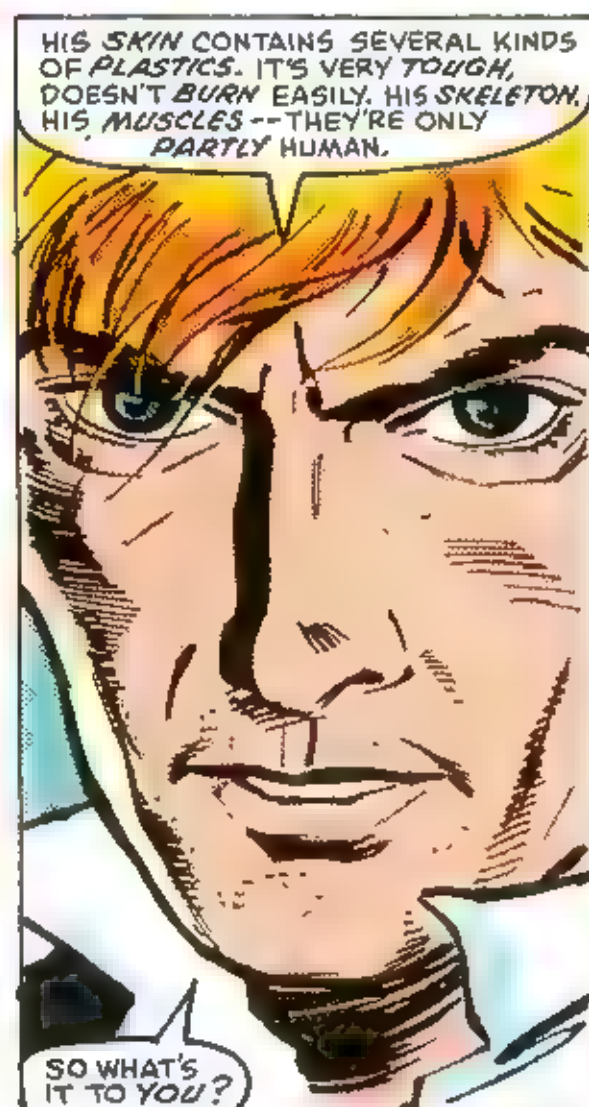
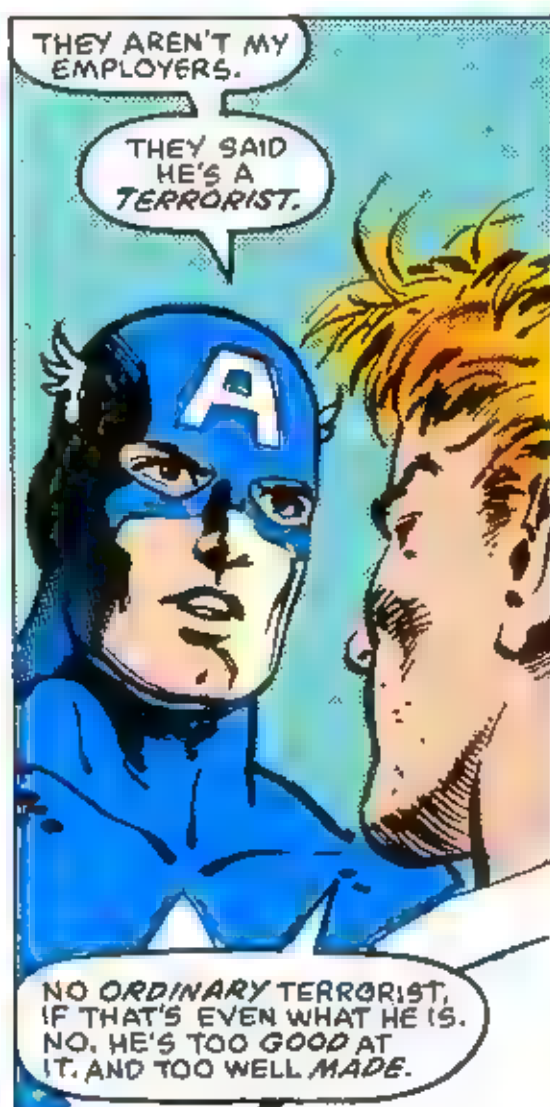
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS HAPPENED. FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS GET YOU TO A PROPER HOSPITAL.

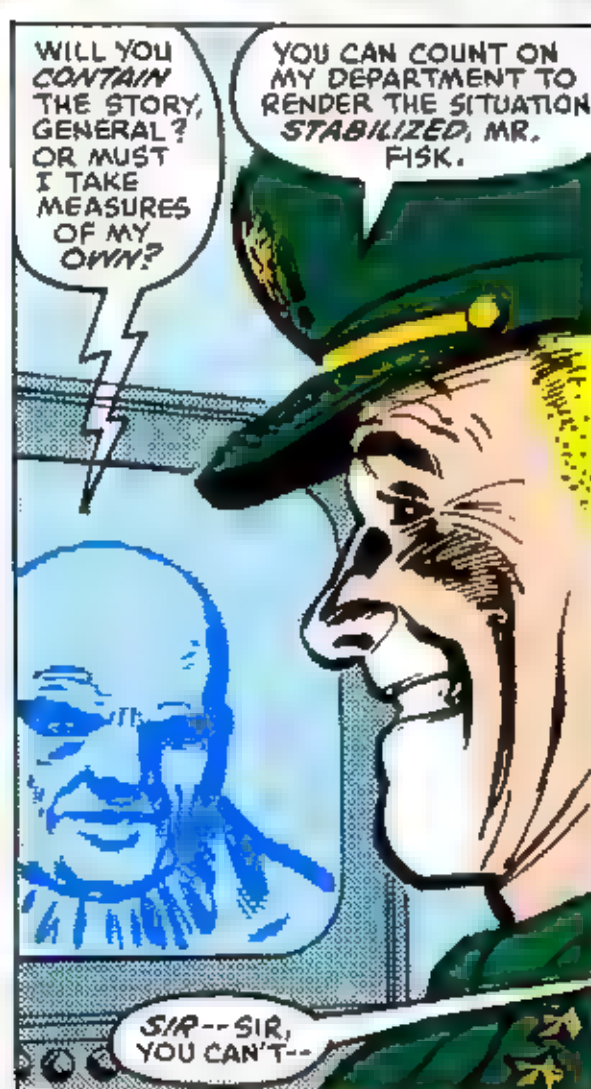
I CAN'T BE MOVED JUST YET. FOGGY, I'VE... I'VE GOT A FAVOR TO ASK YOU...

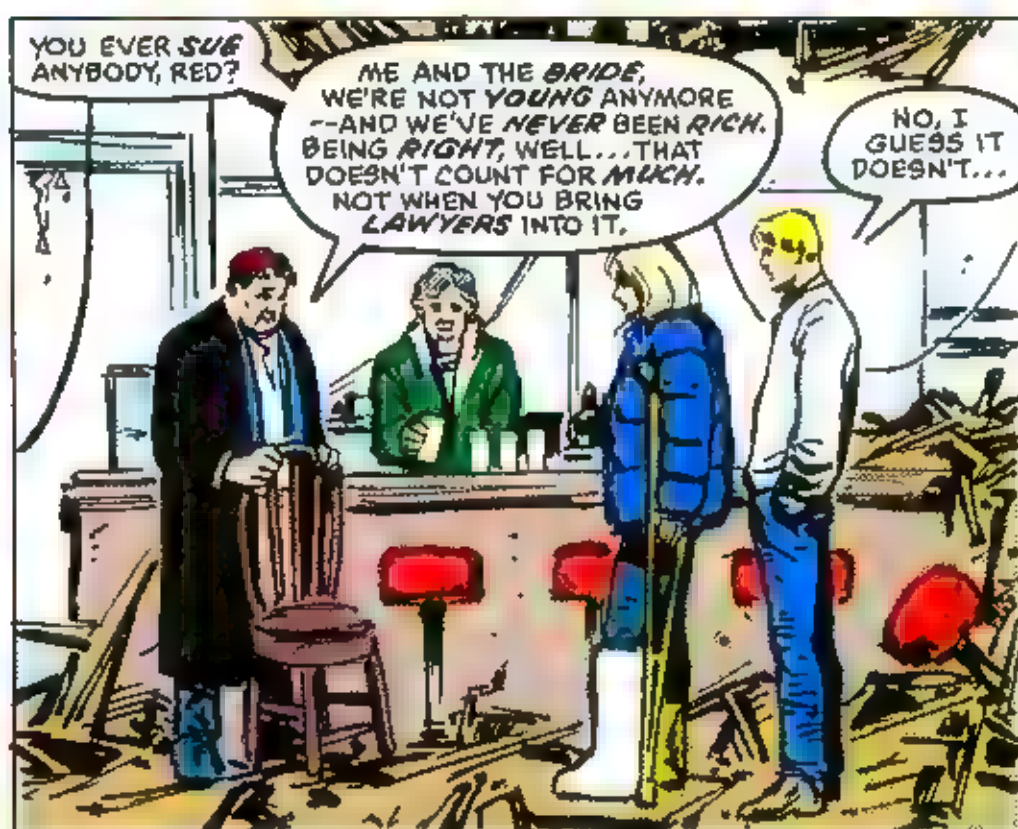
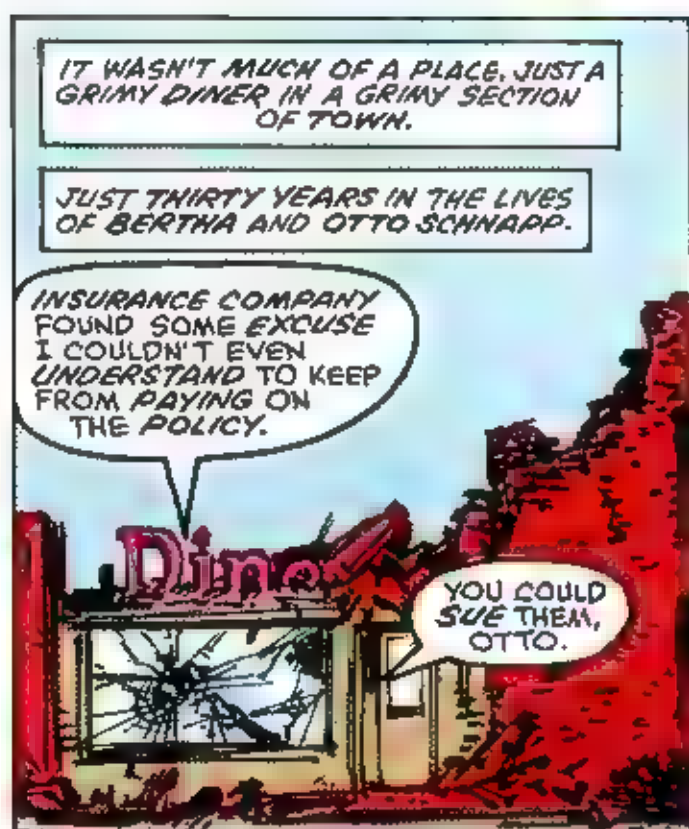
GET SOME SLEEP, MATT. SOON AS YOU CAN.

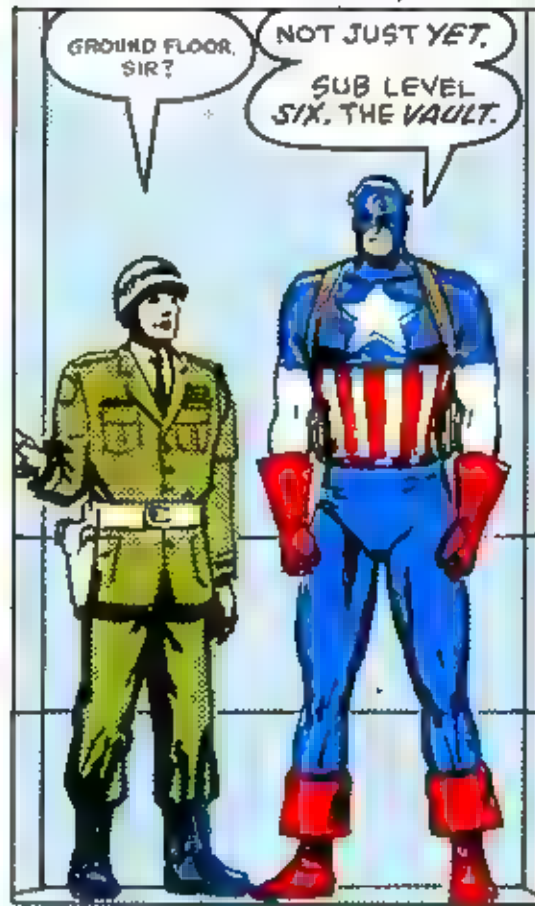
I WILL...



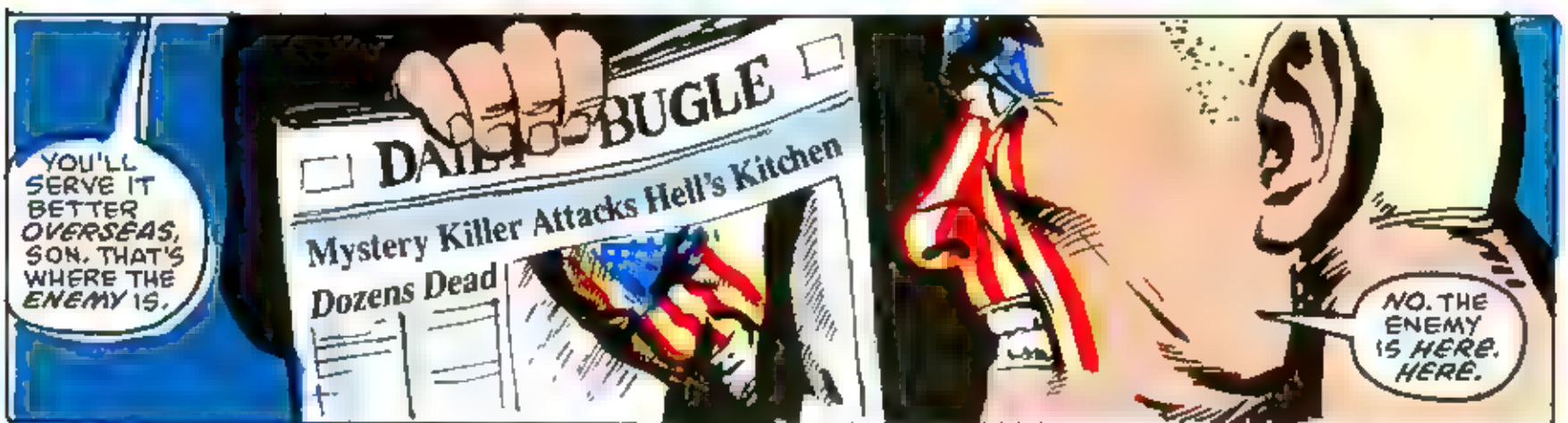








MANY FLOORS ABOVE...



THE SOLDIER TRIES NOT TO REMEMBER HOW IT USED TO BE--WHEN BREAKING INTO TOP SECRET RECORDS OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE--AN ACT OF TREASON--WAS UNTHINKABLE.

UNTHINKABLE -- BECAUSE IT WAS UNNECESSARY.

HE TRIES NOT TO RESENT THE COMPUTERS, ONLY AN OLD MAN WOULD.

HE PUNCHES THE KEYS AND BREAKS THE RIGHT CODES AND PRAYS THAT HE IS WRONG.

PROJECT RE-BIRTH-- THE WORD FLASHES ON THE SCREEN. THEN A NAME, HIS NAME...

STEVE ROGERS. UNFIT FOR ACTIVE DUTY. SUBJECT OF A CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT THAT MADE HIM A SUPERMAN.

STEVE ROGERS--THE SUPER SOLDIER-- PROTOTYPE FOR WHAT WAS TO BE AN AMERICAN FIGHTING ELITE.

IF ONLY IT HAD GONE DIFFERENTLY, HE THINKS. IF ONLY THE SERUM AND THE MIND THAT HELD IT HAD NOT BEEN DESTROYED...

...WE COULD HAVE WON THE WAR WITH CLEAN HANDS-- NOT WITH MILLIONS OF INNOCENTS MURDERED BY ATOMIC FIRE.

ALL THIS IS OLD NEWS. BEST NOT TO DWELL ON IT.

CODE AFTER CODE HE UNTANGLES, EASILY, IMPATIENTLY, HUNTING FOR ATTEMPTS TO REVIVE PROJECT REBIRTH.

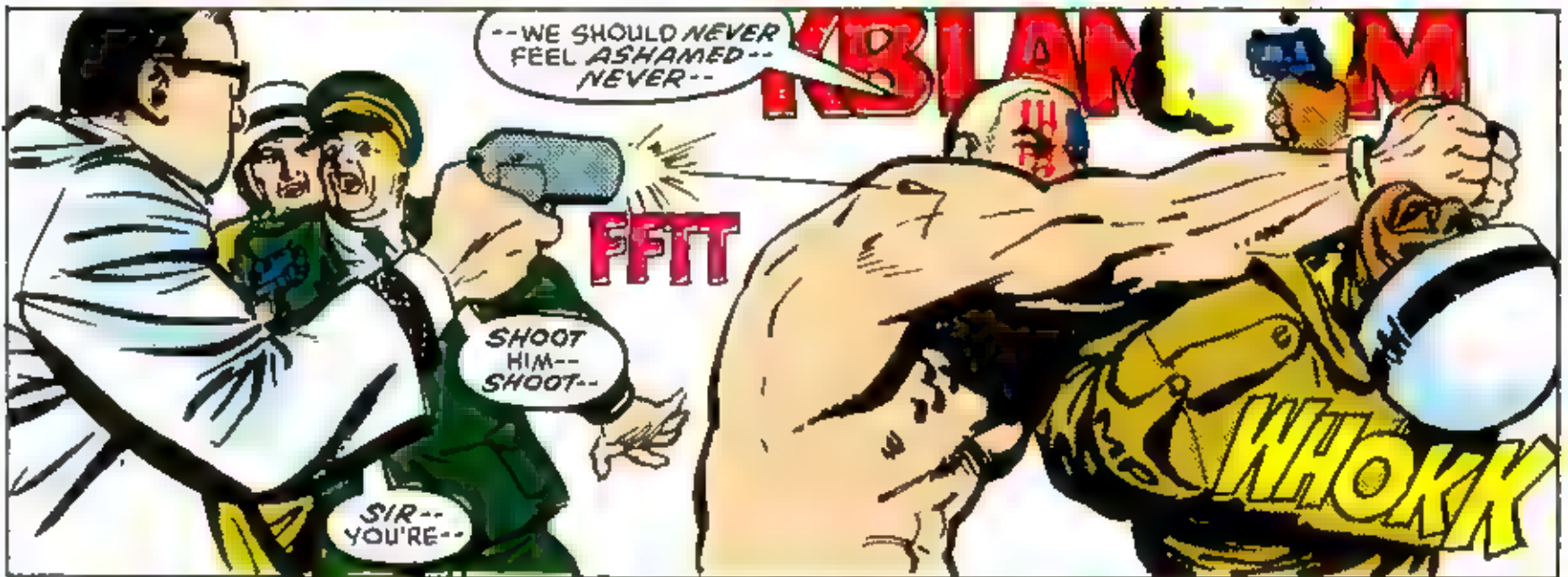
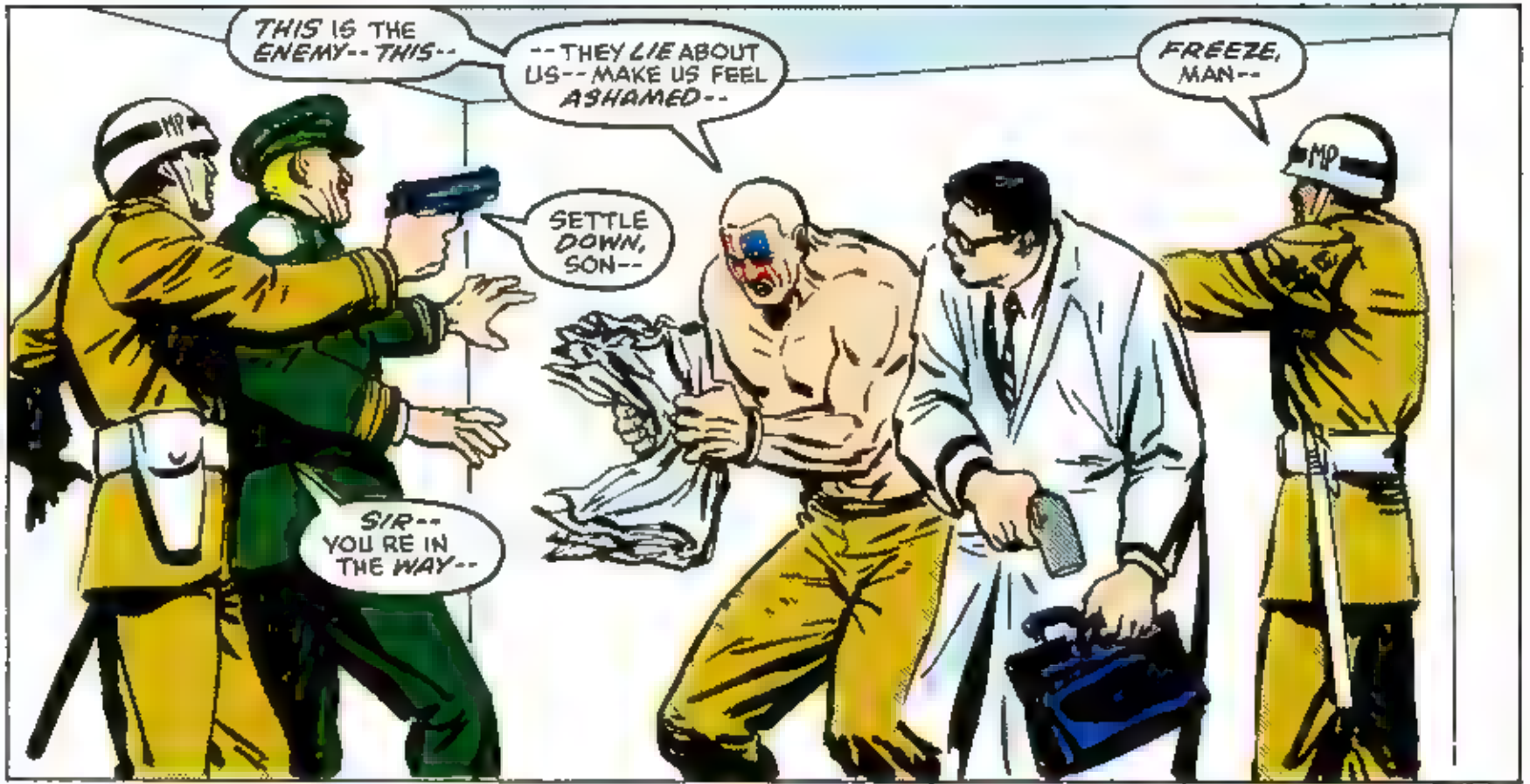
HIS STOMACH LURCHES AS TWENTY NAMES APPEAR.

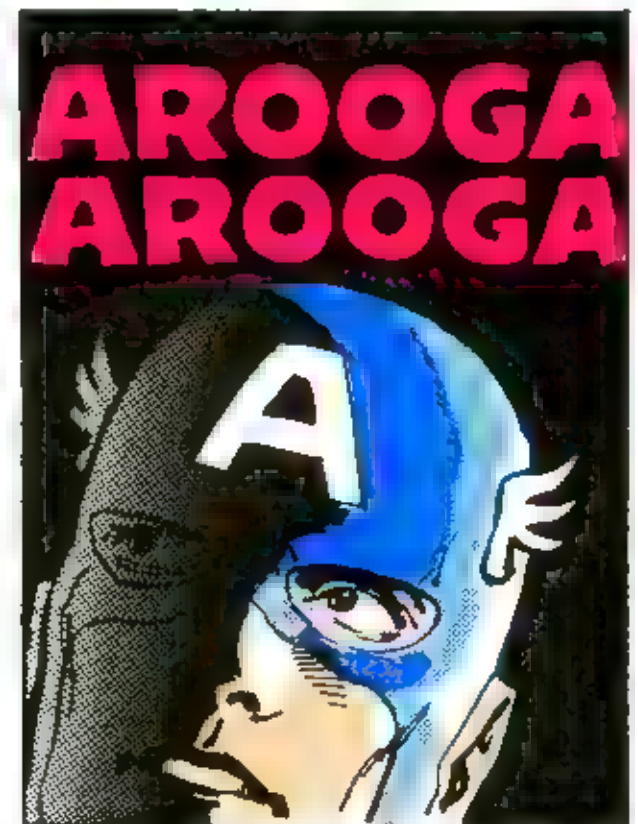
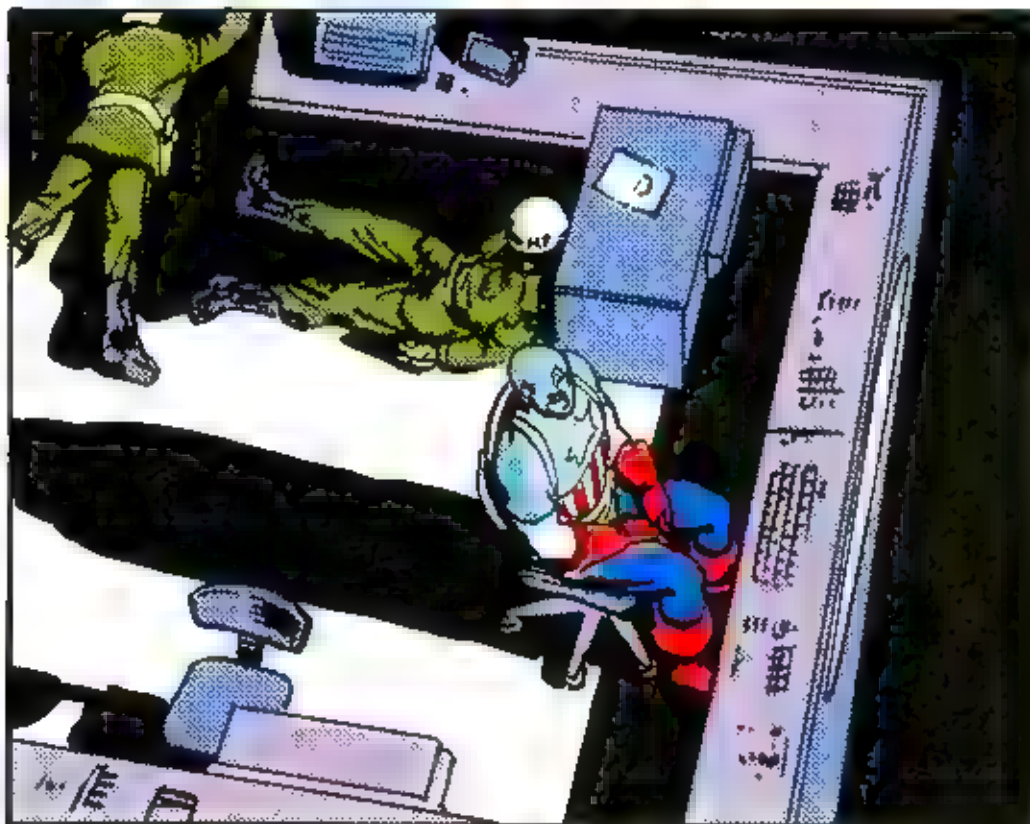
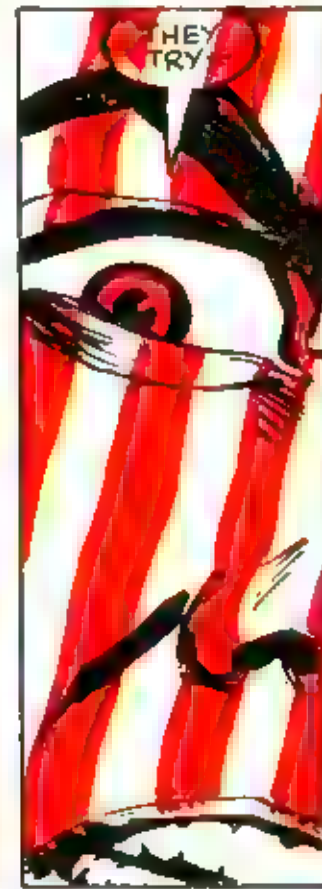
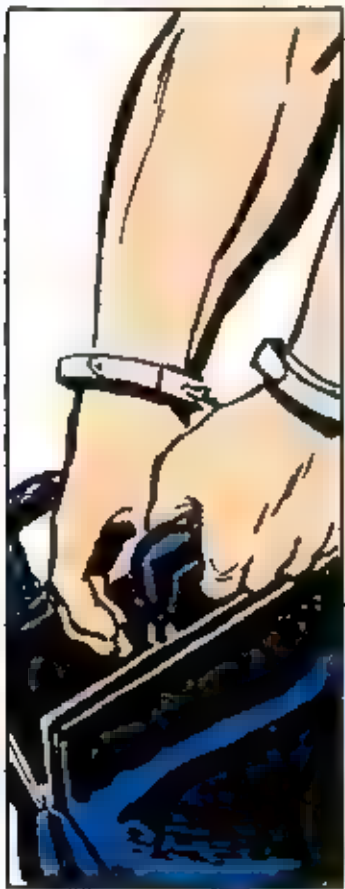
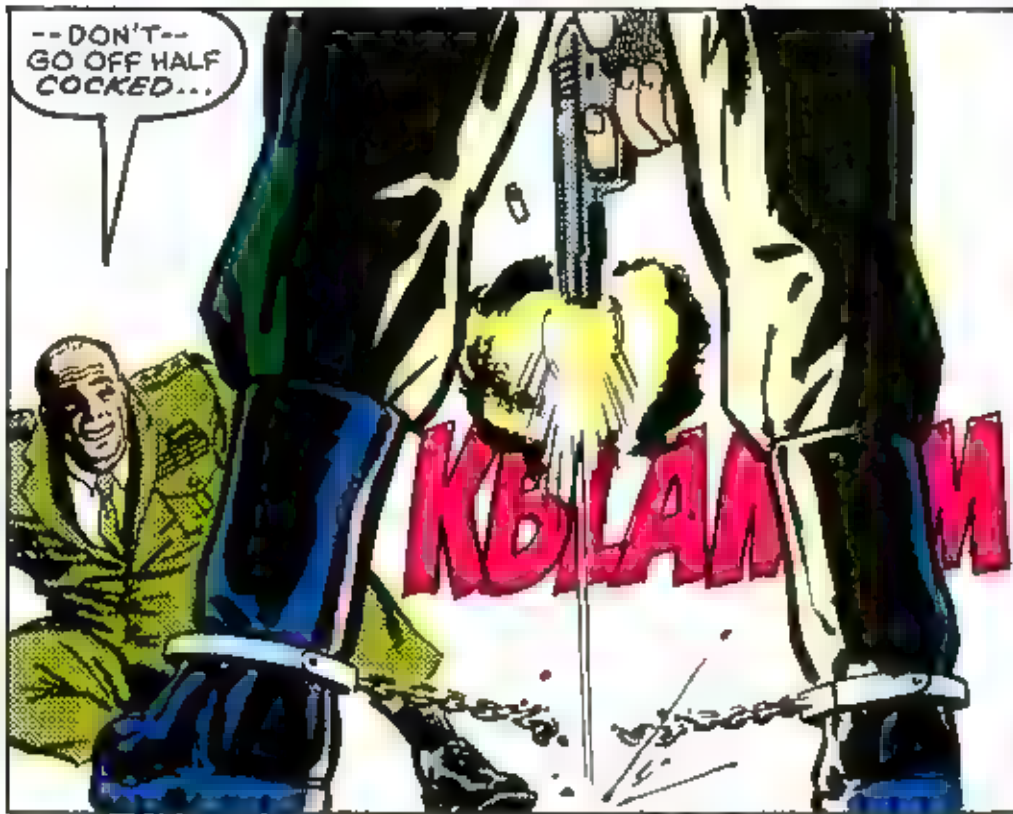
TWENTY.

DEAD-- ALL BUT ONE.

AGENT SIMPSON.

CODE NAME: NUKE.





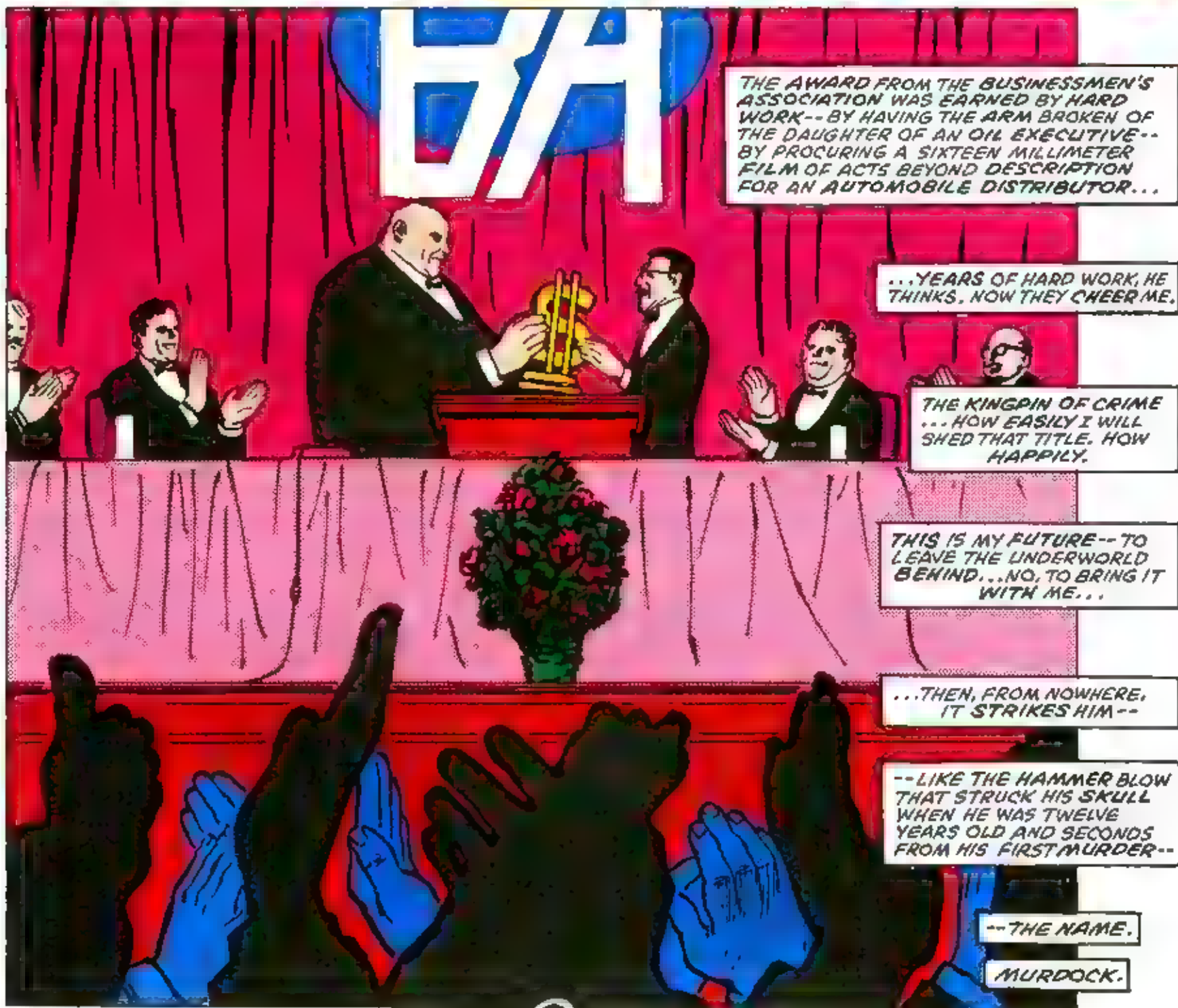
HELL'S KITCHEN

...COSTUME GIVES ME
A PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVANTAGE
OVER CRIMINALS, KAREN. .

...MAKES
IT EASIER
TO MOVE...

...REALLY, IT'S
CRUCIAL...

RIGHT,
RIGHT...



THE AWARD FROM THE BUSINESSMEN'S
ASSOCIATION WAS EARNED BY HARD
WORK-- BY HAVING THE ARM BROKEN OF
THE DAUGHTER OF AN OIL EXECUTIVE--
BY PROCURING A SIXTEEN MILLIMETER
FILM OF ACTS BEYOND DESCRIPTION
FOR AN AUTOMOBILE DISTRIBUTOR...

...YEARS OF HARD WORK, HE
THINKS. NOW THEY CHEER ME.

THE KINGPIN OF CRIME
...HOW EASILY I WILL
SHED THAT TITLE. HOW
HAPPILY.

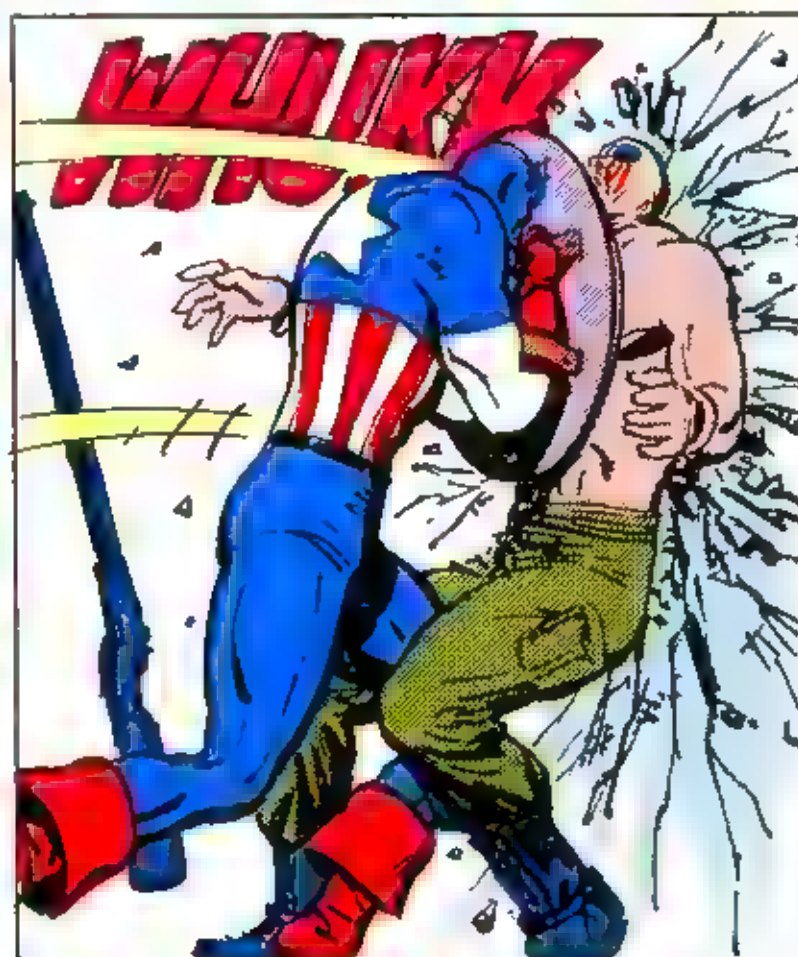
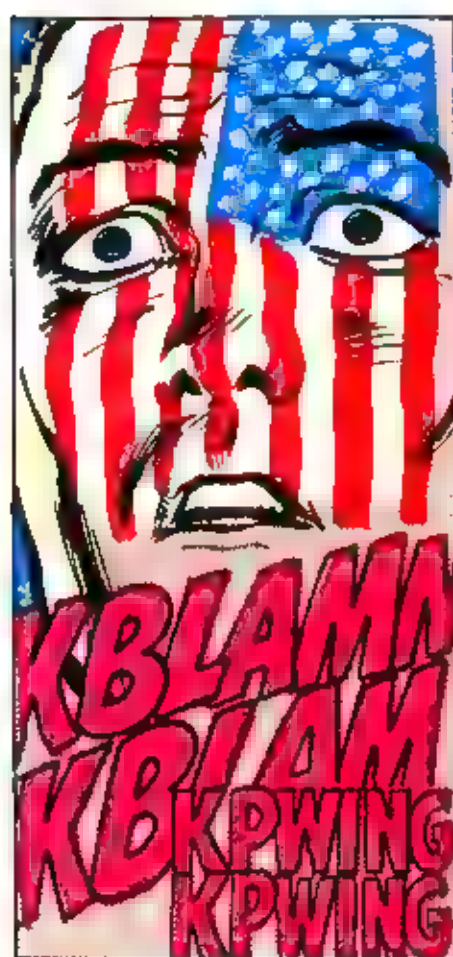
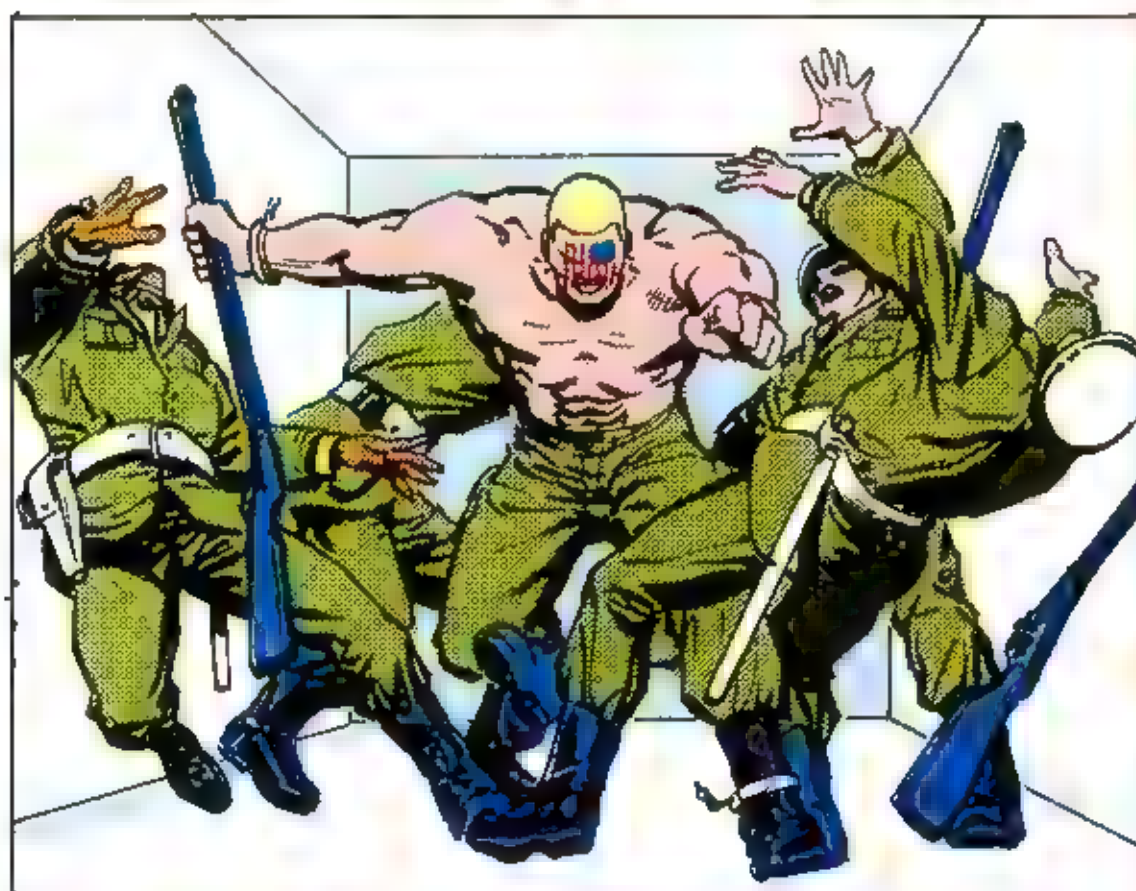
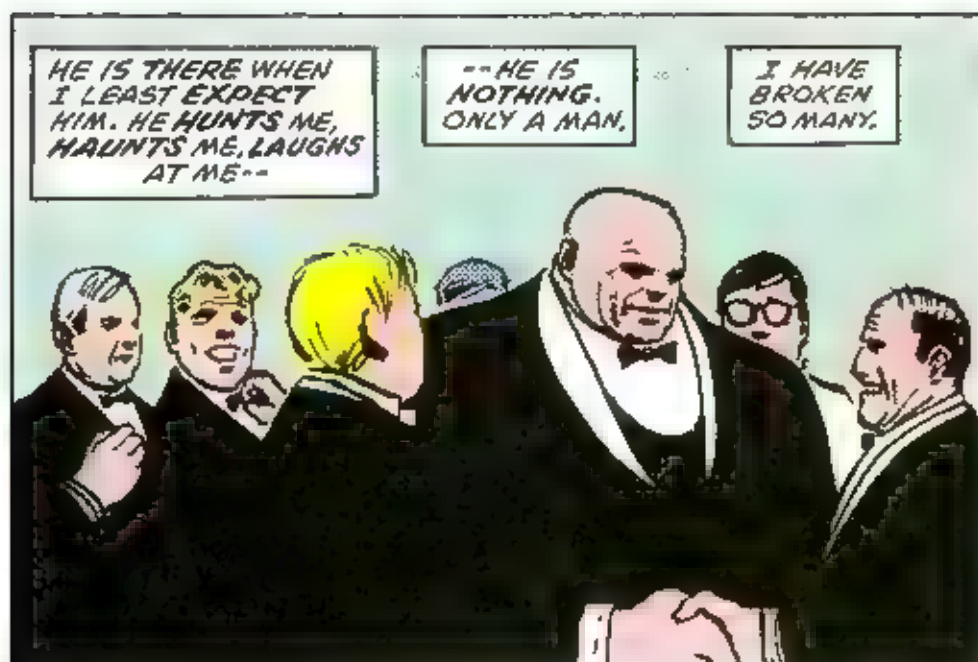
THIS IS MY FUTURE-- TO
LEAVE THE UNDERWORLD
BEHIND...NO, TO BRING IT
WITH ME...

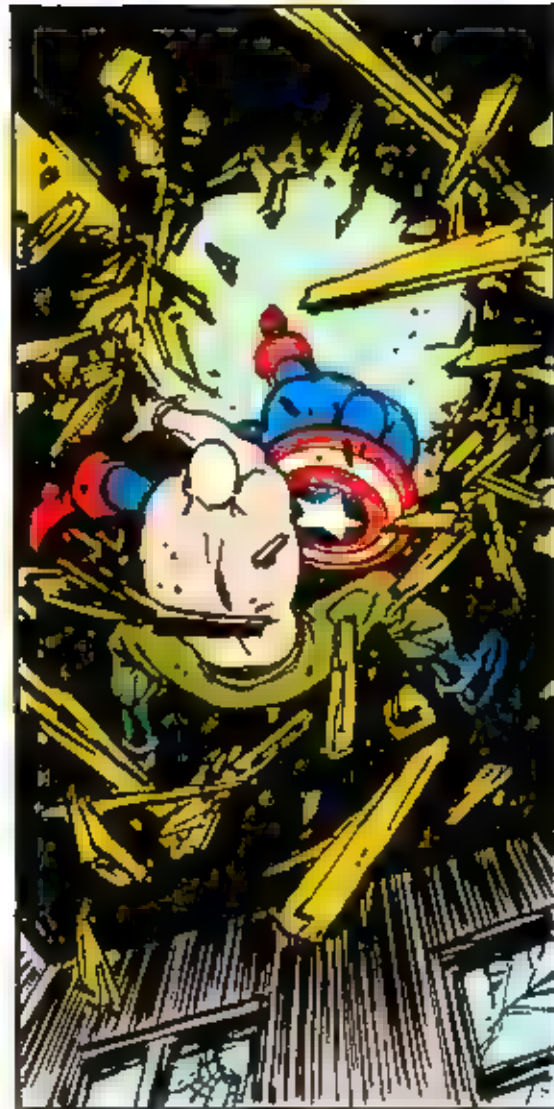
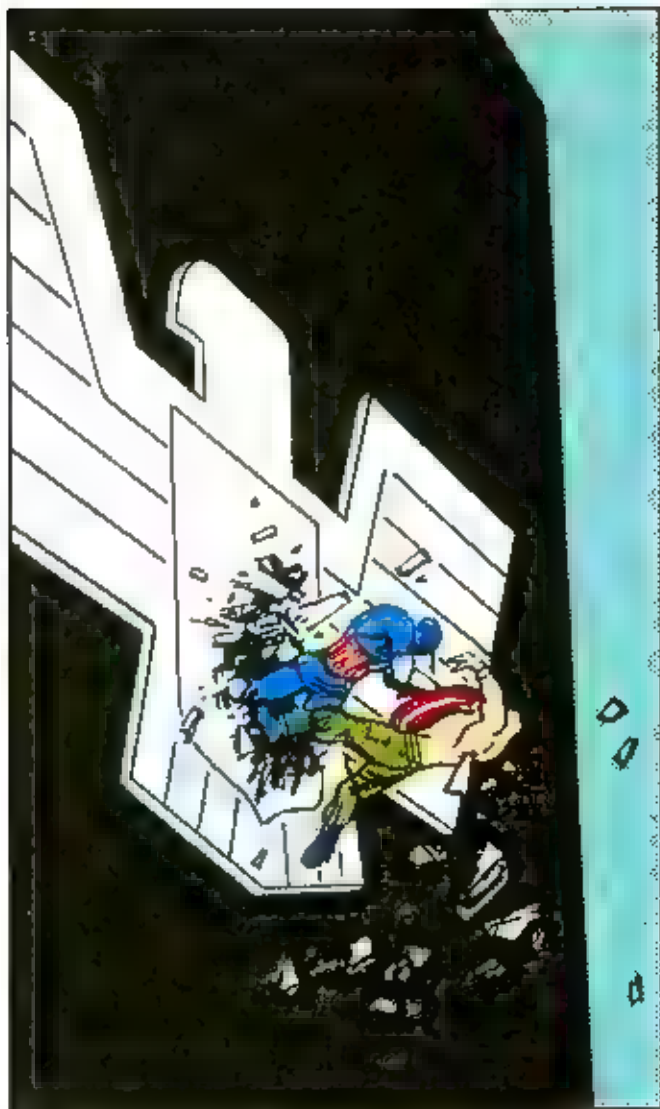
...THEN, FROM NOWHERE,
IT STRIKES HIM--

--LIKE THE HAMMER BLOW
THAT STRUCK HIS SKULL
WHEN HE WAS TWELVE
YEARS OLD AND SECONDS
FROM HIS FIRST MURDER--

--THE NAME.

MURDOCK.





THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS
FED BY COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS
TO CLEVER CON MEN AND NOW
STAND POISED--

--TO BE FUNNELED INTO
THE TECHNICALLY LEGITIMATE
SIDE OF THE KINGPIN'S
FINANCIAL EMPIRE.

RINGG

THIRTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS OF REBUILT
DINER...

...OUR ARMY CONTACT SAYS NUKE
BROKE OUT. HEADED FOR THE DAILY
BUGLE.

SCRAMBLE ROARK AND WIRE
HIM GOOD. GET HIM IN PO-
SITION AND WAIT FOR THE
KILL ORDER...

THE SOLDIER
REMEMBERS
THE TIME
BEFORE HE
WAS FROZEN.

HE REMEMBERS
THE SMILES. THERE
WAS SO MUCH HOPE
IN THAT TIME. HIS
TIME.

HE REMEMBERS
THE WAR...

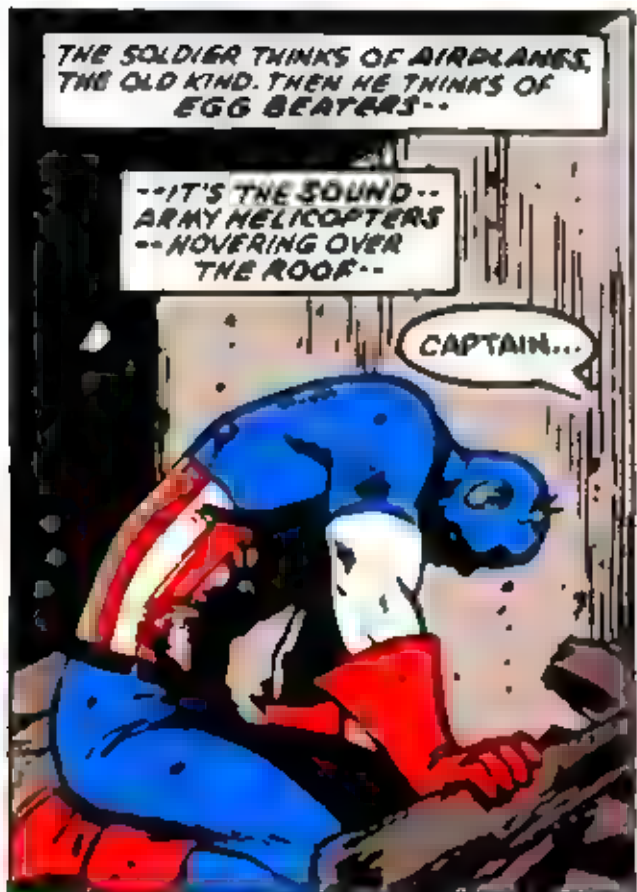
THREE BLOCKS AWAY--
HAS TO BE THEM--



THE SOLDIER THINKS OF AIRPLANES,
THE OLD KIND. THEN HE THINKS OF
EGG BEATERS--

--IT'S THE SOUND--
ARMY HELICOPTERS
--HOVERING OVER
THE ROOF--

CAPTAIN...



...LEAVE ME
HERE, CAPTAIN.
I'LL HOLD THE
LINE...

ON YOUR
FEET,
SERGEANT

THERE WAS
SOMETHING
MORE CLEAN
ABOUT THE
PLANES.

THOUGH THEY DROPPED
BOMBS THAT BURNED
FLESH AND DESTROYED
THE EFFORTS OF
GENERATIONS...



--THOSE HELICOPTERS
--MOVING IN--

--I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING TO EACH OTHER--

--WAIT TILL
THEY COME
OUT--KEEP
IT TIGHT--



...THE PLANES DIDN'T
SNEAK IN CLOSE LIKE
THE HELICOPTERS DO.
THEY DIDN'T PICK OFF
THEIR VICTIMS LIKE
GIANT INSECTS FROM
A HORROR MOVIE...



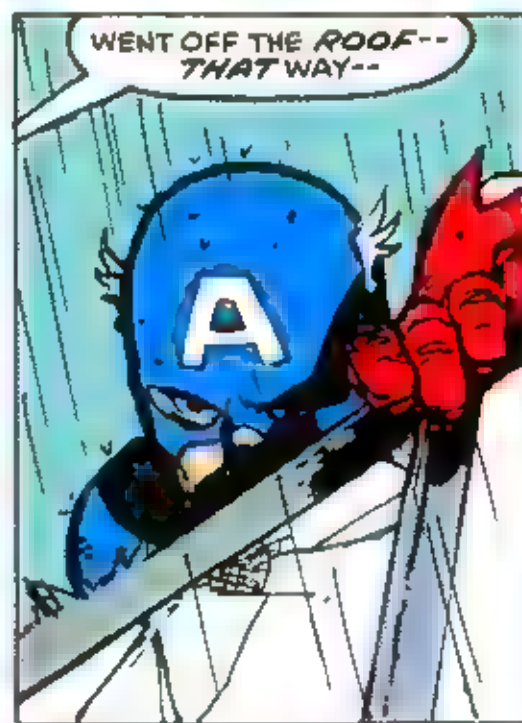
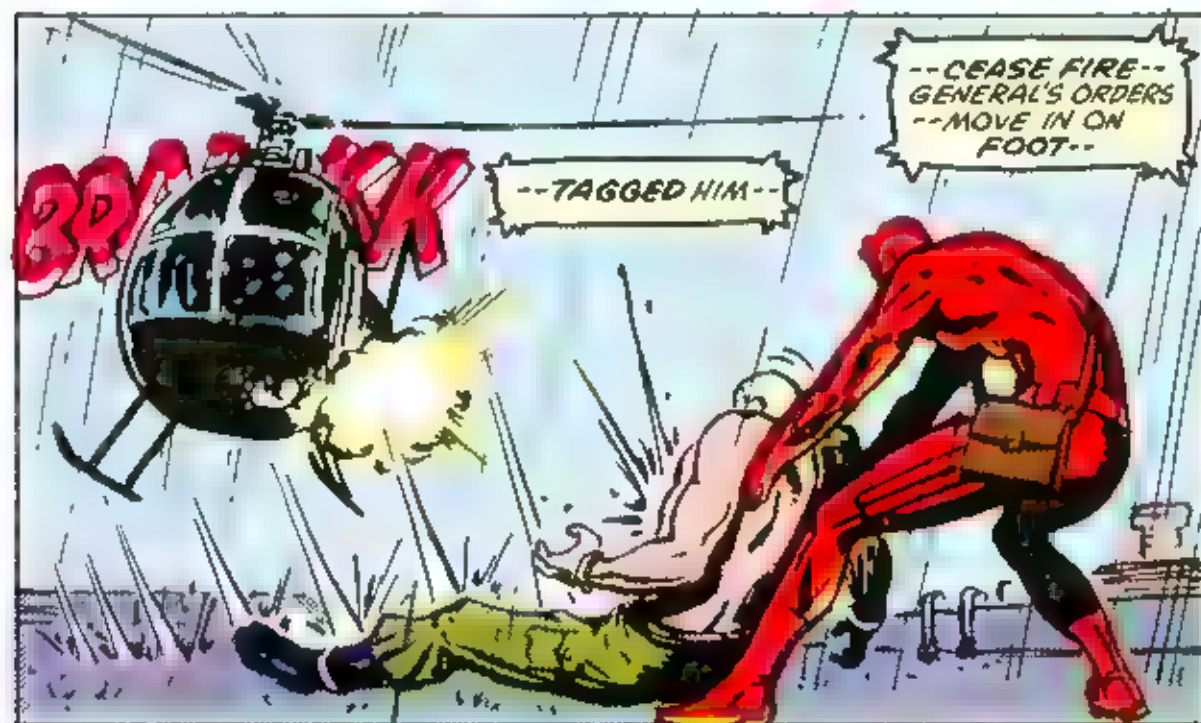
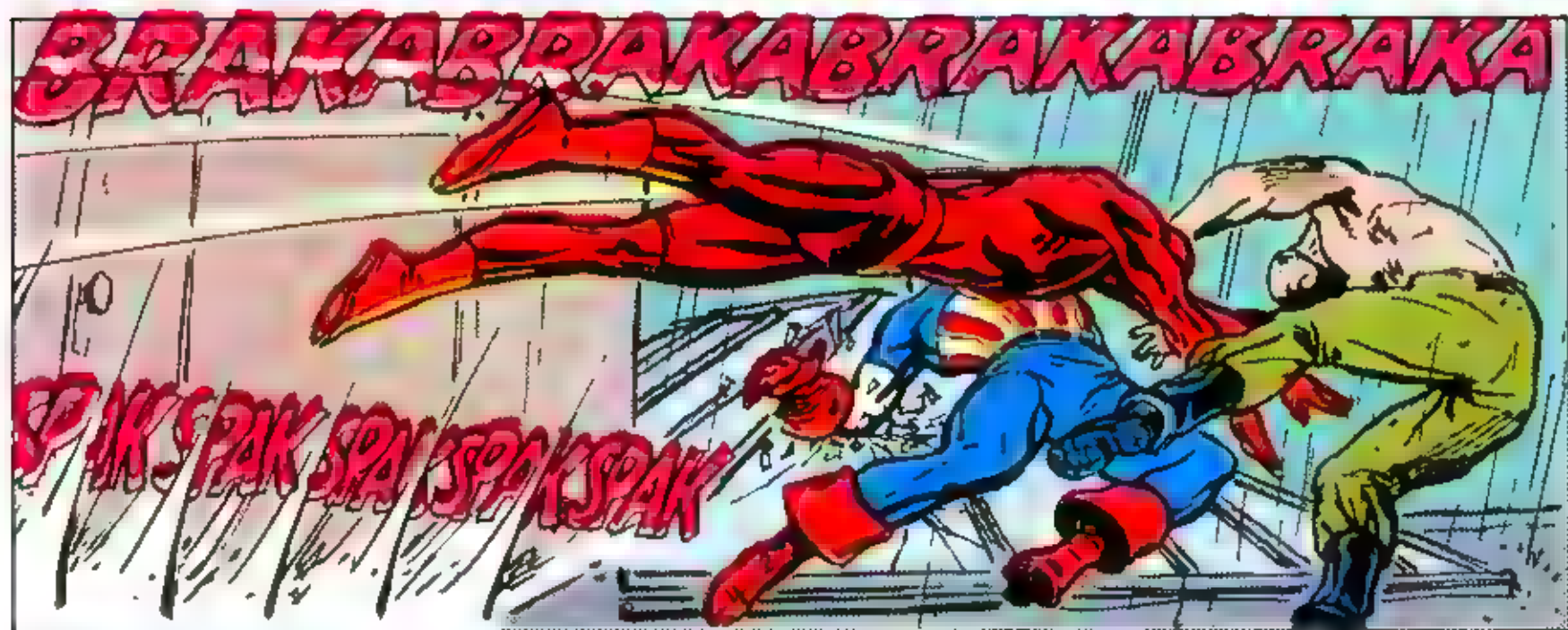
...DON'T BE OLD, THINKS
THE SOLDIER. DON'T BE
CRAZY.

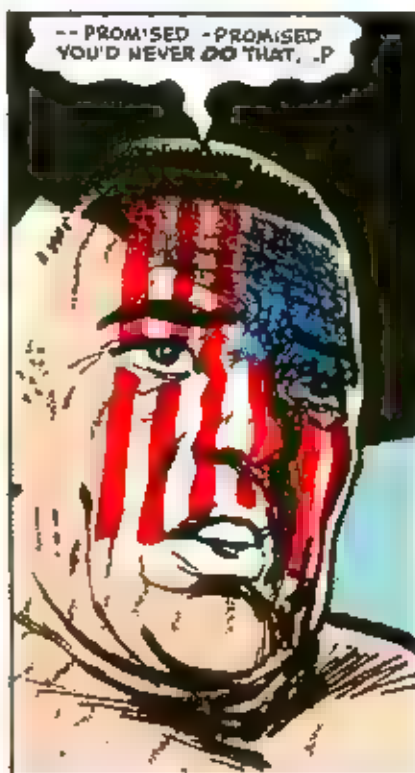
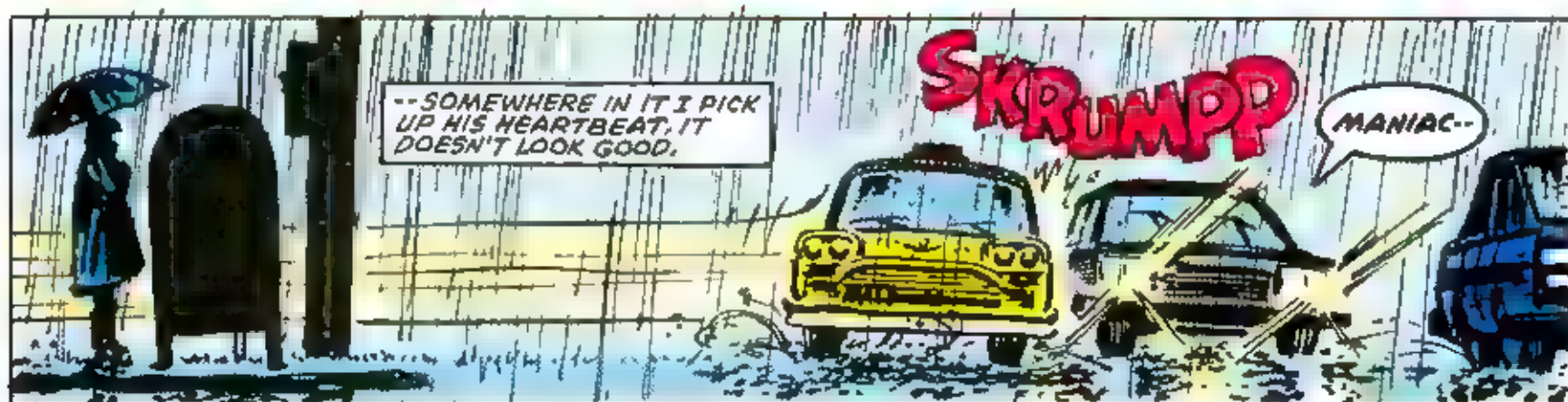
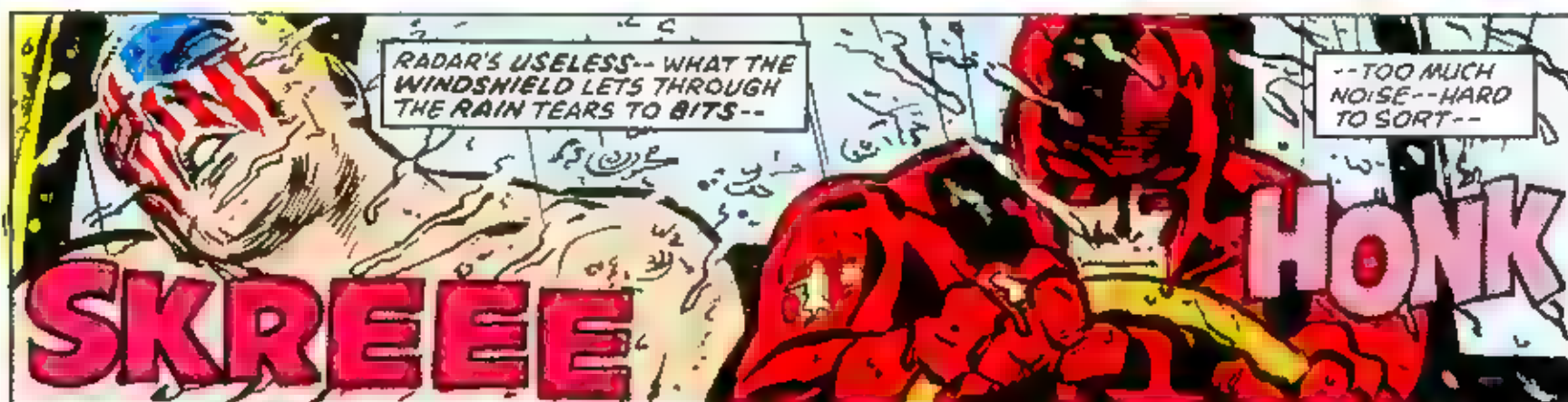
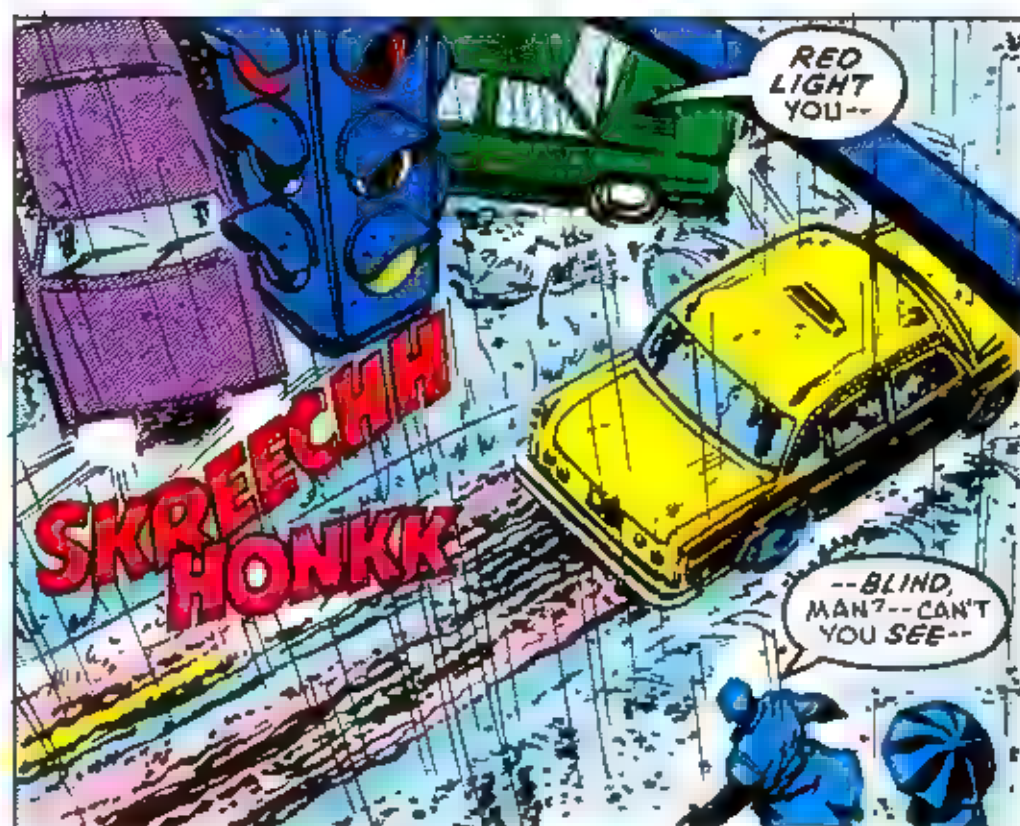
THOSE ARE OUR
BOYS.

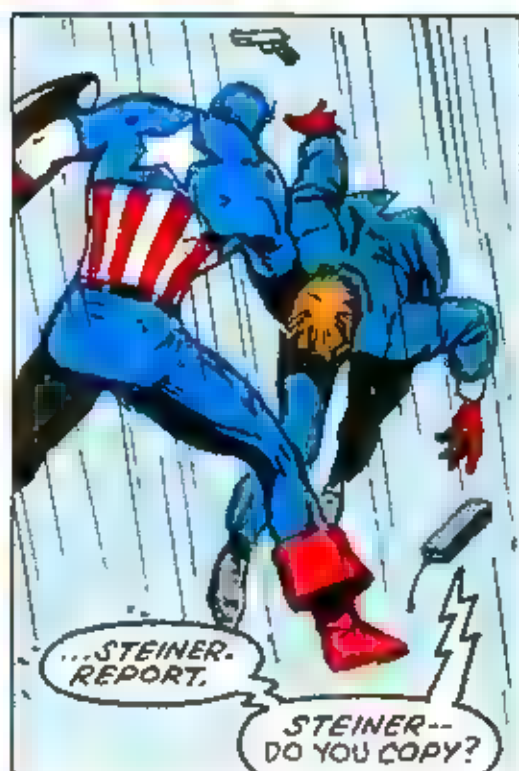
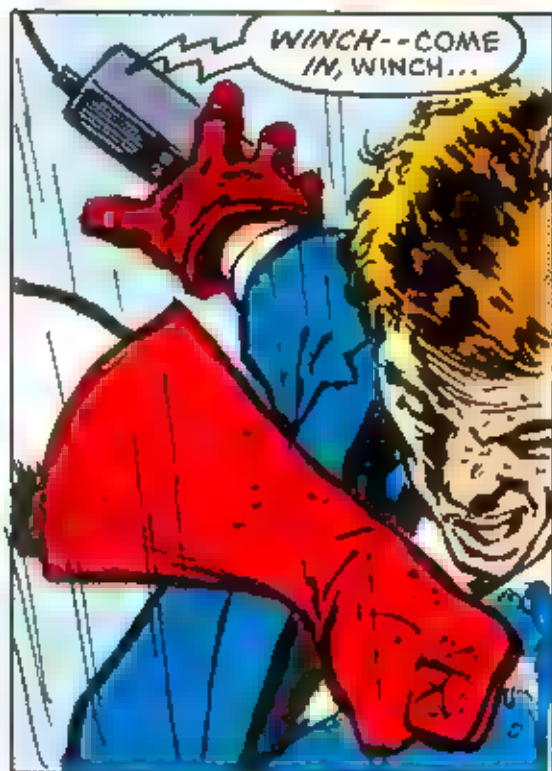
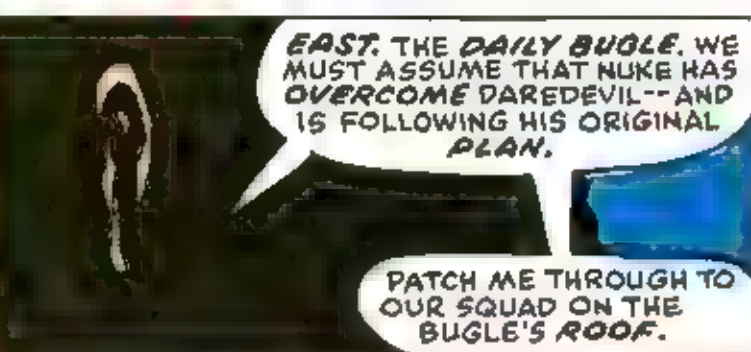
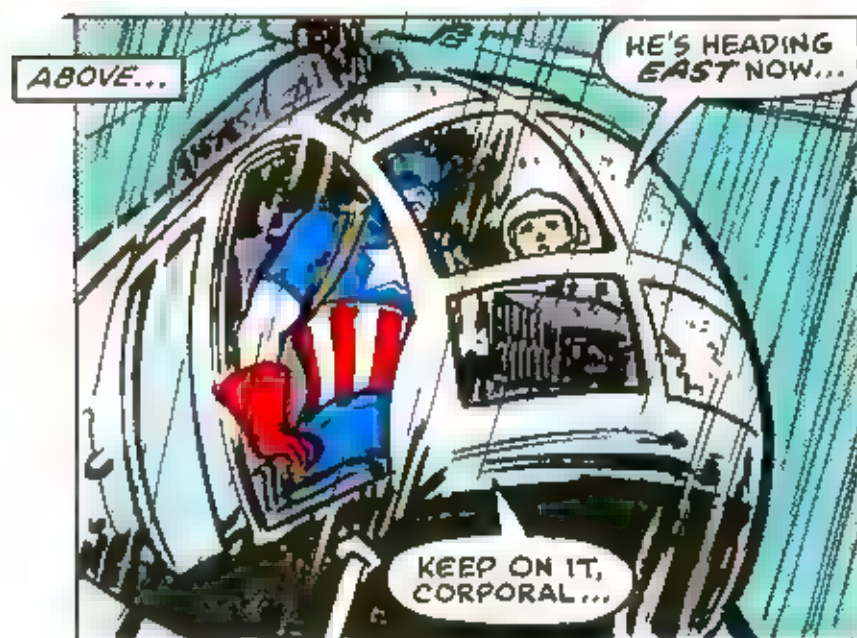
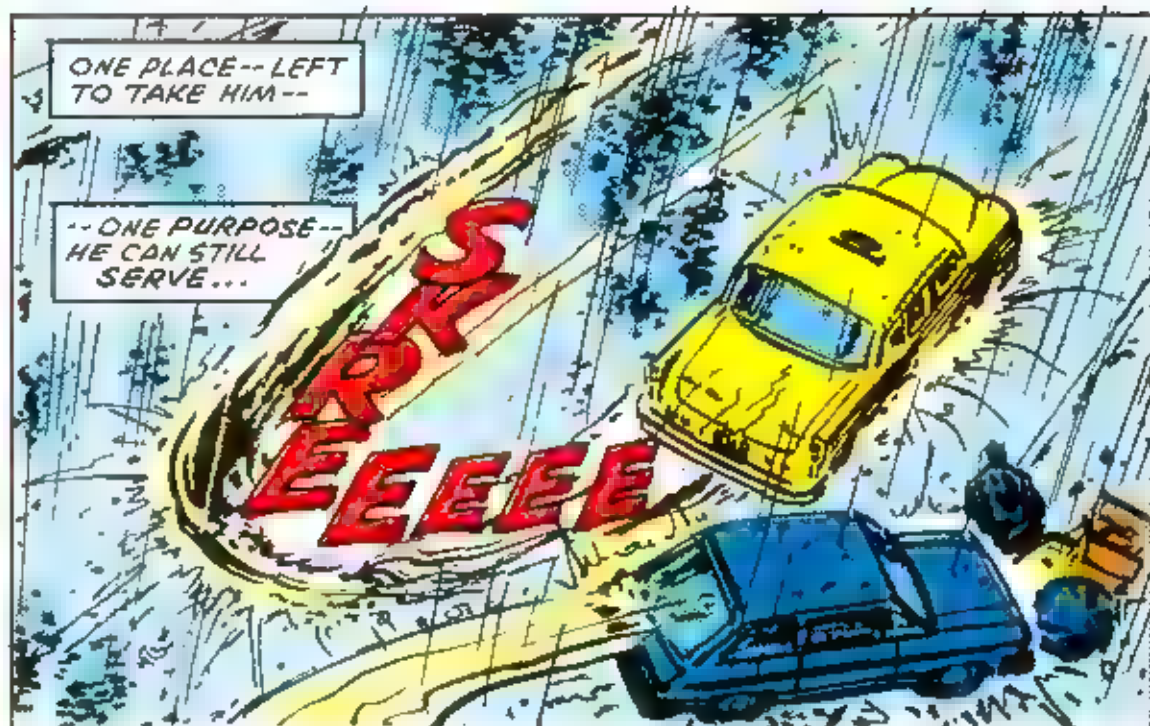


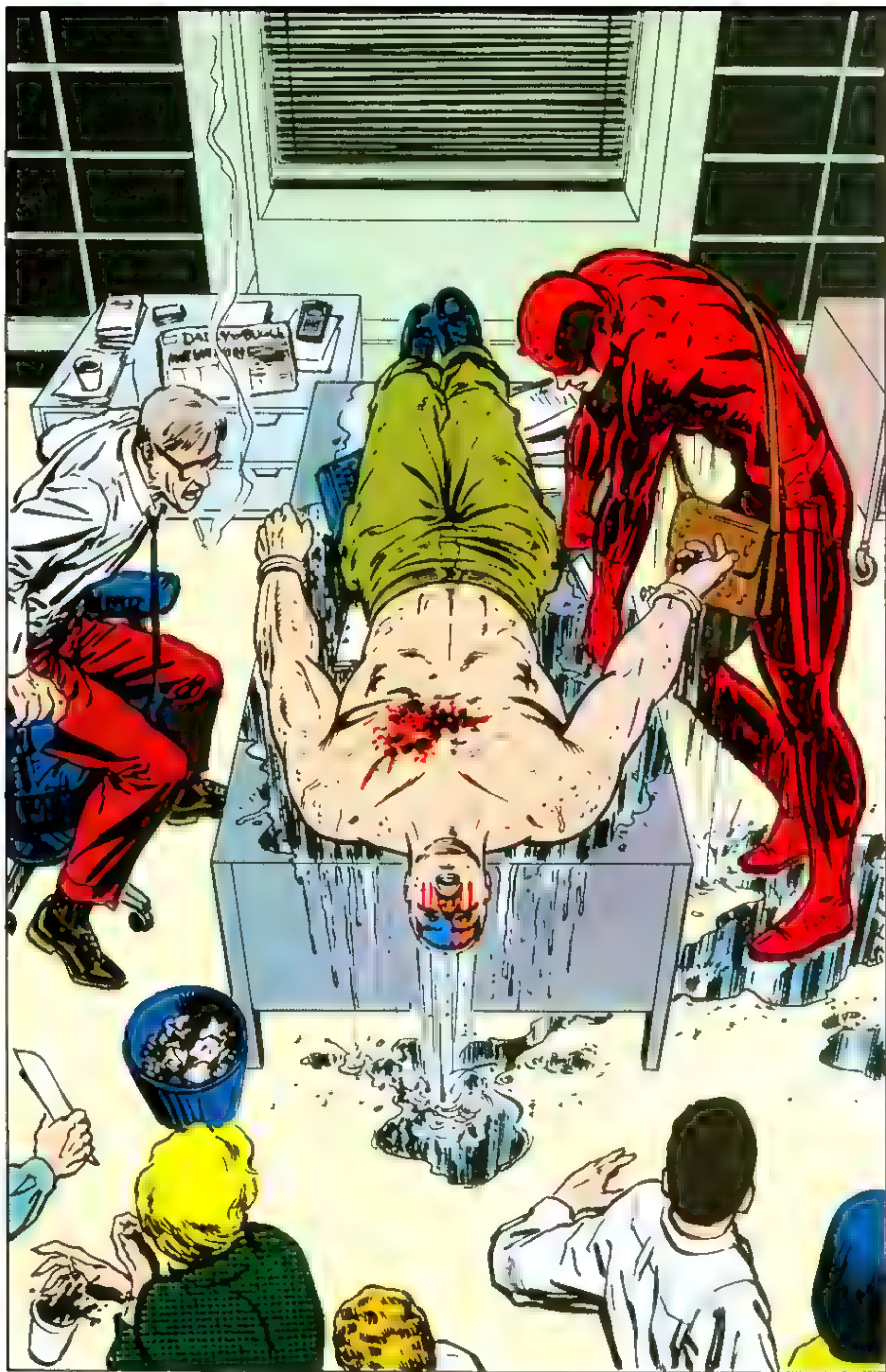
KEEP IT
TIGHT--
ON MY
ORDER--











THE NEXT FEW WEEKS GO POORLY FOR THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.

ONE OF THE HIT MEN PLACED ON THE ROOF OF THE DAILY BUGLE NAMES THE CRIMELORD AS RESPONSIBLE FOR NUKE'S ASSAULT.

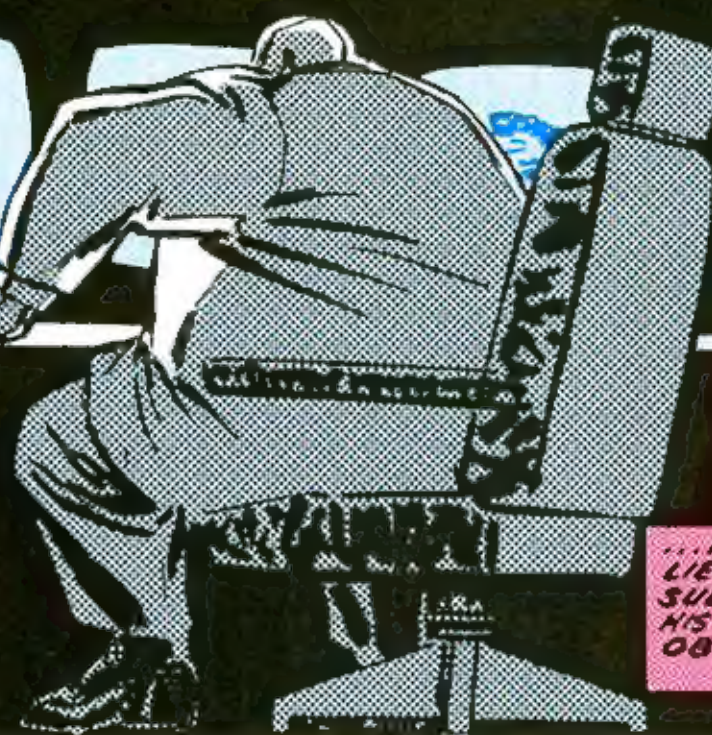
THEN, FROM EVERYWHERE, THE CHARGES COME...



...FROM CITIZENS GROUPS AND SENATE SUB-COMMITTEES-- FIRED BY TESTIMONY FROM DISGRUNTLED EX-EMPLOYEES, BAG MEN AND NUMBERS RUNNERS BARTERING AWAY PRISON SENTENCES--

-- SPEAKING MORE SWIFTLY THAN THE KINGPIN CAN HAVE THEM KILLED...

...AND THE FACES OF HIS LIEUTENANTS GROW SULLEN AND HOSTILE. HIS COMMANDS ARE OBEYED, BUT FAR TOO SLOWLY...

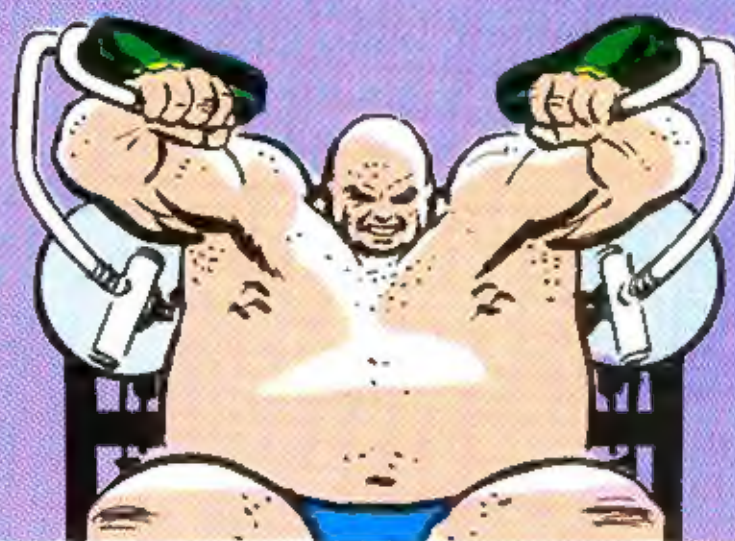


FEW OF THE CHARGES STICK. THOSE THAT DO ARE SKILLFULLY CAST INTO YEARS OF LITIGATION.

STILL, IN THE EYES OF EVERYONE EXCEPT, AS YET, THE LAW-- HE IS A VILLAIN.

HE IS SHUNNED-- EVEN CONDEMNED-- BY THE BUSINESSMEN WHO SO RECENTLY CHEERED HIM.

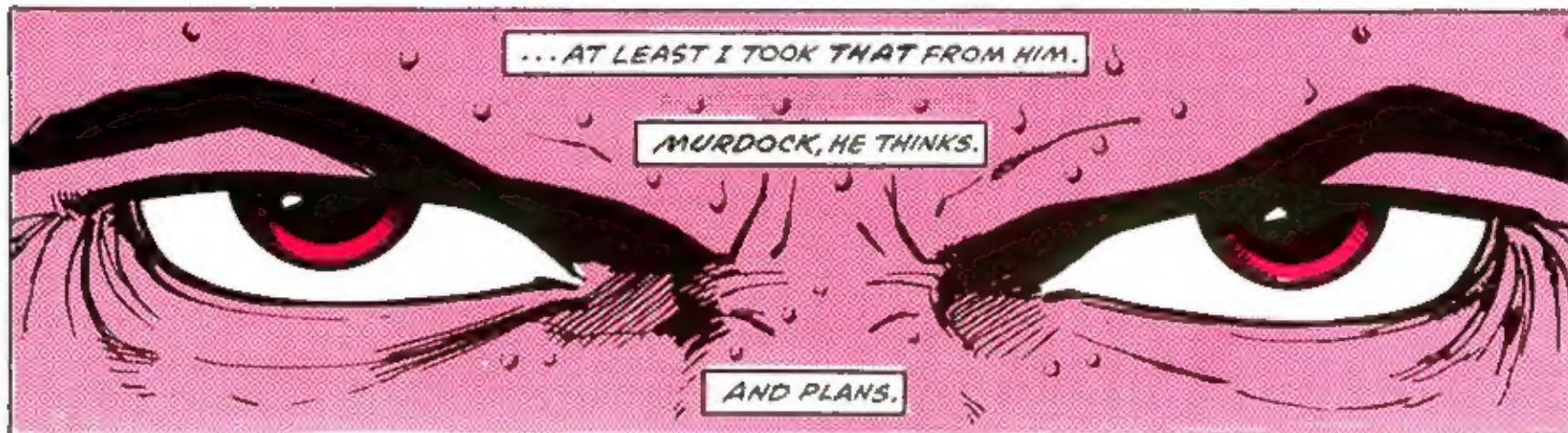
THE LAW.



...AT LEAST I TOOK THAT FROM HIM.

MURDOCK, HE THINKS.

AND PLANS.

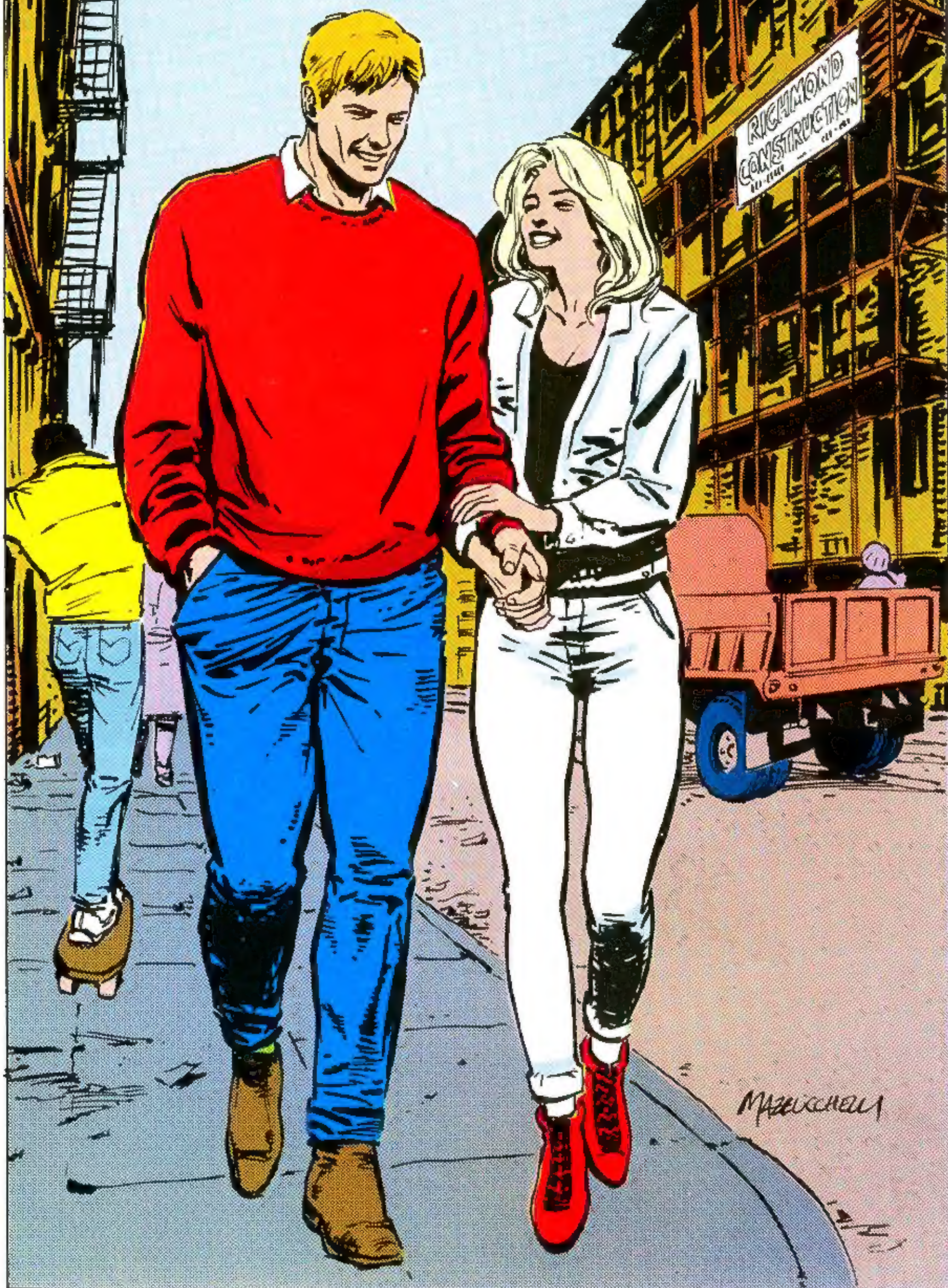


MY NAME IS
MATT
MURDOCK.

I WAS BLINDED BY RADIATION.
MY REMAINING SENSES FUNCTION
WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS.

I LIVE IN HELL'S
KITCHEN AND DO
MY BEST TO KEEP
IT CLEAN.

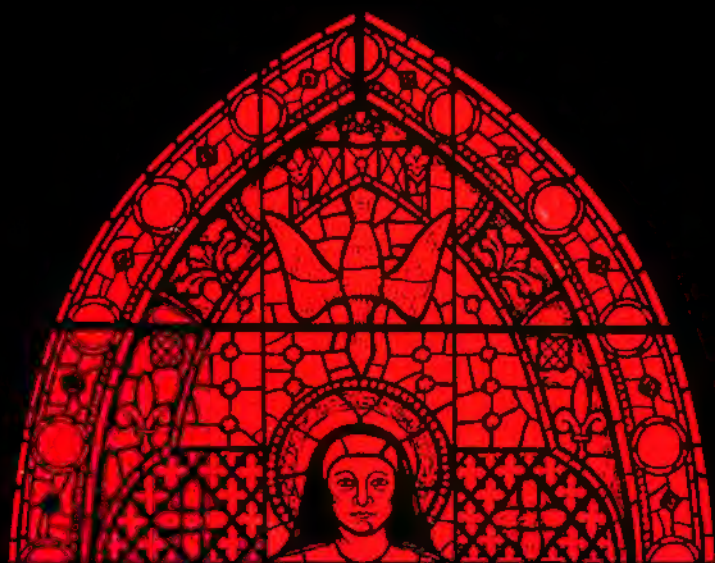
THAT'S ALL
YOU NEED TO
KNOW.



It's almost criminal how easy David makes it to write a script. He makes a three-dimensional stage of the individual panel, complete in authentic detail, nonetheless uncluttered and utterly readable. He creates actors whose dramatic range is startling, whose best and most compelling moments are wordless.

He's talked of writing his own comics. Keep an eye out for them. I will.

Frank Miller
Los Angeles 1987



"And I—I have shown
him... that a man without
hope is a man without fear."



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